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FIRE AND THE SKYSCRAPER

THE PROBLEM OF PROTECTING THE WORKERS IN NEW YORK'S TOWER FACTORIES

BY

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NEW YORK is the largest factory town in America, but it has no factory district. Its manufactories are disguised behind façades of stone and marble — splendidly lodged in the tallest, most costly and imposing buildings that line Fifth Avenue and Broadway. The great skyscrapers which within the last ten years have shot up like a tropical growth from the famous old residential quarter about lower Fifth Avenue and Washington Square to the great retail shopping district about Twenty-third Street and Madison Square (and on up to the Waldorf and above it) — these are New York's factory buildings. They are factories in exactly the same sense as the brick and wooden buildings in Fall River and Lynn. But in this factory district there are no tall chimneys belching smoke, and the push-cart takes the place of the dinner-pail. The buildings in which the factories are housed look like great hotels or office buildings, and the stranger in New York daily comes and goes through the factory district without knowing it. Yet in these splendid skyscrapers there are more factory hands at work than are to be found in Paterson, Lowell, and Fall River all put together.

If you stand at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street and look south, or stop on Sixth Avenue among the big department-stores and look east or west, your eye will follow, block after block, a succession of great buildings running from twelve to twenty stories in height. Their fronts are of granite, stone, terra-cotta, or ornamental brick, dressed with burnished copper and bronze. The agents' signs upon them describe them as "loft buildings."

A modern loft building is — to gather together several trade definitions — a building from six to twenty stories high, of iron or steel frame, the floors or lofts rising one above another, alike and undivided, for the storing or display of goods. Enter one of these buildings and explore. You will feel at once that you are looking at the most modern fire-proof construction. Everywhere is stone and tiling and metal sheathing; and there is a masonry-surrounded stairway which contains no wood whatever save its hand-rail. Go up in one of the elevators. While you are still in the car you will begin to hear a low, vicious hum, which, when the elevator door is opened, becomes a snarling roar. You stand bewildered, unable to see what is going on because of the wooden partitions that ramify in every direction. But, if you are allowed access to the "loft" itself, you will find yourself in a single great room, its floor area that of a concert-hall, filled from end to end with men and girls working at motor-driven machines — a hundred, two hundred, five hundred to a floor. You are now in one of New York's factories.

Loft Buildings Never Constructed to Be Factories

Loft buildings were never constructed to be factories, and they first came to be used as such

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almost by accident. Some fifteen years ago certain garment-makers from the tenements of the East Side and the old dark warehouses of Canal and Grand streets began to look for factories in the regulation sense. The "tenement-made" label was coming, and they wanted cheaper light and power and insurance. But there were no regular factories to be had. They tried the loft buildings, and in these "lofts" they found exactly what they wanted. They got cheaper insurance, because loft buildings were fire-proof. The installation of motors and shafting allowed them to use electricity instead of the old gasolene engines, and electricity was cheaper. There was daylight until five o'clock, even in winter, which meant a saving of gas. Their subcontractors, or sweat masters, could put a quarter more operatives into the same space, and for this reason: The New York factory laws say that every factory worker shall have 250 cubic feet of air. A tenement ceiling is not more than eight feet high; a loft ceiling ten or eleven. And obviously the more space there is above the worker, the less need there legally be around him. Considering the very great amount of floor area always taken up by tables, men and girls and machines could be packed as closely as the chairs could be put and the factory owner still be within the law. There was a saving on every side.

The cloak- and suit-makers began the emigration into the loft towers. They were followed by the manufacturers of waists and white wear, by the hat and straw-braid makers, the celluloid manufacturers, the hair and feather workers, the furriers, the lace and necktie and novelty and fancy-goods manufacturers. They filled up all the lofts available, and the speculative builder began to erect more. Tower factories went up from Canal Street to Fortieth. The higher the building, the cheaper it could profitably scale its rentals; the more central it was, the easier to attract employees; and in this way New York got its "mid-town loft zone" — its factory district.

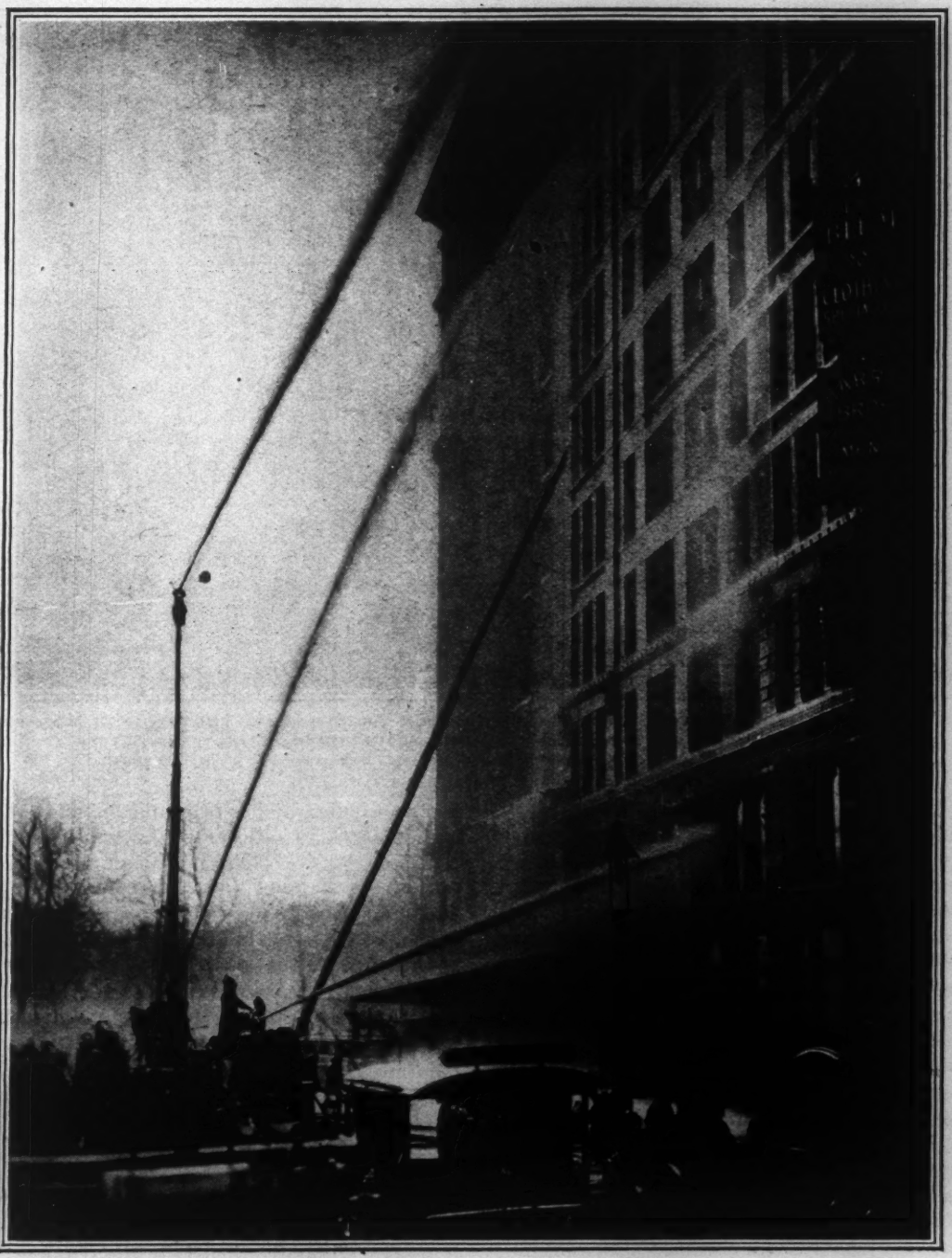
The Average Factory Employee in New York Works Seven Stories Above the Ground

Under the building code, apartment-houses were limited to a height equal to one and a half times the width of the street. But loft buildings might go up to the sky. Above twelve stories, or one hundred and fifty feet, there were certain restrictions, and accordingly the twelve-story loft has become the type. Many, however, lift themselves six or eight stories higher. In the ten years between 1901 and 1910, 790 tower loft buildings were erected, representing, without the tremendously valuable land they stood on, an investment of $137,669,000. Not all of these became factory lofts; and, indeed, in practically all of them the lower and darker floors were used for their original purpose — for the sale or display of goods. But as early as 1906 a labor census showed that one three-and-a-half-acre block on Broadway contained seventy-seven loft factories, with 4,007 employees. In September, 1910, there were 29,901 factories, in all, in Greater New York, and 611,738 employees — fifty thousand more than there are in the whole State of Massachusetts. There is no authoritative statement of what the emigration into the "towers" has been up to the present time. But this may furnish some indication: Figures compiled at the beginning of the present year by the Women's Trade Union League indicated that the average factory worker in New York is now working seven stories above the ground. The average loft worker would probably be between nine and ten stories above ground. This condition made a new industrial problem.

No Fire Department Will Guarantee to Fight Fire Successfully Above the Seventh Story

And, up to the time of the Triangle fire, New York did nothing whatever to meet it. The Committee on Congestion pointed out that this meant congestion worse congested. The Fifth Avenue Association demonstrated that at the noon hour thirty-five thousand garment-workers crowded a short half mile of this chosen thoroughfare alone. One big retail store after another indignantly closed its doors and moved uptown. Interested property-owners protested loudly, or built lofts themselves. But in the ten years between 1901 and 1910 neither the city nor the State enacted a single new building or factory law that recognized that there was a new situation to meet.

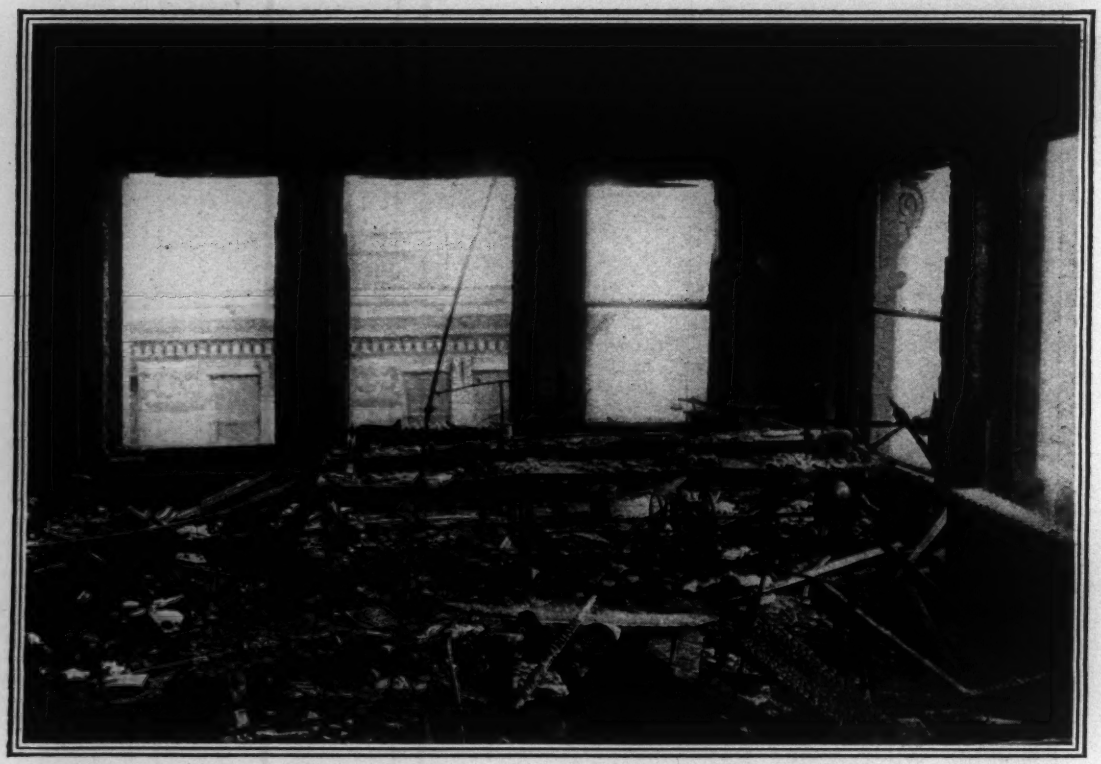
For example, when you permit five hundred workers, four fifths of them women, to be put into a single room one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet above the asphalt, it is necessary to know what you are going to do in case of fire. The most efficient of fire departments will guarantee to fight fire successfully only to a height of eighty-five feet — about that of the seventh story — the height to which water-towers can reach and throw their streams in *levelly*. Streams can be thrown much higher, but they then have no penetrating power. As firemen say, they merely "hit the windows." Chief Croker of the New York department would guarantee to



WATER-TOWER EXTENDED TO ITS FULL HEIGHT, PLAYING ON THE ASCH BUILDING. WATER-TOWERS CAN FIGHT FIRE SUCCESSFULLY ONLY AS HIGH AS THE SEVENTH STORY. BY THE TIME THE WATER REACHED THE EIGHTH AND NINTH FLOORS IT WAS LITTLE MORE THAN SPRAY

take care of nothing above the seventh story. He said this to every one who would listen to him. But New York did, in the case of her loft factories, what it has become our national habit to do in the matter of danger from fire — decided that there really was no danger, or that, if there were, one could always "take a chance on it."

And this attitude was perfectly natural on the part of the New York Bureau of Buildings. For, officially, *there were, and are, no loft factories in New York.*



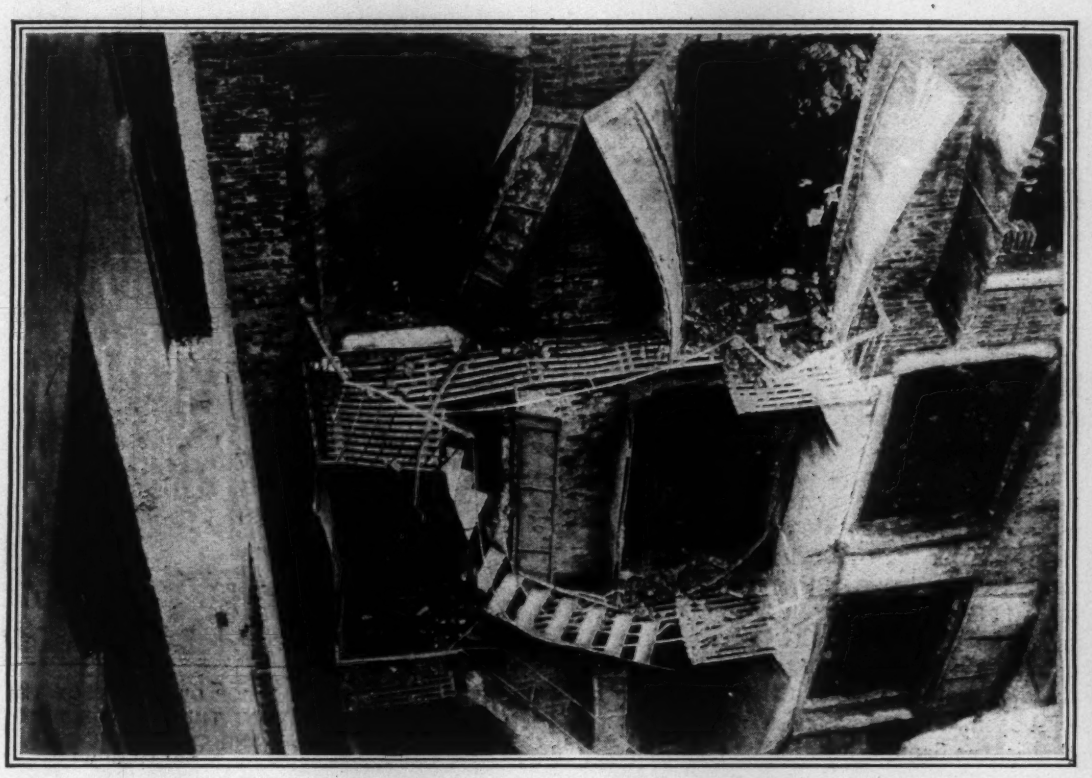
A CORNER OF THE WORK-ROOM ON THE NINTH FLOOR OF THE ASCH BUILDING. IT WAS FROM THESE WINDOWS THAT MANY OF THE GIRLS JUMPED. FEW JUMPED UNTIL THEIR CLOTHING WAS ON FIRE

The structures that housed them were erected as loft buildings — buildings for "the storing or display of goods." As such they were inspected and passed. And, though the machinery was put into them the day after, loft buildings, in the opinion of the Bureau of Buildings, they immutably remained. The truckman and the elevator-man and the push-cart man on the corner knew that they had been turned into factories. But to know a thing officially it is necessary to be officially informed. And so far as the Building Department went, they were loft buildings — warehouses containing watchmen by night, and by day half a dozen wholesale customers and salesmen. And this will explain the paragraphs to follow.

Being merely buildings for the storing and display of goods, with elevators giving access to the same, there was no need of taking any great thought as to stairways. But there is a sense of fitness in giving a building a stairway, and loft buildings were given stairways. Even if your loft building covered only a single city lot, twenty feet by a hundred,— and there are many such,— it had to have a stairway. But nothing troublesome was said about the height of the building as affecting the stairway — though it should rise to twenty floors or more; nor about the number of people that might be upon these floors — legally there might be more than fourteen hundred; nor about the *width* of that single stairway. And in consequence we find the stairways averaging about three feet in width, with "winders" or wedge-shaped treads at the turns, so that one can fall down even in the daylight. For loft buildings of a floor area greater than 2,500 square feet more stairways were required. But a fire-escape might be substituted for one of them.

Loft Factories Not Required to Have Any Fire-Escapes

Regarding fire-escapes themselves the New York building code was non-committal. It did not, apparently, wish to go too far. It said that the above buildings "shall be provided with such good and sufficient means of egress in case of fire as shall be directed by the department of buildings." This is what, in law-making, is known as a "joker." Some speculative builders decided to build their loft buildings without any fire-escapes at all. Others put them in the air-shaft, which in case of fire becomes its natural flue. Others bolted on the antique, all but vertical, eighteen-inch



THE ONLY FIRE-ESCAPE ON THE ASCH BUILDING. IT HUNG IN A CLOSED COURT WHICH WAS FULL OF FIRE IN A FEW MOMENTS. BY THIS FIRE-ESCAPE IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN THREE HOURS TO EMPTY THE THREE UPPER FLOORS OF THE BUILDING

ladder escapes, such as could not legally have been placed upon even a three-story tenement house. In the Asch Building, hereafter to be described, it was estimated by the Fire Commissioner that the occupants of the three upper floors could not have got down by the fire-escape in less than three hours.

Furthermore, in 1903 a decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, in what is known as the Sailors' Snug Harbor case, took the jurisdiction over factory fire-escapes in New York City — and consequently their *after inspection* — out of the hands of the State Department of Labor, and vested it, likewise, in the Bureau of Buildings. But, save for elevators, the Bureau of Buildings *does no after inspecting*. It passes upon a building, and the fire-escape appertaining thereto, when the building is opened. Unless some specific complaint is made, that fire-escape is held to be good for all time.

Passageways to the Exits Are Purposely Made Narrow

When a factory building is not a factory building, it can, manifestly, make no great difference what you put into it. Even celluloid can be manufactured in these unrecognized factory buildings. Suppose you visit a loft factory of the most common type — one where waists or white goods are made.

You are stopped at first by the partitions about the doors,— flimsy oak veneer or plain deal board,— turning the crooked alleyways leading to the exits into a kind of labyrinth. If there are two sets of stairways and elevators, you will soon learn that one is set aside, by caste prerogative, for the use of the management and staff. The machine operatives, cutters, and pressers have to use the second. And the partitions generally keep the operatives from knowing that there *is* any but the one exit. When the girls go home at night, they have to pass through a narrow door or down a narrow alleyway of their own, one by one; it is made narrow purposely, so that the watchman outside it can look into their open hand-bags as they pass.

Rooms Crammed with Tissue-Paper, Lace, and Muslin Goods

The labor laws call for a clearway of four feet around the exits. If the factory has only one floor, the space for twenty feet about this clearway will be occupied by the "stock- and shipping-rooms." And not infrequently they

contain pasteboard boxes and pine packing-cases enough to fill a freight-car. Box shelving is everywhere, loaded with rolls of flimsy lawn and muslin, cards of lace, and tissue-paper. It would be hard to say what is most inflammable. At the windows hang great bunches of paper patterns. The wooden machine-tables, forty inches wide and stretching from one side of the room to the other, leave at their ends little more aisle space than is needed for the motors and the shafting. The latter is carried to and fro under the table, and, of course, supplies power for the machines. Down the top of the table runs a big wooden trough for the garments to be sewed. And beside every operative stands a large pasteboard or pine box, or a wickerwork basket, for the finished garments. Girls do most of the machine work, and they are seated back to back like the "double two" in dominoes; there is so little room in the aisles that their chairs dovetail. In some factories the high-class garments, when finished, are hung upon lines crossing the room above the heads of the girls. Often gas is used for lighting; and, to get a draft of fresh air through rooms so large, the windows must be kept open. The pressing is done with gas irons; that is, the flame is inside the open iron, within an inch of the goods to be pressed. Some factories do their cutting with an electric knife.

THIS LOCK, WITH THE BOLT SHOT, WAS FOUND AFTER THE FIRE, IN THE DÉBRIS ABOUT THE NINTH-FLOOR DOOR, THROUGH WHICH MORE THAN A HUNDRED GIRLS ATTEMPTED VAINLY TO ESCAPE. THE LOCKING OF THIS DOOR WAS ONE OF THE CHARGES ON WHICH MAX BLANCK AND ISAAC HARRIS WERE INDICTED FOR MANSLAUGHTER

DOOR ON THE EIGHTH FLOOR OPENING UPON THE GREENE STREET STAIRWAY. THE DOOR IS BURNED AWAY, THE STAIRWAY AND CASINGS CHARRED. ON THE FLOOR IS THE ROTTEN HOSE WITH WHICH THE EMPLOYEES TRIED TO PUT OUT THE FIRE

Wooden Floors Soaked with Oil

In a loft factory containing two or three hundred machines a great deal of oil is needed. There is ordinarily one thirty-gallon safety can — about a barrelful — to a floor, with smaller cans for hand use. The shaft gearings act at high speed; they must be given oil frequently, and there is a constant drip from them; in front of every operative hangs a heavy cloth apron, to prevent her work from being spotted. But the floor, which up to the twelfth story may be of wood, becomes so oil-soaked that it will hold no more. The rags, too, which get under the tables or around the motors and oil cans, become oil-soaked. In a factory turning out lawn and muslin garments by the thousand dozen, the floors are littered deep within a few hours. In some lofts they are swept up every night, or twice daily, and left at the door in bags. In some they are allowed to accumulate for a week or more, until it is worth while for the ragman to come for them. In others they are sorted for size in the bins under the men's cutting-tables. Almost all of the cutters are inveterate cigarette-smokers. They smoke in the halls and wash-rooms. And after the Triangle fire it did not take the Fire Marshal long to find out that, whenever there is an opportunity, they smoke at work.

HOLE IN THE GLASS AND CONCRETE WINDOWS OF THE SIDEWALKS, BROKEN BY THE IMPACT OF THE BODIES OF THE GIRLS WHO JUMPED FROM THE EIGHTH AND NINTH FLOORS OF THE ASCH BUILDING. THE GIRLS WERE ON FIRE WHEN THEY JUMPED, AND WHEN THEY BROKE THROUGH THE SIDEWALKS THEIR BURNING CLOTHING STARTED A CELLAR FIRE

They hide the cigarette in the palms of their hands, and blow the smoke under their coats. "You would get little work out of your men if you would prevent it," explained a boss on the floor below the Triangle factory. And some of the bosses themselves smoke.

Ninety-seven per Cent of the Doors Open Inwardly, and in Many Cases the Doors Are Locked

As you work your way back to the door you will see that it opens inwardly — in ninety-seven per cent of the factories devoted to one trade it was shown that they opened inwardly. And in many cases the door is locked.

There you have it — goods more inflammable than paper, the whole great room crammed with them, pine tables and boxes and partitions, spitting motors, oil and rags and cigarettes. And, remembering all the while that you are a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet in the air, what do you think about it? In New York alone there are hundreds of factories like this. And, as always, other cities are already aping her. We are assured by the builders of these loft factories that they are the factories of the future. Manhattan has had them for more than ten years, and there have been countless little fires in them. Is it not by the pure mercy of Providence that, so far, there has been only one unspeakable holocaust? Newark gave us a fire in the factory that was not fire-proof, New York the fire in the one that was. The story of it is told here to show just what these New York tower factories are, and to give the country a chance to decide what is going to be done about them.

The Asch Building Safer than Most Loft Buildings

The Asch Building was, and is, safer than most loft buildings. It is a handsome ten-story structure just off Washington Square. It is only a hundred feet by a hundred in area, without irregularities. It has a stairway and two elevators side by side on its Washington Place front, and the same equipment diagonally across the building on its Greene Street side, the latter elevators being used for freight and the operatives. It had a four-inch stand-pipe with hose in racks on every stairway landing, and on every floor there were fire-pails. It had no sprinkler system — without which no cotton mill in New England can buy insurance. But sprinkler systems are not compulsory in New York factories. And the owner, Joseph J. Asch, took a chance on it.

About Fifteen Hundred People at Work on the Afternoon of the Fire

The Triangle Waist Company occupied the eighth, ninth, and tenth floors. It was in this shop that the New York shirtwaist-makers' strike of 1909 first started. The officers of the Women's Trade Union League stated that the proprietors Harris & Blanck, had stood for all the bad conditions which brought this strike about. In the actual matter of danger from fire, the Triangle factory was safer than the average. It had no clothes-lines of combustibles, or gas-lights, or electric knives. Its stock- and shipping-rooms were on the tenth floor, where only about sixty people were employed; and its gas-iron pressing was also done there. It had automatic alarms. On the day of the fire fifty or sixty of the employees were at home, because of Saturday being the Jewish holiday; but Max Blanck, the senior partner, estimated that ordinarily there were 225 operatives on the eighth floor and 350 on the ninth, besides the sixty people on the tenth floor. It was the rush season. The factory was under a pressure that kept it working till late Saturday afternoons and even on Sundays. And when the law allows a factory owner to have three hundred and fifty people on the ninth floor, that is exactly how many he is going to have. Many of the girls were constantly in fear. There are stories enough to make that evident. And in 1909 an insurance inspector suggested that it would be the part of safety to arrange fire drills. He had Mr. H. F. J. Porter, the father of factory fire drills, write to Harris & Blanck offering to organize one. His letter was not answered. Of 1,243 cloak and suit factories investigated two years later by the Joint Board of Sanitary Control, a fire drill was found in only one. There might, legally, have been 1,100 people working in the Triangle factory instead of 625; and in the whole building 3,600 instead of the 1,200 or 1,500 that there actually were. Again, the Triangle factory was the only one at work after four o'clock that Saturday afternoon. Throughout this story you are to remember what would have happened had this fire broken out on the second floor or the third when the whole building was full.

The Fire Starts on the Eighth Floor, Just at Closing Hour

There have been various explanations of how the fire started. "A cutter let a match fall on some old waste." "Some one stepped on a match on the floor." "A man was cleaning his coat with gasolene." It really does not make much difference how the fire started, when there are so many ways in which it could have started. On the cutting-tables of the eighth floor the "stretches" of lawn — one hundred and seventy-five or eighty layers of the flimsy stuff to a "stretch," with as many alternating layers of tissue-paper — were waiting ready for the Sunday work. It was a quarter to five. The bell had just rung for "power off," and most of the girls had left the tables for the dressing- and wash-rooms, when one of them, Eva Harris, ran to tell the superintendent, Samuel Bernstein, that the boys were putting out a fire over between two tables on the Greene Street side. (There had been fires before. Blanck had put out one himself with his coat.) Bernstein caught up two fire-pails and went over to put this fire out.

But this was not the fire that was put out. "It was in a rag-bin, and it jumped right up." Some of the girls got pails and tried to help. "But it was like there was kerosene in the water; it just seemed to spread it." Frank Formalek, one of the elevator-men, left his car and ran in to help. Louis Senderman and a boy, Leo Todor, tried to use the stand-pipe hose in the hall. They couldn't turn the valve-wheel. "It was rusted," they said, "and the hose, wherever it was folded, was rotten." The whole Greene Street side was burning now, and the fire had begun to come over the tables. Diana Lipschitz, the bookkeeper, sent in an alarm, and then telautographed up to the office staff on the tenth floor to run for their lives. The girl who received the message thought that Diana was "stringing" her. Already the fifty cutters had begun to run for *their* lives. It was what firemen call a "flash fire"; and all such factory fires, when once they get started, are going to be flash fires. Bernstein yelled to Louis Brown, a machinist, that they couldn't do anything, to get the girls out.

On the street, a hundred feet below, the fire was heard before it was seen. An Italian named Cardiane, standing at the Greene Street entrance, heard a sound "like a big puff." He saw smoke and flame come out with it, and a noise of falling glass started a horse to running away. The falling glass came from the first eighth-floor windows that blew out.

The Flames Spread to the Ninth and Tenth Floors Inside of Three Minutes

You will be told that when a building is fire-proof the fire can't spread from one floor to another. Foreman Howard Ruch, of Engine Company 18, arrived on a high-pressure truck two or three minutes after the eighth-floor win-

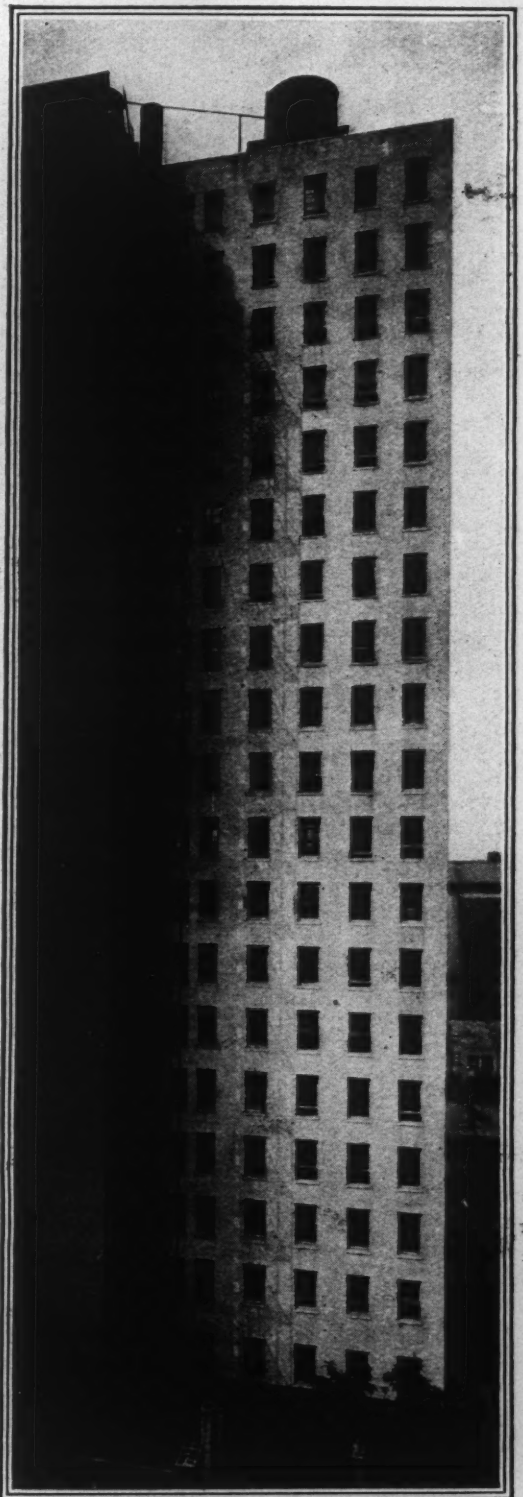
dows blew out. "I saw a sheet of flame come out from the eighth floor," he testified.* "It veiled into the street, and then it veiled into the windows of the ninth and tenth floors as if drawn by a magnet." Firemen generally call that "lapping in." The flame will suck straight into the windows if they are open; if they are closed — unless they are of wire glass — it will crack them. Inside the ninth-floor windows of the Triangle factory, bunches of paper patterns were hanging. On both the ninth and tenth floors the Greene Street door to the stairs was open, and by this time a door to the roof on the Greene Street side was ajar also. Taking everything together, it was much the same as the opening of the dampers and the pipe drafts on two hollow-tile stoves, one above the other, and both filled with every sort of thing that will catch fire and burn most rapidly.

For all three floors it was now a question of getting out.

Triangle Employees Could Not Have Got Down by the Fire-Escape in Less than Three Hours

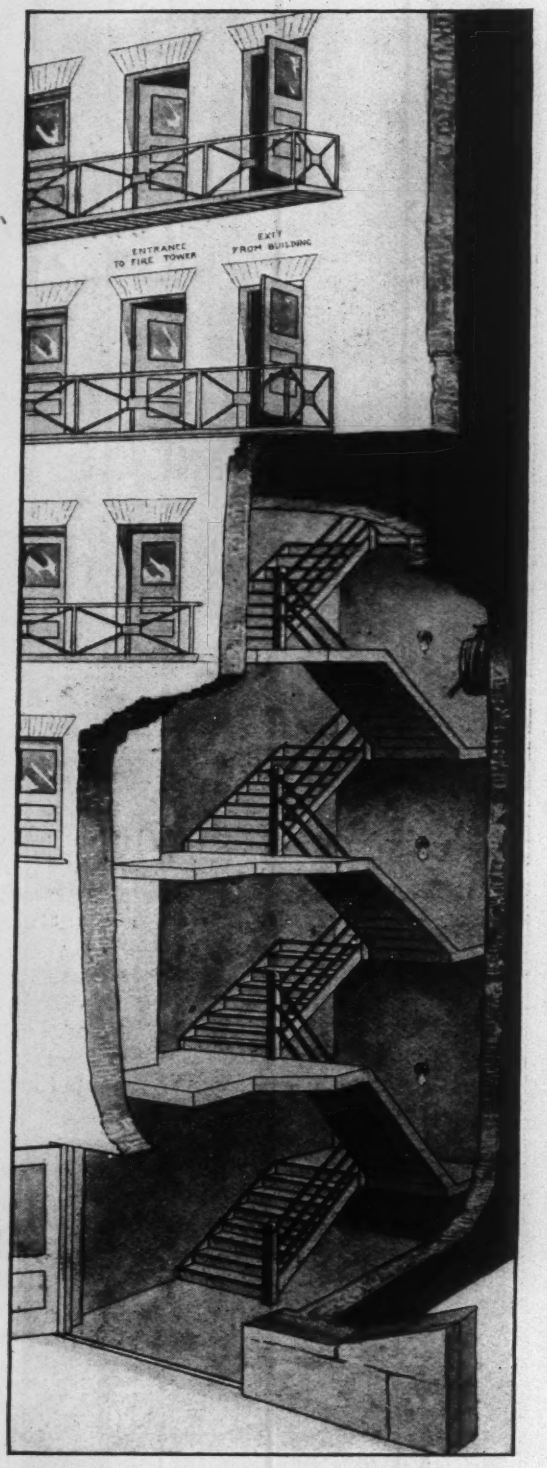
On the eighth floor the boy Todor and an operative named Starkofsky ran for the fire-escape. For there was a fire-escape — a series of landings, eighteen inches in the clear, leading to stairways little better than ladders. It ended five feet from the ground in a closed court. The court itself was soon to be full of fire, and on some of the landings the fire-escape was blocked by iron shutters which had been fastened open. As we have said before, the employees on those three upper floors could not have got to the ground by such an escape in less than three hours; and the fire allowed them perhaps three minutes.

Yet ten or twelve girls and men threw themselves out after Todor and Starkofsky, and began to fight their way down, one upon another. Several fell from landing to landing. One man let himself down by knotting two sections of machine belting together. Most of them managed to break their way in through the windows of the sixth floor, where they were found later, bleeding and moaning. But the boy Todor went all the way to the bottom; falling most of the way, he broke the skylight in the court and got out through the cellar. From the *ninth* floor one girl, Comella Vetere, got down the fire-escape, shielding her head from the flame with her big hat. But that belch of smoke and flame



TYPICAL TOWER LOFT BUILDING WITH OUTSIDE FIRE-ESCAPE, TO WHICH FIRE HAS DIRECT ACCESS. IT TAKES THREE AND A HALF MINUTES TO COME DOWN THIS FIRE-ESCAPE WHEN THERE IS NO FIRE TO MAKE THE DESCENT DIFFICULT

* After the fire there were investigations by the Board of Coroners, the Fire Marshal, and the Bureau of Buildings. All that appears hereafter in quotation marks comes from the evidence of witnesses and survivors, taken under oath; or, in cases where there was vagueness, of amplifying statements made to the writer.



"PHILADELPHIA FIRE-TOWER." THE TWO DOOR WINDOWS WHICH GIVE UPON THE BALCONIES FROM THE RIGHT AND LEFT OPEN OUTWARDLY FROM THE BUILDING PROPER, OR COULD GIVE EGRESS FROM TWO SEPARATE BUILDINGS. THE CENTRAL DOOR OPENS INWARDLY INTO THE MASONRY-SURROUNDED "TOWER"

from the eighth floor did not let many more get down. Out of nearly six hundred, this "good and sufficient means of egress" (to quote the Building Code again) saved fewer than twenty.

There is no more to tell about the fire-escape. Its condition after the fire, as shown in the photograph on page 471, was caused, not by the weight thrown upon it, which was little enough, but by a heat that warped the iron shutters on the building across the court, twenty feet away. It must be plain that it would be the same with any fire-escape, however large and stairway-like, if it opens directly from the nest of fire itself. The writer has been able to find only one factory in New York where the fire-escape does *not* so open. And, where doors give access to them, most of those doors open inwardly.

Again, if the weight of five hundred or a thousand people were suddenly thrown upon one of these "trellis" escapes it is very doubtful if it would support their burden. No New York factory escape is tested for weight, and it would be quite possible for a fire, trifling enough in itself, to produce a horror such as would make the death list of the Asch Building seem almost commonplace.

Girls Testify that the Doors Were Locked

Some of the girls on the eighth floor had followed the fleeing cutters to the Greene Street door. But to get to it they had to go through one of those narrow passages where their handbags were examined at night. The fire was already over the top of it; in another minute it was entirely cut off. Blocked on the Greene Street side, the girls who knew where the Washington Place door and elevators were ran screaming to them. Downstairs the elevator bells began to ring,— they never stopped ringing,— and then the wire glass of one of the elevator doors was pushed in.

The door into the Washington Place stairway opened inwardly,— that is, toward the girls,— and they testified that it was, as always, locked.* They screamed and beat upon it with their fists, but it would not open. Louis Brown, the machinist, denies that it was fastened. But he "wanted to *see* if it was locked," he says queerly. "I tried to turn the key, and it would not turn. I seen I could not turn the door (*sic*). I pulled the knob open, and the girls rushed out." Behind them the superintendent, Bernstein, kept telling them to "go nice."

* There were two stairways, one on the Greene Street side and one on the Washington Place side. The charge is that on the ninth floor Harris & Blanck kept the doors on the Washington Place side locked, compelling all the girls to leave the building by the narrow passage on the Greene Street side where the hand-bags were examined.

There were about a hundred and twenty-five girls to go down by that stairway. It was thirty-three inches wide, and practically a winding stair. According to both the girls and the firemen, no lights were burning in it. Even when people are cool, they can hardly go down a stairway such as that without stumbling. One of the girls fainted or fell at the seventh floor, others fell on top of her, and that "backed them up,"— that, too, when most of the girls were still in the room and the fire rapidly coming nearer.

"There were many girls at the door," says Irene Szivos, a Hungarian tucker. "They were screaming and crying. There were so many I could not get out. I went on a window and I would like to jump. But on the other side of the street I saw some girls that was working there wave their hands that I must not." "A girl's clothes caught fire, and a man's, and they jumped," says Rose Bernstein; "I seen one girl run to a window, and when I got down to the sidewalk I had to step over her." Brown, and a policeman named Meehan who had run in and up the stairs, managed to break that jam on the seventh floor, and every girl who got into the stairway from the eighth floor got out alive. It must be remembered that below the eighth floor the stairs were empty.

The Rush for the Roof

The tenth floor received the alarm before the ninth. And on the tenth nearly every one escaped, most of them through the Greene Street stairway to the roof. "Never go to the roof," Chief Bonner used to say. But here the roof saved lives. Both partners were on the tenth floor. Blanck had two of his children with him. That day he was taking a chance, like everybody else. But students of the University of New York climbed over from their roof adjoining and helped. One of them, Frederick Newman, groped his way down into that tenth-floor loft itself. And they thought they had taken out everybody. Four girls, however, had been left behind in the dressing-room. "When I came out," says one of them, Anna Dorrity, an Irish girl, "I saw them all gone, and I didn't know what was the matter." They went to the Greene Street door, and saw the Greene Street stairway below them full of smoke and fire. They didn't know that there were any exits on the Washington Place side, and they didn't know that the Greene Street stairs would take them to the roof. One girl jumped at once. The others started to pile up chairs and tables, in the hope of getting out through the skylight.

"FIRE-TOWER" UPON THE BRUNSWICK BUILDING, NEW YORK. ON EVERY FLOOR THE SMALL BALCONY GIVES ACCESS THROUGH ITS MIDDLE DOOR TO THE "TOWER" *WITHIN* THE BUILDING. WHILE NOT RECOGNIZABLE FROM WITHOUT AS A FIRE-ESCAPE AT ALL, THIS IS THE BEST FORM OF FIRE-ESCAPE AS YET INVENTED

What Happened on the Ninth Floor

On the ninth floor, after that first "lapping in" of the flames from below, there were two or three minutes in which almost every one who was going to escape, escaped. The passage leading to the Greene Street door and to the elevators was just twenty inches wide. The little door in it opened inward, and men and girls tore the clothes from one another, trying to get through. Yet a hundred and fifty or more did get through, and three fourths of that hundred and fifty got down alive.

But on the ninth floor, as on the eighth, it was the Greene Street door, the *open* door, that was cut off first. And nearly two hundred people, most of them girls, remained inside. The thing that was to happen, happened there.

Natie Weiner, a thick-set little Jewish girl, who with eight others worked in one of the aisles cutting out lace, "saw a fellow who knew there was a door on the Washington Place side." And she joined a rush of girls for it. Once more, those girls had no way of knowing for themselves that there were two doors. The partitions hid them, as they do in all such factories. And there were no ruby incandescents and red arrows pointing the way to fire exits, such as you have even on the ground floors of theaters. "We run first to the elevator," says Natie Weiner, "and he was not up. We knocked on the door, and he didn't come." Then they turned to the stairway door. "It was locked and there was no key there. . . . I tried to break it open, and I couldn't. . . . There was a woman forty years old there who was burned — Mary Herman — and Bessie Bischofsky, and there was others, and they were next to me and with me at the door; and I said to the woman, 'You try.' You may be stronger.' She said, 'I can't.' So then I said, 'Let us all go at it!' And we did."

By that time, even had they been able to get the door open, could they have got past the fire now pouring itself up that stairway from the eighth floor? However, they never got it open. The lock, with the bolt shot, was found later in the débris, a few paces in front of where the charred remnants of floor-board and paneling still held together till the firemen burst them in.

Elevators Run Until Broken by the Falling Bodies

But why talk of fire-escapes and stairways when there were elevators? Every one knows it is upon their elevators that high buildings depend, just as it is the elevator that has made the high building possible.

On the Greene Street side one of the elevator-men ran away at the first cry of fire. His car stood useless till an elevator-man from the street, a young fellow named John T. Gregory, who happened to be passing, threw himself into the car and made trip after trip in a building that was already a nightmare. He ran the car until he was half dead himself, and until the bodies of those who could not wait and flung themselves down the shaft kept the car from running any longer.

Thomas Horton, a negro porter, helped keep the machines going in the basement. "They ran until they couldn't run," he testified; "we were putting in the switch cables till they were overrun with water. They stuck. The circuit-breakers were blowing out."

On the Washington Place side, to which the hundreds cut off on the eighth and ninth floors were crowding, there were two elevators, measuring five feet by six. They went first to the eighth floor, because it was on that floor that the fire broke out; and then to the tenth, to save the proprietors and staff. One of the elevator-men, Giuseppe Zito, ran his car until he fainted; and he still shows the effects of what he went through. But his companion, Gaspar Mortillaro, tells the story:

"I had too much on the car. The car gave way. They jumped down and everything, on top of me." (Because of the smoke the operators could not see where the floor levels were, and had to open their doors at random.) "They were holding my hands and pulling my hair and jabbing me in the face. I do not know what I hit. The door would not close and all the glass came down on me. They fell on me and I could not stop them. They slid down the ropes." (Many tried to slide down the "ropes." An Italian woman, Levantina, gave another the center cable "because it would be easier." And when somehow she got to the bottom herself, she found herself putting her foot on a dying girl who said, "Please don't step on me.") "They jumped on the roof of my car. About twenty jumped on top of the roof." Even when the cars were far below them, the girls continued to jump, and their bodies wedged in between car and shaft. Above one elevator on the Greene Street side nineteen bodies were found so. It did not take long to finish with the elevators.

The Fire Department Helpless

But the New York Fire Department,— four thousand men, with aërial trucks and water-towers and a high-pressure system — why wasn't it doing anything?

There was a delay of only two or three min-

utes in sending in the alarm. The pipemen of Engine Company 72 met the first mob of men and girls at the bottom of the stairs. But some had jumped, by then. "They were down quicker one way than the other," said a truckman. And more were crowding out on the sills. Battalion Chief Worth used his first two lines to cool down the building above their heads. "That was the only reassurance we could give," he said. And a minute later, when the wind swung the flames around, that was of no avail. There was hardly time to get the scaling-ladders out of the truck. And when they ran up the extension-ladder, that reached only to the sixth story. High-Pressure Company 18, with some citizens helping, stretched a new fourteen-foot rope net. Three girls jumped together from the ninth — and firemen and citizens together were jerked headlong in upon their mangled bodies. A mathematical calculation made afterward showed that the impact of those three bodies was equal to a dead weight of *sixteen tons*. Within two minutes, so many bodies had piled themselves on top of the first high-pressure line that it had to be left where it was and another was stretched in. Hook and Ladder Company 20 spread its big twenty-foot Browder net. "There were so many bodies hitting the ground," Worth testified, "that it was impossible to see them. You did not see them. You heard the sound of the impact of the body hitting the ground. They came down entwined in bunches and with their arms around each other. It tore the springs out of the canvas of the net and tore open the steel frame." They broke holes that a horse could have fallen into through the glass and concrete vault lights over the cellar. You might as well have sent a fire department to handle a powder-mill explosion. Why talk of fire departments, when fire departments have no power to take those measures that will prevent fires, when the fireman is not called in until the case is hopeless?

Stories of the Girls Who Escaped

But the story is still to tell of what was taking place within those ninth- and tenth-floor lofts. It is told by five or six survivors who escaped, they themselves know not how.

The day after the fire there were a great many people who hastened to explain that the loss of life was due almost entirely to panic. Panic has always been a good explanation. When those girls saw themselves trapped a hundred feet above the street, some of them tried to fight the fire with the pails. One little girl was still holding fast to her pail when her body was taken up from the sidewalk. But the flames were coming in from outside, and there wasn't anything to fight. "I broke the window with my pail," says Anna Gullo, of the ninth floor, "and more came in." "We started to run all around," says Yetta Lubitz, "and the flames came out all around." Some of them began to catch fire. Almost none jumped till they were on fire. And those who weren't had to keep away from those who were. "The flames were near me. My mouth was full of smoke," says Natie Weiner; "I wanted to get on a table and jump. But the windows were too crowded, and I seen so many bodies laying dead on the ground that I thought I would be dead, too. . . . But the smoke and flames were terrible, and some of the girls said it was better to be smashed than burned, and they wanted to be identified." "They didn't want to jump," says little Rosie Yusum; "they was afraid. They was saying their prayers first, and putting rags over their eyes so they should not see." Up on the tenth they were jumping, too. "Her name was Clotilde," says the Irish girl, Anna Dorrity. "She was an Italian. She said, 'You jump first.' But when she had said her prayers she said, 'No; let me jump now.'"

On the ninth floor fifty-eight girls crawled into a little corridor or cloak-room. "I saw them *piled*," testified fireman Jacob Wohl, one of the first to enter. "They had their faces toward a little window." In the Black Hole, which a whole empire has never forgotten, there was only the heat of an Indian midsummer night.

The Jewish Girl, Sallie Weintraub, Who Jumped from the Ninth Story

They were still jumping. It was all happening together, it is necessary to remember. A Jewish girl, Sallie Weintraub, had got out on a ledge on the Washington Place side. "For a minute," says an onlooker, "she held her hands rigid, her face upward, looking toward the sky." The fire was coming nearer to her. But, before she jumped, "she began to raise her arms and make gestures, as if she were addressing a crowd above her."

What was she saying? We have all of us a pretty good idea of what she was saying. But it isn't the kind of thing we want to let ourselves think about. If we were in war, and one of our torpedo-boats had been surrounded by the enemy, and her crew would not surrender — if after they had been ringed around and shot to pieces, sent to the bottom smashed and drowned and burned till it came to the last man of them — and if he, as he went down, raised his hands for

a token, we would know what he was saying, and he would get his answer. But Sallie Weintraub and her comrades were not in war, and they had not the least chance in the world. Or, to put it another way, the chance that we thought we were taking ourselves we were making them take.

In New York, two days after the fire, the officials of the Bureau of Buildings posted a notice on the door of the Asch Building to inform its owner, as was their official duty, that, under the requirements of the department, his building could no longer be regarded as safe. It was unsafe, among other reasons, "because the treads on the rear stairs from the tenth floor were cracked and broken"; because "the fire-escape on the rear was warped, twisted, and unsafe"; because "the doors of the elevator shafts were burned, damaged, and in an unsafe condition"; because *"the vault lights on Washington Place and Greene Street, together with the supports for the same, were broken and unsafe."* These were the vault lights that were broken by the impact of the falling bodies. If those holes had been left open, and any one had fallen into them, the said owner, Joseph J. Asch, would almost certainly have been held to be responsible. Damages might have been collected from him. It is even possible that responsibility might have attached to the great city of New York itself. Therefore, before he could open his building for loft factories again, the said owner must make these detailed and necessary repairs.*

Ex-Chief Croker's Statement

Chief Croker was present at the Asch fire; and he says:

"There are certain things that should be done at once, things that do not require either new laws or building alterations.

"Every exit should be plainly marked, and all employees should be made familiar with every exit. All passages should be at least as wide as the door they lead to. And if in future any factory owner locks his doors in working hours, the case is one that calls for a penalty so prompt and drastic that there will be no need of inflicting it a second time.

"Fire drills in factories should be made compulsory. They are so now in Pennsylvania. Five days after the Triangle fire there were two small fires in New York schools. Between them they contained more than 3,300 pupils. But, as a result of regular drills, both schools were emptied within two minutes. And what can be done by children can be done by grown people. In the case of our schools, too, fire drills have shown whether the old stairways were physically capable of emptying the building within a period of safety. And compulsory drills, with some one to time them, would tell the truth about every kind of factory.†

"Elevator-men should be instructed, in case of fire, to carry their loads *only to the floor below the fire.* The time that would be gained by such a rule is obvious. When a fire occurs on a lower floor, the elevators are practically useless.

"In many factories, as they are built now, to make the doors open outwardly would only block the stairs. But it is an easy matter to install some simple form of sliding door.

Sprinklers Compulsory in Theaters — Why Not in Loft Factories?

"Sprinklers should be made compulsory. It is claimed that the first death is yet to be recorded in a sprinklered factory; and their value in a hundred ways is beyond all question. No man can now build a theater without them; and what is enforced by law for places of amusement ought to be enforced for places where people have to go to earn their living. What is more, a theater is three stories high, and a loft factory may be ten or fifteen. If the manufacturers of certain sprinkler systems have formed a combination, there are other sprinkler systems that are not controlled by a combination; and nine in all have been tested and approved by the National Board of Underwriters. Sprinklers add about four per cent to the cost of a building. But they increase the renting value of a building, and they so decrease the price of insurance as to pay for themselves within five years. When the mere raising of the temperature of a room to 140 or 150 degrees first sends in an automatic alarm, and then turns the whole ceiling into a sort of spray cascade, that is bound to have its effect. The Triangle fire might not have been extinguished altogether, but it would almost certainly have been held in check till the employees got out and the firemen arrived.

"There is no excuse for passing upon the structure of a building and ignoring the contents. When we keep our library books in stack-rooms that contain no wood, why not our working-girls? It ought to go without saying that in loft factories doors and flooring,

* The damage done to the Asch Building amounted to a little more than $10,000. The building was insured for $300,000, and the contents of the Triangle Waist Factory for $200,500. Under an employers' liability law setting a price of only $1,000 upon the life of a worker, the additional loss would have amounted to $146,000. With a law preventing the factory owner from transferring his liability, could any employer afford to take the chance which brought the Triangle fire about?

† The whole subject of factory drills will be taken up in a subsequent article.

window trim, and machine boxings should be fire-proof. Section 105 of the New York Building Code says that if a loft is divided for renting to two different tenants, the partition between them must be of fire-proof material. That means simply this: The use of any other material would allow one tenant to put another to uncalled-for risk. But what of inside partitions, and the tenant's own people?

How Inflammable Stock May Be Safeguarded

"If it is necessary for a loft factory to keep a freight-car full of inflammables in stock, there is no reason why stock- and shipping-rooms should not be inclosed and divided off so as to constitute no risk. Partitions of metal and wire glass now cost very little; and wire glass will stand fire like metal itself. When every kind of office furniture is now reproduced in steel, and at a moderate price, why not plain machine tables? Those for the cutters could be given a half-inch skin of wood. Wicker baskets should be replaced by metal boxes; tin plate is cheap enough. Cans for rags should have spring covers; and the rags should be gathered twice a day. Oil and gasolene should in all cases be kept in safety cans. A loft factory so equipped would reduce the danger from fire to a quarter. Why allow people to go on taking a chance?

"If a factory is equipped with the old-style fire-escape, or even with one of the new, wide, steel-stairway constructions, to which the fire can get direct access, the risk is plain. The Triangle fire showed New York what that risk is, and the time has come to think about these things.

"Some cities have thought about them. In Section 38 of the Philadelphia Building Code, a code going back twelve years, we read:

The Philadelphia Fire-Tower — the Fire-Escape of the Future

"'Stores in which any of the stories above the second have a clear floor-space of four thousand (4,000) square feet, and manufactories three or more stories in height, of the floor area, per story, of three thousand (3,000) square feet [the Asch building had more than 9,000], shall have *a tower stairway, completely inclosed, on the interior of the building,* with brick walls or other such fire-proof materials as shall be accepted by the Bureau of Building Inspection.'

"This is what is known as the 'Philadelphia fire-tower.' Lives are not lost in it. And when the building containing one burns down, the fire-tower stands up behind it like a monument. It is the form of fire-escape recommended by the National Fire Protection Association, the National Board of Underwriters, and by every architect, engineer, and fire chief who knows his business.

"The diagram on page 476 will show how the tower is used. On every floor the employees can walk out through floor-level, outwardly opening, fire-proof doors to a wide outside balcony, and in the middle of that balcony turn back into a solidly built stairway shaft into which no fire can possibly follow them. The stairway is wide and well lit and opens upon the street; and one such is worth three ordinary stairways, if only because of the sense of absolute security it gives. Moreover, it requires no more space. One Philadelphia department-store has five of them. Another has an excellent practice of making its employees use the 'towers,' from time to time, instead of the regular exits.

"Architects have always complained that fire-escapes of the old style spoil the appearance of a building. The fire-tower balcony escape is an ornament. The illustration on page 479 shows such balconies giving access to the tower which Mr. Francis H. Kimball, a well-known New York architect, has put into the Brunswick Building on Fifth Avenue. But, in all New York, it is one of only two or three buildings so equipped. On every loft factory to be erected in the future, such tower escapes should be made compulsory.

Fire-Proof Partitions for Loft Factories

"Under the Philadelphia laws, all loft and factory buildings, exceeding a certain area, must be divided vertically by a fire-proof wall, pierced by fire-proof doors. If fire breaks out on one side of the building, the employees need only pass through to the other side. This is, of course, another almost perfect form of escape. And both it and the Philadelphia tower have a double value from the fact that their principles can be readily worked out in loft and office buildings already erected. For example:

"If the Brunswick Building were cut into two buildings, the fire-tower, being between them, could, plainly, be used by both. If there were no fire-tower there at all, but access by balcony could be had on every floor from the windows of one building to those of the next, that, too, would plainly be a splendid form of escape. The New York Tenement House Department regards it as the best of all fire-escapes, and has had numbers of such "connecting balconies" installed by law. And the same idea

can be applied to every pair of high loft or office structures that adjoin. The expenditure of a few dollars and a little natural neighborliness can make them both secure. Or — making use of the principle of the fire-proof bisecting wall — the knocking away of a little masonry and the setting in of fire-proof doors on every floor can make every pair of adjoining buildings mutual fire-towers. If there is a court between them, bridges can be used. But access to both bridges and 'balconies' should be had through wide 'door windows' on the floor-level.

"Where a loft building stands alone, the fire-tower principle can still be applied. It is only a matter of building a masonry vestibule about the stairs, with swinging or other self-closing doors on the side toward the interior. In this way a 'fire-proof stairway' (which is not fire-proof) can be turned into something which is at least the next thing to a 'tower.'

"After every bad fire a certain number of buildings are voluntarily made right. After the Triangle fire the managers of the oldest hotel in New York decided to put up fire-escapes. But they had been seventy-nine years deciding to do it. We all of us just let things slip along. We need laws; we have to be compelled, or we want to be able to compel each other.

Factory Owners Who Fight Fire Laws

"For factory owners who *fight* fire laws there is one thing that can be done. On the New York East Side, when a baker continues to keep his premises in a filthy condition after he has had his warnings from the factory inspectors, they go down there with a square of red cardboard on which is printed the word 'Unclean.' It is nailed on his bakery door, the door is locked, and the trade of that bakery comes to an end. And that one red card is quite enough to reform all the dirty bakeries in the vicinity. Now, if a city has fire-trap factories, that city can be certain that its fire department knows about them. It has them marked, because, sooner or later, they are going to cause the death of some of its best men. And if, while State legislatures are passing general legislation, fire departments were provided with red labels reading 'Unsafe,' the work of State legislatures would be very greatly expedited. Every architect and builder knows what ought to be done, and how easily it can be done. It all comes down to dollars and cents against human lives. There is no 'fire-proof' building that can not be made death-proof as well."

A month after the Triangle fire, Chief Croker resigned. For twelve years he had been our most famous fire-fighter; and he had, by common consent, brought the New York department to the highest point of fire-fighting efficiency. It is significant that he resigned to go into the work of *fire prevention*. "Fire-fighting has gone as far as it can go," he said. "We've come to the place where we've got to keep fires from starting."

THE FIRE QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES

EDITORIAL

IN 1910 the portion of the fire loss for the United States and Canada which came before the National Board of Underwriters amounted to $234,470,650. The actual fire loss was more than $500,000,000, and this does not include mine, marine, and forest fires.

The Federal Government began, in 1907, an investigation, through our consulates, into fire conditions in Europe. Almost every consular reply stated, in effect, that our fire departments and fire-fighting methods are vastly superior, *but that fire losses in European countries are, of course, much smaller.* For example, in 1910 we find that thirteen of the largest cities of Germany, with a combined population of 5,616,822, suffered a fire loss of $1,067,205. Five American cities, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, and San Francisco, with a combined population one hundred thousand less, 5,510,897, suffered a fire loss, in the same year, of $14,250,183! New York, with a population of 4,766,883, added its $8,591,831— about five times the loss for London and nine times that of Paris.

Between 1901 and 1910 it cost every man, woman, and child in the United States and Canada an average of $2.39 a year for fire. The European was paying thirty-three cents; the German, for his part, only nineteen. Between 1900 and 1909 our population increased 73 per cent; our fire loss increased 134 per cent. What is more sinister, the *number* of our fires *per capita* is steadily increasing. The puzzled

foreigner may be pardoned for finding it hard to decide whether we are a nation of children playing with matches or a nation of incendiaries. We now burn up every year half the value of the buildings we erect in the same year.

But the loss of property is not the worst loss. Figures gathered by the United States Geological Survey for 1907, and drawn from a little more than a third of our total population, give a loss of life from fire of 1,449, and a list of injured of 5,654. Mr. Charles Whiting Baker, editor of the *Engineering News*, has reduced this to a gruesome statistical image. "The buildings consumed," he writes, "would line both sides of a street extending from New York to Chicago. A person journeying along this street of desolation would pass in every thousand feet a ruin from which an injured person was taken. At every three quarters of a mile in this journey he would encounter the charred remains of a human being who had been burned to death." Since 1903 five fires alone — the Collingwood schoolhouse, the Boyertown moving-picture show, the Iroquois Theater in Chicago, and the steamer *General Slocum* and the Asch Building in New York — give a total of more than 2,100 deaths! This is barbarism. What was merely a national waste has become a national shame.

And — human nature being substantially the same thing in America as it is in Europe — those who are in a position to know place the blame upon our criminally lax fire laws, and upon the criminally bad construction of our buildings. "Most of the building laws now in force," reports the Chief Inspector of the Fire Prevention Bureau of St. Louis, "are inadequate and obsolete." And he is echoed by every fire chief, fire commissioner, and underwriting authority throughout the country. There is the same unanimity as to the remedy. In place of fire-fighting, heroic and inefficient, we need the quiet and effective methods of prevention. "New York is paying $8,000,000 for the maintenance of its fire department," said ex-Chief Croker recently, "and about $15,000 a year to prevent fires!" In that lies the whole situation. Modern medicine takes all its broad and vital value from its power to prevent disease. What civilized country now waits for its citizens to develop smallpox or cholera or yellow fever? Fires ought properly to be regarded as so many cases of a malignant disease, a disease fearfully contagious. In uncivilized countries certain diseases are *endemic*. In Yunnan, for instance, there is always bubonic plague; the natives have come to think of it as a natural thing. For about fifty years fire has been endemic in America.

Nor is it any matter of having to wait for the proper serum or anti-toxin to be discovered. The fire disease has long ago had its Pasteur and Koch. The New York tenement was once unsurpassed as a fire-trap; but for ten years a "new model" has been compulsory, and the first loss of life by fire in it has yet to be recorded. The "picker-room" of a New England cotton-mill was formerly held to be, as a fire risk, about the equivalent of a badly protected powder magazine. But now New England cotton-mills, "picker-rooms" and all, can buy their insurance more cheaply than the palaces of our Newport millionaires. It is not so long since the breaking out of fire on shipboard meant almost certainly the destruction of the ship; and cotton was the most dangerous of all bulk cargoes. Baled cotton is still inflammable; iron bands still chafe together, and the "spontaneous combustion" gases still accumulate. All modern ships carry cotton, some of them representing a value of ten millions of dollars, and there are few long voyages in which fires do not break out at some time in one of the cotton holds. But the very heat they generate at once starts the machinery that puts them out again.

We have the preventive medicine for fire. It can be administered by the youngest civil engineer out of the institute of technology. And the same logic which has compelled government, through its boards of health,— municipal, State, and federal,— to take up the practice of one sort of preventive medicine must in the end bring it to take up the practice of the other. In the meantime, much can be accomplished by the individual.

In a series of articles to follow, this magazine proposes, with the help of the best authorities obtainable, to show what the fire disease now is, what its outbreaks mean, and how upon every kind of fire we can most easily write the word "prevented."

Ten Pieces of Silver

by Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke

Author of "The Rug of Her Fathers," "The Tooth of Antar," etc.

Illustrations by Wladyslaw T. Benda

FATHER SHISKIM'S little sitting-room, shabby and comfortable, was filled with the chatter of women's voices. Umn Salim, who kept house for the venerable priest, and Umn Fâris, her neighbor, were smoking nargileh together. They were shaking their heads dolefully over a rare bit of gossip. Umn Fâris had heard that day the rumor that had set all the Syrian women in Dix Street babbling — that some fellow countrywoman had parted with what should have been her dearest treasure, her "pieces of silver," that curious little chain of coins peculiar to the Oriental woman.

Awe thrilled their voices as they talked; for well did these old women know the meaning of the marriage coins, emblematic of the ancient law that allowed the bride ten pieces of her dowry money, and well they knew the superstitious terror that the loss of even a single coin meant to the loser. Yet somewhere in this land of their adoption was a woman who had lost or sold her treasure, and pretty Molly Connors, the Irish saloonkeeper's daughter, was carelessly wearing the once significant coins as a bracelet on her freckled wrist.

"Alas!" moaned Umn Fâris, in dismal Arabic, "what is to become of our people! In this land we forget our most precious heritage! It is disgraceful that the daughter of a heathen innkeeper should flaunt a thing so sacred — jingling it as a child does a toy!"

Umn Salim sucked thoughtfully at the amber mouthpiece of the pipe.

"It is as you say, neighbor," she made answer gravely. "In the land of our fathers this would not have happened. Jealously should we guard our bridal treasure. For 'what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?' Yet, in this land, all customs mean naught to the foolish younger generations — their destruction will fall upon their own heads."

"'Two ravens sat on a limb and croaked,'" teased a guttural voice from the doorway.

Umn Salim looked quickly, a little frown of annoyance wrinkling her usually placid face.

"Umn Fâris," she said, with gentle Oriental courtesy, "heed not the rudeness of a saucy one who came only a year since from Syria. This is a child of my sister; she was born on a Christmas day, and named therefrom Miladeh — too great rejoicing spoiled her. Miladeh Khouri, give greeting to my good neighbor, Umn Fâris."

The sturdy little figure in the doorway made the Syrian gesture of greeting with mock dignity. She might have been a child or a woman, such an odd mixture of youthful impudence and womanly poise had she. She wore a gown of messy pink, ludicrously stylish, that had evidently been discarded by some more mature wearer, and her brown wrists jingled with much brassy jewelry as she salaamed. The wiry black hair grew unprettily low on her swarthy forehead; but her eyes were dusky and lovely, and her teeth flashed in deliciously impish laughter.

"Oxcuse," she answered, in the prettily guttural English that she knew would perplex them. "I deed nod ondestan' thad you haf so beeg a swell een here." She plumped herself beside them and snatched the mouthpiece of the pipe from her aunt's fingers, puffing long and contentedly. "Thees ees nod styleesch," she sighed, "but — gee, eet ees nice!"

"What dost thou in Brooklyn?" demanded Umn Salim, in ponderous Arabic.

Miladeh yawned elaborately.

"Notheeng — I haf no othaire where to go. Meesis Haddad — she don' want me aroun' no more."

Umn Salim broke into a chatter of cyclonic abuse. Miladeh was a sore trial to the usually

"THE STURDY LITTLE FIGURE IN THE DOORWAY MADE THE SYRIAN GESTURE OF GREETING"

calm woman. No sooner did she think her niece industriously working in a factory and safely stowed in a household near by than some new disturbance arose, either in shop or boarding-place, that sent the mischievous girl back to her reluctant guardian.

"You dare come tell me such news again?" she scolded in shrill Arabic. "Of a truth, bad cuckoos always crowd in good birds' nests, and lazy jackals never kill their own prey!"

"I ees no cuckoo," laughed Miladeh; "I ees no jackal — I haf nod lose my job thees time. Me, I ees makin' five doll'rs a week" — she jingled her purse craftily. "Leesten ad th' song of th' coin!"

Umn Salim sighed with relief, but continued her grumbling in a lower key.

"No good comes with you, I dare say," she muttered. "I am ashamed to ask the good father to shelter you again; you are too wicked a one to dwell in the house of a priest."

Miladeh shrugged her shoulders.

"La, la!" she laughed. "Don' you care. He can preach ad me — he leekes thad — eet ees hees business!"

Umn Salim lifted her hands in Oriental disgust.

"The impudence of the young in this day," she cried to her neighbor, "*shu b'amal fih?* [what shall we do about it?]"

Umn Fâris shook her lean old head.

"I know not," she answered. "I have five grandchildren; they stay all day in the gutter — soon they will be as impertinent as that one."

Miladeh's laugh rippled out impishly at this thrust.

"Would thad nod geet th' goat!" she taunted.

Umn Fâris' dark eyes flashed.

"Like you, they learn impudence from Americans," she retorted, and rocked herself angrily. "They scorn our own people — they frolic only with heathen."

Her passionate outburst made Umn Salim forget her own wrath; she settled herself comfortably, her dark eyes twinkling with amusement at her lean old neighbor.

"Friend of my youth," teased Umn Salim, "if thy grandchildren were frolicking with the angels, thy pride would complain of the unfitness of the angels." She puffed contemplatively at the mouthpiece until the water bubbled high in the pipe. "Why do they not play with the children of Umn Antar?" she asked idly. "Nazli, she is a good child, and Antar" — she chuckled as she imitated little Nazileh Sewaya's halting English, "he ees th' mos' bes' nice babee een Ameerca!"

Her neighbor nodded a grudging agreement.

"They are good children," she admitted, "but Antar — he is too small to run about, and Nazli" — she shrugged her shoulders meaningly — "I taught the lazy little thing to make lace for her mother, so she has no time to sport in the gutter like my grandchildren."

"Thad leetle owl I see las' spring dancin' een th' sunlight?" interrupted Miladeh. "Ah, you ma-ak me tired! She ees onlee a babee — she should nod work!"

"The poor must live," answered Umn Fâris sententiously. "Their children must learn toil early."

Miladeh sprang up angrily, her bracelets jingling as she gestured.

"Thad ees th' weesdom of fools!" she cried. "Eef thad they toil — th' leetle ones — they ees no mor' sheeldren. Me I know; toil haf made me ole leeke thee! — 'Ow mooch thad leetle one earn?" she asked abruptly.

Umn Fâris' eyes narrowed as she made the slow reckoning.

"Three doll'rs a week," she answered in English.

Miladeh caught up the dilapidated baggage she had dumped on the floor when she entered.

"Ah!" she breathed, her teeth flashing in good humor, "thees ees a ceench! Me — I go to be thees Meesis Sewaya's boarder — so thad Nazli need work no more."

Umn Salim lifted her hands in dismay.

"Miladeh," she made quick protest, "thees weel nod do! Leila Sewaya, she ees gentle born — she weel be offen' — she ees ver' proud!"

"Eet ees onlee fools who ees proud!" scolded Miladeh, her thick lips pouted in disgust. "Eef she ees a fool — me, I don' care — " The bag thumped heavily on the floor. "I hate fools! I goin' to stay righd here."

For an anxious moment Umn Salim considered; then she reached for a shawl to hide the gay *uka* that covered her curly gray hair.

"Oxcuse thad I go," she murmured politely to Umn Fâris; "I mus' go ask Umn Antar" — she was smiling triumphantly at her own diplomacy — "eef she weel be so keend to watch ovaire thees bothersom' gee-url for me."

Miladeh laughed.

"Thou art a wise one!" she answered in admiring Arabic, but slipped easily back to her adopted language. "Tell her I goin' to pay one doll'r to be a sleepin' boar-rder," she added shrewdly, "or thr-ree doll'rs to be a eatin'-sleepin' boar-rder. Hustl' me there!" She turned back to fling a taunting good-by to Umn Fâris. "Farewell, ole raven! Onless you weesch to come along to see me throw th' lace of that babee, Nazli, eento th' street!"

She chattered brusquely on the way, boasting of what she would do in her new abiding-place in a manner that made Umn Salim shake her head dubiously. But, when they stood in the bare room where the gentle Leila lifted her tired eyes from her work to greet them, and the shy nine-year-old Nazileh rose with a pretty gesture of welcome, Miladeh's sharp eyes softened and the harshness of her voice melted. And, while her aunt explained their business with elaborate courtesy, the girl stooped suddenly to pick up the wee Antar and kiss him with Oriental extravagance. Over his fat shoulders she lifted pleading eyes to his mother.

"Eef thad you let me stay," she half whispered, "me — I goin' to be ver' nice."

Leila, breathless and wondering, answered her sweetly: "Eet ees honor you do me."

Miladeh flung herself at the little widow's feet.

"Eet ees no honor," she confessed humbly.

"Me — I ees a ver' bad one! Nobodee wants me! I laugh all times — ver' mooch noise I ma-ak — an' I haf lovaires — all wan' to marry weeth me! Sometimes ladees' husban's" — she added it naïvely — "where thad I board ees ma-ak lovin's on me — me, I ees always mooch troubles!"

Leila put her slender, toil-worn hand on Miladeh's heaving shoulders.

"Art thou good, Miladeh?" she whispered.

Miladeh smiled back proudly.

"I am good," she boasted in Arabic; "I am good because I am wise; I have wisdom in my heart, and therefore I am good." She sprang up, laughing once more. "Go along home," she commanded her aunt; "here will I dwell."

And, when the farewells were said, she ran along the hallway to shout a last bit of impudence after her retreating relative.

"Sa-ay," she shrieked, "tell thad ole raven, Umn Fâris, to come see me! Tell her to ask my styleesch Ameercan name here — eet ees nod goin' to be Miladeh any more — eet ees Meelly Khelly!"

The coming of "Meelly Khelly," undoubtedly a decided relief from a financial standpoint, was not an unmitigated source of joy to the Sewaya household. To be sure, she made the room gay with her droll Oriental versions of popular songs and the bits of finery that she strewed about, in reckless defiance of Antar's mischievous fingers; but she teased them all inveterately with crude practical jokes that made them angrily bewildered. To her credit was the fact that she was not at all finical about her sleeping quarters — a somewhat rickety cot purchased from the "Jew second-hander" — or the rather slender and undainty provender that the larder afforded. But Abu Asaad, the children's old grandfather, who dwelt in the house next door, shook his head forebodingly.

"She is of a Bedouin people," he said; "no good comes ever of wanderers."

"La, la!" laughed Milly impudently, overhearing him from the doorway. "Th' geepsy — th' devil nevaire geets her — she dance too fast!" And she began to shake herself in a queer Oriental dance, snapping her fingers derisively under Abu Asaad's beard.

"Croak leeke a frog, ole man!" she ended impertinently. "Thy daughtaire would go all sc-masch eef I deed nod boss thees joint!"

But after the old man had departed, sputtering maledictions on her saucy head, Miladeh sat meekly at Leila's feet to make her peace with his daughter-in-law.

"Do nod scold," she coaxed sweetly. "Thees Antar" — she waved her hand toward the sleeping baby — "he ees so smar-rt thad thad ole man, hees grandsire, seem fooleesch."

And, when Leila would not smile, Miladeh sighed with mock grief that ended in the delicious giggle, and settled herself cross-legged.

"Watch mageek worked," she commanded Nazileh. "Play thad I ees a good speerit thad work charms."

She pulled some wonderful bits of red and yellow leather from her left stocking-top, leather that she had smuggled from the factory where she spent her days embroidering Turkish slippers. And, while Nazileh watched excitedly, the girl pulled out from the other stocking-top some puffy silk pompoms and bits of gold thread, and began to make darling little shoes, with straggling A's on their cunning curved toes, for Antar. Nazileh grew breathless with joy as the shoes neared completion, and flung her arms around the boarder's neck with extravagant caresses.

"Miladeh — Meelly Khelly!" she cried, "you haf angel fingers an' a heart of gold!"

"I haf weesdom!" corrected Miladeh proudly; "eef thad I haf nod, you would still sit all day doin' lace, and now ——"

"Now I go out weeth thad nice babee," sighed Nazileh happily. "Ah," — she paused to run across the room to embrace her mother, — "ees eet nod bad, my mothaire — those days that I mighd nod go play?"

Leila nodded her head, but she sighed heavily; even in these days of comparative financial security, some hidden burden seemed to crush the little woman.

"Ah, me! I ees boss thees joint ver' good — eh?" cried Miladeh, her bracelets jingling gaily. "An' let me tole you more. We ees goin' to move ad those nice rooms downstairs, Leila; then Antar may play een th' door-yard, while you watch an' work een th' weendow. An' thad rent — *poof* — eet weel be one doll'r less!" And, while they chattered together at this startling but agreeable arrangement, a peremptory knock startled them.

A burly figure blocked the doorway, the big Irish bulk of Tim O'Brien, the once dreaded "collec' man."

"I called for th' rint," he began pompously.

Nazileh ran for the little knitted purse, proud that it held more than enough coins. She cast a triumphant glance at her mother. But the little woman would not smile. She arose timorously and began speaking to the visitor in low, pleading tones, lifting her hands in Oriental supplication and bending her head meekly.

Miladeh and Nazileh could not hear what she was saying — indeed, Nazileh could not com-

"SHE BEGAN TO SHAKE HERSELF IN A QUEER ORIENTAL DANCE, SNAPPING HER FINGERS DERISIVELY UNDER ABU ASAAD'S BEARD"

prehend her mother's terror; but the older girl watched shrewdly, frowning a little while she tried to listen. She looked very pretty, this dusky daughter of the East, sitting in a little Oriental huddle with the bits of scarlet and gold about her. Tim O'Brien had already spied her and was staring greedily over Umn Antar's shoulders.

Leila struggled on with her shyness, her great desire, and her scanty English, all in vain.

"I don't know what it is you want, ma'am," lied Tim carelessly; "here is your rint receipt, so hush up, will ye? An' give me a chance to speak to th' quane of th' harem over there!"

The astute little "quane of th' harem" sprang up suddenly from the pretty litter about her, and walked boldly to the doorway. First she flung a few sharp sentences in Arabic at her trembling friend; she nodded meaningly at the faltering answers, and then she turned her great dark eyes upon the waiting man.

"You say you do nod ondestan'?" she de-

manded. "Yes, you do, you beeg Ireescher. You know whad Meesis Sewaya ees sayin' — she ees beg thad you geeve her thad theeng thad she haf geeve you las' winter, thad day thad she haf nod th' rent monee for you — an' she ees tryin' to geeve thad monee now, so thad you geeve her thad theeng which you haf!"

Tim actually stammered under her sharp scrutiny.

"I did have th' matter of some bangles off her," he admitted. "But I haven't thim now; me lady frien' has thim."

And, when he backed away from the door five minutes later, he was blinking with surprise and speechless for the first time in his quick-witted life. For Miladeh Khouri had given him his first glimpse of Oriental rage. She had berated him in all the languages at her command,— Arabic, Syriac-Arabic, broken French, and slangy "Ameercan Engleesch," — and she ended tempestuously with curses on his "blood-red hair" and slammed the door in his astounded face. Then, before he had reached the bottom of the stairs, she opened it a bit to fling a last taunt at him.

"Come around next time downstair," she shrieked. "We goin' to live where we can watch you, you beeg fool! An' you ask me for thad rent next time — me — I ees th' boss of thees joint! An' I ees goin' to sc-masch you — eef you geet frees-ch weeth me!"

The frightened Leila was crouching in the corner.

"Miladeh! Miladeh!" she wailed, "I was mad to part with my treasure! And now you will tell your aunt! And all women will know how wicked a woman is Leila, Umn Antar! — who lets her great treasure escape her! Whose 'pieces of silver' adorn the betrothed of a wicked foreigner!"

Miladeh patted her gently.

"Be a good spor-rt, my Leila!" she laughed lightly. "Nobodee ees know thees, onlee Meelly Khelly, an' she ees nod goin' to tell! An' eet ees th' mos' sure theeng you know" — she paused impressively — "thad she weel geet th' goods back!"

"But 'ow?" queried Leila weakly, slipping into Miladeh's vernacular English. "Me — I haf try all ways. Thees man weel nod leesten; he onlee eensult me." She beat her breast mournfully and ended in Arabic: "Disgrace is upon me!"

The sturdy little boarder caught Nazileh's two hands in hers and began to dance lightly about the room.

"Smile again; thy mother is scared of shadows," she comforted the frightened child. "Laugh again and teach her this song. From a wise woman in a desert I learned it, before ever I came unto a foolish land."

And, while they danced, she laughed until the child laughed too, and even Leila smiled faintly; for Miladeh was singing in Arabic, her voice rising and falling in shrill minor cadences; and she sang:

"Conciliation, weapon of the wise!
Wheedled wherewith by woman's quick device
Man often lets his ears betray his eyes!
Hola! Hola!
Hola! For the craft of woman!"

She snapped her fingers contemptuously.

"Whad ees thees Teemee-oó-breen?" she demanded, when the dance had stopped for lack of breath. "Jus' a red-hair Ireescher weeth hair leeke a parrot's weengs. Me — I don' care a damn for heem!"

In the days that followed, the coming of the "collec' man" rapidly lost its terror for Nazileh. For, to her intense mystification, the once dreaded being became merely one more of "Meelly Khelly's ker-rushes." Her gentle mother was much hurt at this state of affairs. But, whenever she tried to remonstrate with the flirtatious boarder, the amazing creature would laugh derisively.

"You say thad I know he ees a bad men?" she would answer nonchalantly. "Leesten ad me, Leila. Thad ees th' fun of eet! No ge-url geets any funs weeth good mans; but bad mans — gee! they ees nice fun! I haf leeve een Tyre, een Syreeah; I haf leeve een Alexan-

"THIS DUSKY DAUGHTER OF THE EAST, SITTING IN A LITTLE ORIENTAL HUDDLE"

dria, Egeept; I haf leeve een Washin'ton Street, N' York, an' een thees land of Br-rooklyn; an' I haf know many mans, but the good ones ees nod any fun! Th' bad ones — me, I lofe to geet them mad! La, la! I geet them crazee. They say, 'Marry weeth me!' But me, I say I nod goin' to be marry ladee — I goin' to be a suffergeet!"

Nazileh caught at her last words wonderingly.

"Whad ees suffergeet, Meelly?"

"La, la!" laughed Miladeh. "You nod know whad suffergeets ees? Suffergeets ees ladies whad bite p'leecemans, so thad p'leecemans ees put theem een chails; an' when thad they ees coome out, they ees make a beeg circus weeth theemself an' walk een Fee'th Ave'," — Miladeh marched militantly up and down the little room, waving an imaginary banner,— "yellin', 'Votes for womans!'"

"But whad ees votes?" Nazileh demanded. "Whad ees votes for womans?"

Miladeh stopped. She shrugged her shoulders artlessly.

"Me, I nod know," she confessed naïvely; "but eet sound ver' swell eef you holler eet, Nazli. An' they ees nevaire haf to wor-rk, nevaire geet marry, jus' walk aroun'," — she resumed her mock parade, her dark eyes shining with fun, — "yellin', 'Geeve us righds! Votes for womans!'"

The little girl giggled merrily.

"You can nod be suffergeet, Meelly Khelly," she teased. "Th' collec' man, thad oncle of Tommee-oó-breen, he say he ees goin' to marry weeth you."

Miladeh wrinkled her nose.

"Sa-ay, Nazli," she admonished, "don' you believe eet! I nod goin' to be such a beeg fool — but I need heem een my business."

She put on her gaudy American hat and rouged her swarthy cheeks and chuckled diabolically.

"Me — I goin' out by th' front step," she announced. "They ees a whole bunch of kerrushes waitin' to jolly weeth me. Eet ees good we leeve downstair now, Leila; you weel haf a free seat ad th' show!"

But Umn Antar sighed anxiously as she listened to the noisy mirth outside her window. Most of Miladeh's suitors were her own countrymen, black-eyed sons of the desert; and though they looked very innocent in their New York finery of starch and neckwear, Leila worried much, for she knew that they still lived by the code of the desert, and that many a modern pocket hid an ancient old-world knife. Nazileh leaned beside her mother, ogling delightedly at the little group on the door-step.

"Miladeh — Meelly Khelly," she giggled, "she talk weeth many a beeg swell; but me, I jus' talk weeth one leedle swell — Antar Sewaya." She leaned back to tuck the sleeping baby in his rug. "Some ladees," she murmured drowsily, for she too was very sleepy, "they leeke beeg bad mans — but me, I leeke jus' one good leedle one!"

Her head rested lightly on the window-sill.

"Miladeh — she ees say good-by ad all those Syrian mans," she announced; "th' oncle of Tommee-oó-breen — he alone talks weeth her."

Leila's eyes flashed. "Miladeh ees a fool!" she said.

"Miladeh ees ver' lovin' weeth heem," reported Nazileh; "she ees lovin' hees hand — look out an' see, my mothaire."

But Leila would not look. She held her head very proudly.

"Watch for star children," she commanded, abruptly changing the subject. "Count them for their moon mother — to-night she may be too busy." And Nazileh quite forgot the loving pair on the door-step in her eagerness to play with the stars.

But Leila could not forget them, although she could not hear what they were saying as they chatted together in a queer patter of slang.

"Ho, ho!" gurgled Miladeh, "Meester Teemee-oó-breen! You ees say lovings weeth me — an' you haf a sweethear-rt off your own people!"

Tim squirmed uneasily, but he could not drag his gaze away from the fascinating little Oriental who smiled at him in the twilight.

"I've give her th' go-by," he stammered, "an' all for ye — ye little quane of th' harem!"

"But you ees nod a good spor-rt!" she taunted him. "You haf nod th' nerve to geet thad charm off her!" She leaned artfully toward him, her dark eyes shining alluring in the violet and green gleaming of the corner arc light. "You deed nod dare do thad, deed you, Meester Teemee-oó-breen?" she whispered.

"But I did," answered Tim proudly, his tones growing boastful. "An' I let her down aisy-like, too, tellin' her I heard how it was onlucky!" He nudged Miladeh slyly. "An' now do I git me kiss — hain't there somethin' comin' to me for me cuteness?"

Miladeh drew a long, sighing breath; her eyes narrowed shrewdly until the dusky lashes almost hid their exotic glitter.

"You ees ver' cute, Teemee-oó-breen," she murmured, "but me — I do nod believe you! I guess you ees bluffin'." She mouthed her words quaintly and her voice was seductively sweet. "I mighd leeve een Meesouri some day — so you haf to show me!"

"'MEELLY KHELLY,' NAZILEH CRIED, 'YOU HAF ANGEL FINGERS AN' A HEART OF GOLD!'"

Tim laughed delightedly at her absurd use of slang.

"'Nd a fool I'd be to hand it you, if you're that crazy about it," he teased. "I'll show it to ye, ye wheedler, but I'll not give it ye — not till I've something in exchange." His blue eyes crinkled with fun as he pulled the queer chain of jingling coins from his pocket, to dangle them before her. "What do I get?" he chuckled.

Her hands flashed upward, the shining trinket slipped from his fingers, and, before he could realize what had happened, the heavy outer door had slammed between them. Her gruff little voice, faintly muffled, sounded far away through the thick panels, but he heard the words distinctly.

"You don' geet notheeng," she cried triumphantly; "you jus' geet fooled, Meester Teemee-oó-breen!"

At first he shook the door carelessly. He was laughing like a child who is balked in some delicious game of pursuit. But, after he had pounded and called several times in vain, his mirthful chuckle died away. The unyielding door and the remembered echo of her impish laughter infuriated him. The longer he strug-

gled with the closed door, the angrier he grew. Suddenly he threw his great bulk against it, and stumbled inward as the lock gave way.

His eyes burned hotly as he groped along the dark hallway.

In her eagerness to return the treasure to Leila, Miladeh had forgotten to fasten the inner door. The light shone faintly through its crevices; it pushed open easily.

At first they were too intent to observe him. He was vaguely aware of the sleeping children; he saw the coins gleaming on Leila's dusky hair, and Miladeh bending over her, laughing softly but exultantly.

Leila's tremulous voice made him pause.

"An' thees ees my own?" she faltered, lifting the shining coins from her forehead, that she might feast her eyes upon them. "Thad man — he weel geeve theem back?"

Miladeh put a reassuring hand on the woman's shaking shoulders.

"Sures' theeng you know," she murmured. "Eet ees th' — " And then she paused abruptly, for she saw that the door was open. The menace of his clenched fists and the glitter of his angry eyes made her heart cold with dread. For the first time in her reckless life she was afraid, really afraid, of a man she had mocked. She drew a long breath, and let her hand rest more firmly on the shoulders of the woman, who still saw nothing save her recovered treasure.

"Eet ees th' sures' theeng thad eet ees your own," she went on bravely; "thad Meester Teemee-oó-breen, he don' want eet any more. He ees a ver' kind man — " The man's angry eyes narrowed, and the frightened girl let the attempted cajolery die away unfinished.

In her desperate need, she reached stealthily toward the table for a cigarette, never taking her eyes from the doorway. Her hand was steady, she seemed quite calm; but she breathed tempestuously when she drew her first breath of smoke, and she let it drift away before she tried to speak. Her superb audacity kept him silent; twice he opened his lips to pour forth his fast diminishing rage, but her steady gaze still kept him speechless. Then, very slowly, never taking her eyes from his, she began to cross the room.

"Thad Meester Teemee-oó-breen," she was drawling deliciously, as if for idle gossip, but her deep voice was vibrant with strength, "he ees nod goin' to tell hees sweethear-rt, Mees Mawlee Connor, 'ow beeg a fool ees he — me, I ees nod goin' to tell her — she would nod theenk eet a funnee joke ——"

The sturdy little figure was quite close to the doorway now. Suddenly her dark eyes shifted; they looked beyond Tim O'Brien and through the opened street door. Her lips parted and she smiled.

"Ameercan ge-url," she drawled coolly, "she ees sometime 'fraid of beeg mad Ireescher man; but Syreean ge-url, she jus' look out een street an' see beeg p'leeceman, an' she — laugh!"

She had reached the door at last, and pushed it shut weakly, leaning breathlessly against the closed panels, straining her ears to hear what might come from without.

"Aha, Tim!" teased a rollicking voice, "were ye courtin' th' quane o' th' harem again? 'Nd how's herself?"

For a full moment the big man stared at his friend without answering; he was trembling, and he rubbed his forehead as one who brushes away a grotesque dream. He put out his hand and steadied himself against the matter-of-fact buttons and the familiar blue coat.

"Th' quane o' th' harem's all right, Denny," he said thickly, "but she's not for th' loikes of you nor me, Denny. Th' Lord made Mollie Connorses for us, lad, I'm thinking, for, whisper," — Tim's senses came back to him with a rush of Irish whimsy as he watched his friend's big smile,— "thim harem ge-urls, they's too wise to men!"

Inside the door, Miladeh slipped weakly to the floor at the comforting sound of their laughter. By the table the little widow was swaying, clasping her treasure to her heart and murmuring over and over in the musical speech of her people, "Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece I had lost!"

Hysteria swept over the sturdy little figure on the door-sill.

"Nix on thad joy song, Leila," she ordered, half laughing, half crying. "I ees all een. Me, I don' leeke thees bad man een Ameerca — *they geet too damn mad for me!*"

"WHEN A MAN MARRIES"

SELECTION AND HEREDITY AS THEY APPLY TO THE INDIVIDUAL

BY

E. T. BREWSTER

[*This article is a discussion of certain points suggested by Mrs. Merrick's "John and Simon Newcomb: The Story of a Father and Son"*]

MANY a reader of the delightful idyl in the issue of this magazine for October, 1910, must have wondered in what wise the father of Professor Simon Newcomb would have selected a mother for that eminent man of science, if he had had our modern knowledge of genetics. John Newcomb was a believer in phrenology. But phrenology, despite its popular following, never had any respectable scientific standing. Now, of course, we know it to be, from top to bottom, utterly absurd. Nevertheless, John Newcomb, on the basis of a bad theory, picked out a good wife. It becomes, then, an important practical question, in what way, in this year of grace, might a young man, equally open-minded and serious, having at his command all the new science of the last ten years, proceed to select his wife?

Curiously enough, so wise a young man of this period would act virtually as the country schoolmaster of the 1830's did — but he would give a totally different reason for it. For, in the first place, on one fundamental point John Newcomb deceived himself. He thought he was taking a wife whose qualities were diametrically opposite to his own; in reality, husband and wife were fundamentally alike.

The Folly of Phrenological Courtship

Newcomb reasoned that, because he chanced to have a long nose, straight eyebrows, low forehead, long skull, and straight hair, his wife ought to have a short nose, arched eyebrows, high forehead, round skull, and curly hair. In this he was altogether wrong. Certain of these features are in certain cases signs of race, and for that reason are sometimes important to the anthropologist. But, in a mixed stock like our own, any one of these features may occur with any other, and none of them has any particular significance. In America and northwestern Europe, the configuration of a man's head has little more significance than has the cut of his beard.

As a matter of fact, in spite of all our folklore concerning broad foreheads and wide-set eyes, most of us do most of our thinking in a somewhat restricted area over the left ear. At least, when anything happens to that portion of the brain, we suddenly and permanently stop thinking. But, since some men think farther up toward the top of the head, and some farther round toward the back, while persons who are naturally left-handed do their thinking on the right side of the head, the commonly reputed signs of character and ability are for the most part negligible.

John Newcomb, therefore, chose a wife whose differences were not of the least consequence, but whose likenesses to him were of the most fundamental and important sort. She was of the same stock, but not of the same village, of much the same station in life, with the same standards and ideals. A modern scientific John Newcomb would have fallen in love with the same woman — and then given precisely the opposite reason for it.

Most Men and Women Marry Persons Like Themselves

Fortunately, in spite of a common impression to the contrary, a native impulse drives men

and women to marry persons like themselves. Karl Pearson, of the University of London, and his assistants, have made an elaborate study of this tendency — a study based on some thousands of couples, and conducted by a mathematical analysis of the data, an analysis so elaborate that few non-mathematical persons have been able either to follow his reasoning or to realize the importance of his conclusions. Pearson devised a means of computing accurately the degree to which any two objects tend to resemble each other — father and son, for example, two fingers of the same hand, any portion of the arm and the corresponding part of the leg. Not to go too far into detail, Pearson found that English husbands and wives are slightly more alike, on the average, than are great-grandparents and great-grandchildren, and slightly less alike than uncle and niece or than first cousins. In mental and moral qualities, though these can not be accurately measured, the resemblance is probably much closer; so that husband and wife, in these respects, may well be about as much alike as brother and sister.

An earlier and better known investigation of Galton's showed that English statesmen, soldiers, judges, divines, men of science, oarsmen, and wrestlers have married into one another's families to such an extent that the special talents of each son are in no small degree an inheritance from his maternal grandfather. After all, most of us marry our friends' sisters or our sisters' friends, and so get wives of our own sort — to the very considerable advantage of the body politic.

Why a Man Should Marry in His Own Class

For a modern state has no use for average men. A useful citizen must be big enough to handle freight, or brave enough for the police or fire department, or patient enough to keep books, or stupid enough to dig contentedly in the ditch, or able enough to sit behind a manager's desk. Society needs specialized types — one sort of man to build a skyscraper, quite a different sort to work in it afterward; one kind of man is suited for the locomotive cab, another for the director's chair. One equally well fitted for all these occupations would be of little use in any.

It is, then, a fortunate impulse that inclines men and women toward others of their own sort, and thus reinforces their special talents in their children. A man should range far for his acquaintances, but he should marry in his own class.

In one other respect, also, John Newcomb builded better than, as a believer in phrenology, he presumably knew. He chose a wife whose admirable qualities ran in her family. She was, then, not an exception to the general run of her relatives, but, on the whole, a fair average sample of them. This is important, not for the wife herself — her virtues are her own — but for the sake of her children. The chances that any child will inherit a parent's qualities are just doubled when these qualities, in addition to appearing in the individual man or woman, run also in the parent's family.

This principle is known as Galton's law. In fuller form, it is that, of the total inheritance of any living being, plant, animal, or man, each parent has contributed a quarter, each of the four grandparents a sixteenth, each of the eight great-grandparents a sixty-fourth, and so on; while the influence of each generation is just equal to that of all the generations that have preceded it.

Taking Risks in Grandparents

The principle is of much practical importance. Let Mr. A, an able man of an able family, marry Miss B, of like endowments. All the little Masters and Misses A should, barring accidents, grow up to be a credit to their parents. But suppose that Mr. A marries beneath him. Miss C is personally the equal of Miss B, but her family is a poor lot. Now, a quarter of the little A's will be stupid or vicious, or in some way or other unable to keep step with the rest. Or suppose a family, otherwise excellent, has one black sheep in it. If the delinquent is a parent of husband or wife, they are taking a one-to-sixteen risk of a like blemish in each of their own flock — a serious hazard, sometimes, for a prudent man. On the other hand, the influence of a parent's grandfather, counting for only one part in sixty-four, may reasonably be chanced.

Dr. Frederick Adams Woods, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has applied Galton's law to the royal families of Europe. Such-and-such a royal personage,— runs his study,— having such-and-such ancestors, married So-and-so. They should, therefore, out of so many children, have so many stupid, so many depraved, so many crazy, so many mediocre, able, gifted, red-haired, Hapsburg-lipped or Bourbon-souled; and such, with monotonous uniformity, they have turned out to be. The theoretic prediction comes true in about ninety per cent of the cases — which is quite as good a guess as can be made for to-morrow's weather.

In short, then, a modern scientific John Newcomb, not too much in love, who looks to joy in his children as well as to happiness in his wife, will seek rather to reinforce his own good qualities than to supplement his own deficiencies. On the whole, the more alike husband and wife are the better, both as to individual qualities and as to family traits. The difference of sex alone is quite sufficient to add spice to life.

No Reason Why First Cousins Should Not Marry

If the two young people happen to be so much alike as to be related, even as nearly as first cousins, there is no harm done, provided, of course, that the common stock is a sound one. The idea that two cousins, both entirely fitted to marry at all, should not marry each other, is sheer superstition, for which modern science gives no warrant. Where, for example, in private life can one find a more admirable family group than that of the present ruler of Germany? And yet, the Hohenzollerns have so frequently married their near relatives that William II., though theoretically entitled to 4,096 ancestors of the twelfth generation, actually has only 533.

Cousins or strangers, then, serious-minded people, before they make the great adventure, may well reflect that all human qualities — contour of body, health, longevity, mental abilities, moral excellences, even handwriting — are strongly inherited. The individual counts for half, and the family counts for half; but, once two people have taken each other for better or for worse, the fate of their children is settled. Alcohol, alkaloids, and toxins may cut down their patrimony; no possible effort can in the least increase it. "In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be."

General opinion has it that babies are all pretty much alike; that we are born, if not free, at least equal; and that our formal education, our home training, our mother's wisdom, and our father's bank account, make us what we are. Modern science certainly lends no countenance to any such view. Babies are alike to the precise degree that seedlings are. They are somewhat indistinguishable as the first two leaves unfold. But one becomes an oak, still young and vigorous after a hundred years; another blossoms and dies in a summer. Normal children keep along pretty well together through the lower schools. The offspring of mediocre stocks stop growing at adolescence; the better endowed go on and become able men.

The Actual Parent Takes Himself Too Seriously

The actual parent, then, tends to take himself somewhat too seriously, the parent *in posse* not quite seriously enough. Every man of science who has taken up by exact methods the old case of nature against nurture has reached the conclusion that inheritance is the important matter, and that environment counts for comparatively little.

Thus Dr. Woods, in his study of heredity in royalty, proved that, contrary to the commonly received opinion, the trying environment of a prince's family has not the slightest effect on the qualities of the stock. Mad kings and wicked appear only when somebody marries a Hapsburg or a Bourbon wife.

Pearson studied the inheritance of English school-boys with respect to eye color, hair color, curliness or straightness of hair, head length, head breadth, head height, general health, muscular strength, skill at games, vivacity, assertiveness, tendencies toward introspection, popularity, conscientiousness, temper, general mental ability, and quality of handwriting. In all of these respects the boys tended to resemble other members of their families to almost precisely the same degree. Moreover, the strength of the likeness between parent and child in these various qualities proved to be just about the same as Pearson and others had already found for divers qualities of peas, poppies, horses, dogs, plant-lice, and water-fleas.

The conclusion is inevitable. All living things, from poppies and water-fleas to men, inherit from their progenitors to the same degree; and all qualities that are inherited at all are inherited to the same degree. Nobody pretends that any amount of thought can affect the color of our children's eyes. As little will it affect their native temper or their natural ability. It is a hard saying — but it takes a load of responsibility off the shoulders of the parent. Initial good judgment or good fortune in choosing a spouse will completely swamp any ordinary error of bringing up.

Ideally, then, as especially enlightened persons in a highly scientific age, we all ought to marry into the best-endowed families, and thus make sure that our children will be able and righteous and long-lived, a credit and a joy to their parents. Practically, alas, the best-endowed families are few; and their daughters, being also highly enlightened and scientific, decline to marry us. We find ourselves, in short, in the situation of the king in the nursery tale who searched the earth to find a princess

who could bake pepper-nuts, only to discover that she had determined to wed no prince who could not play upon the jew's-harp. After all, a certain degree of congenital stupidity is the common lot of men; and, dreadful as may be a hereditary liability to disease, one must die of something. The most we can hope for as husbands or wives is that we shall reinforce our mild excellences in our children, and help them to dodge the gravest of our inborn faults.

With this most praiseworthy object in view, our hypothetical John Newcomb, whom we are supposing to be very scientific as to his ideas and very up-to-date as to his information, will give special heed to the truly remarkable studies of inheritance in plants, animals, and men that have been going on since the rediscovery of "Mendel's law" — since, let us say more exactly, the year 1902. Thanks to these, what was once an illimitable mystery is rapidly becoming an exact science. Witness, for example, our new spineless cactuses, seedless plums, frost-proof oranges, rust-proof wheats, wilt-resistant cabbages, our modern corns, bred for every desired proportion of gluten and starch, and the other scientific triumphs of Burbank, Biffin, Nilsson, and the United States Department of Agriculture.

Of all this new insight into the workings of heredity, nothing is of more practical value to a scientific young man in search of a wife than the so-called "presence-absence theory," a doctrine so recent that it has hardly yet taken final shape in the minds of its adherents.

Take, for example, that ancient and still unsolved puzzle, the inheritance of sex. Half of our ancestors were men, half were women. We, in about equal numbers, inherit completely from one set and completely ignore the other. Evidently, here is a definite, indivisible quality that each child takes from a single parent, all or nothing, like a watch or a piano. Current scientific opinion has it that the particular chromosome, enzym, or what not, which is the physical basis of this quality is borne by mothers only. These pass it on to their offspring, on a pure head-or-tail chance. Those children who happen to get the hereditary atom are girls; the rest are boys.

Impossible to Inherit the Lack of a Quality

Every month brings to light more cases of this type, in which two men, two plants, or two animals differ from each other, not because each possesses his own quality, but because one has the quality and the other has it not. Colored blossoms, for example, are caused by various pigments; but white blossoms do not have a white pigment — they simply have no coloring matter at all. Brown eyes are due to a pigment in the fibers of the iris. In blonds the pigment is wanting, entirely or in part, and the eye is blue for the same reason that the sky is. Our sweet corns have a wrinkled kernel because they lack the capacity, which the commoner sorts possess, to convert all their sugar into starch, and the water in the sugar dries out. A red sweet-pea differs from a purple in the absence of a blue pigment. Almost all brown-haired persons have more or less red pigment present also, but masked by the stronger color. In certain families the brown pigment has a way of skipping a generation. When it drops out, somebody has auburn locks or plain red hair. Waltzing-mice lack a portion of the inner ear. "Angora" sheep, cats, calves, or rabbits lack the "inhibitor" that should stop the growth of each hair at a fixed length. Men, as I have already pointed out, are probably males because they lack something that would have made them women.

All this is practically most important. One can inherit a quality: one can not inherit the absence of one. What either parent has will come to the children — to all of them if both grandparents had it also, to half of them if, like sex, it descends from only one. But the parent who hasn't something simply hasn't it, and that is all there is to be said. His children get it from the other side, or they go without it. Thus the children of a Spaniard married to a Swede are all brown-eyed; but the children of two congenital idiots are invariably idiotic.

Insanity and Consumption Not Inheritable

This is, I say, practically most important. Some objectionable characteristics are due to something added to the normal man or woman. Such, for example, are a tendency to extra fingers, liability to many diseases of the hair or skin, to night-blindness, presenile cataract, to *diabetes insipidus*, and to an especially serious form of St. Vitus' dance. An individual afflicted in any of these ways can never hope to mend matters by marrying into a sound family. The evil inheritance is there, and there it will remain. Fortunately, however, such disabilities are rarely carried latent. If they are there at all, they usually show; and two normal persons out of defective stocks should have all the descendants normal, even though they themselves are first cousins and the only sound members of either family.

Most departures from the normal condition, on the other hand, are due to an inherent lack.

Such, for example, are albinism, deaf-mutism, hereditary imbecility, the liability to certain affections of the eyes, to respiratory and other diseases, to some types of insanity, and to the milder nervous diseases. These defects, unlike the other sort, tend to disappear quickly when their victims marry into sound families. The insane or consumptive parent passes on no actual disease; he merely fails to contribute the full measure of disease resistance, and the other parent has to make it up. Fortunately, an inheritance from either parent is usually very much more than half as good as an inheritance from both. Often, so far as the children are concerned, it is practically as good; though, if these marry unwisely, the difference may show in the grandchildren. Indeed, it is by no means impossible that the reason for having two parents is based on precisely this capacity of a well-endowed parent to do considerably more than average up with a deficient one.

The worst of abnormalities of this sort is that, unlike the other sort, they may be carried latent, so that an individual apparently sound may really not be quite up to the mark. When, therefore, husband and wife, though all right themselves, have relatives with the same inheritable lack of something that they ought to have, some of their children also may have to go short; and therefore cousins of this sort should never marry each other.

Evidently, then, our new science of genetics is by no means a simple one. Certain qualities that mankind has always supposed to be strongly hereditary turn out not to be so at all; certain others that we have taken for granted as the product of training and circumstance prove to be rigidly predetermined. In one class of cases, an alliance between evil and good contaminates the good; in another class, the good redeems the evil. Some sorts of inheritable attributes remain latent, skip a generation, "throw back"; other sorts do not. Some disabilities prevent the marriage of like persons and cousins; some leave such unions entirely safe. A few characteristics, such as color-blindness, though transmitted through any member of a family, tend to appear only in the men. Sometimes, on the other hand, the fathers' eating of sour grapes sets only the daughters' teeth on edge.

Altogether, choosing a wife scientifically is much like picking mushrooms — the expert can do safely much that looks risky to the unlearned. Barring an expert acquaintance with this rapidly growing science, there is no better working rule than the practice of John Newcomb, who married a wife his like in all essential excellences, his opposite in minor faults.

NOTE.—Many of the facts that I have cited are the first-fruits of a study, now under way, by the American Breeders' Association, in conjunction with virtually all of the American experts in this field, including Mr. Luther Burbank. There is urgent need for more data. I hope that every reader who has had the interest and patience to follow me thus far will spend the next five minutes in writing to the Director of the Station for Experimental Evolution, Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island; and having secured a set of blank forms on which to record his own heritage, will do his part toward the solution of these most important problems. E. T. B.

"GO, PLOWMAN, PLOW"

BY

JOSEPH CAMPBELL

GO, plowman, plow
The mearing lands,
The meadow lands,
The mountain lands:
All life is bare
Beneath your share,
All love is in your lusty hands.

Up, horses, now!
And straight and true
Let every broken furrow run:
The strength you sweat
Shall blossom yet
In golden glory to the sun.

Bombay Horses

by Randolph Bedford

Author of "A Tale of the Coral Sea," etc.

Illustration by C. B. Falls

THE two tried mates, the prospector and the sailor, went east from Central Australia to Townsville, and there Wagstaff was called to Thursday Island, and Crayth went with him. And from Torres Straits Wagstaff was despatched south, as first officer of a British India steamer laden with jute for Sydney and Melbourne.

They parted with regrets, Crayth saying that he would work at something in the Straits till the sailor returned. It was a question, not of waning mateship, but of the expedience of money-making. Wagstaff was always short of money. Crayth, so many times on the threshold of a fortune, was, as he phrased it, "up against it again"; and, as he could be neither thief nor beggar, he must dig. He watched the *Indaba*, with Jack Wagstaff aboard, drop behind Goode Island and make a tortuous way between the reefs to clear Cape York, and watched the *Indaba* again as she came in sight for a moment between Horn and Tuesday islands; and then he felt his loneliness, and for a moment he was very sorry for himself.

But it was only for a moment. He looked for work, and found it in an hour, as supercargo of the *Marawa*, the store-ship of the biggest pearling fleet in Torres Straits. In a fortnight he had settled down to the work as if he were born to it.

He stood, one day, looking down upon the deck of the store-ship, a confusion of shell, dead oysters, colored men, and diving-gear — the red rubber spiraled tubes that are the diver's life. The warm sea was dotted with turquoise-blue jelly-fish, taking their color from the water, which had had its shallowness disturbed by a big blow. Two coffee-colored men pulled against the eight-knot tide a dinghy so loaded with stores that only an inch or so of freeboard kept the boat afloat on the fresh little seas. The water lapped and bobbled at the store-ship's ladder and anchor chain, and at the gunwale of the overloaded dinghy — making noises like the lip-sounds of a guzzling drinker.

And Crayth heard the noises, and was irritated thereby, for he was trying to think a way out of a tight place. He held in his hand a telegram delivered that day, but dated yesterday from Sydney, twenty-five hundred miles south:

> Stranded. Wire thirty pounds before Saturday.
> JACK WAGSTAFF.

And he hadn't thirty pence; and yet the thirty pounds must be found and telegraphed. It never entered Crayth's mind to make excuse or refusal.

"He's my mate," said Crayth. "We did that perish in the Lancewoods. He's my mate. But where's the thirty pounds to come from?"

He addressed the gorgeous sunbirds, as they flew between the shining masts of the schooner, unpainted, but glossy with oil, and tapering gracefully to the brown trucks.

"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home, and bring me thirty pounds for Jack Wagstaff."

Getting no satisfaction from the sunbirds, he stared for five minutes at the flying-fish, steeplechasing from their enemies in the quick, continuous seas. After that he stared at a Japanese carpenter casing the pearl shell, and stenciling on it the address of a firm in Hatton Garden, London, and then at the men who trimmed the shell,— Rotumahs, Japanese, Kiwais from New Guinea, Binghis from Australia, and a Nova Scotian,— and inspiration would not come. And then he spoke to the white men who opened the shell and searched for pearls in the corruption of the dead oysters.

"I want to go up to Thursday," he said.

"You'll have to wait the tide," they told him.

So he sat down to worry and wait for five hours, and in the slack water of the afternoon two Cingalese rowed him up the narrow channels, and met a new current at every point. The indigo of sky and sea was splashed rudely with the brown of the bare islands, for this was in the

southwest monsoon, and all the life of the soil was dead.

Crayth felt as dead and despairing as the bare rocks looked to be. He was not a drinking man, but he wanted to think, and he went into Dinny O'Rourke's hotel and ordered a drink, and sat quietly in the bar, smoking.

"Ye seem throubled," said Dinny O'Rourke.

"I am — a bit."

"What's it about?"

"A — a — friend has wired to me for money, and I haven't got it. I wanted to send it to — to him. He's a mate — a friend."

O'Rourke smiled to himself at the hesitation. "'Tis a woman do be the friend," he thought, but he said only, "How much?"

"Oh, I can't get it — it's thirty pounds."

"H'm — t'irty pound is t'irty pound. But I don't like to see a good felly in throuble. I'll lind it to ye."

"You will?"

"Yis, I'll lind it."

"But I don't know when I can pay you."

"Oh, pay me when you can." He had taken a pen and ink from the shelf, and a crumpled, dog-eared check-book from the till drawer, and proceeded, with many grimaces and apparently much agony of spirit, to write the check.

"But," persisted Crayth, "you don't know me well enough."

"Luke here," said Dinny, stopping in his writing and pointing the bitten end of the pen-handle at him; "I know a man when I see 'im, and y'ave a good eye an' you'll pay me, I know."

So Crayth took the check, thanked him, and said: "He asked me to wire it through the post-office."

Dinny smiled again at the "he," but politely accepted the sex of the needy one, and advised other procedure.

"Ye'd better sind it t'roo a bank," he said; "an' thin 'twill go to the right one whin she's oidentified."

"She? *He.*"

"Oh, he or she, 'tis no matter. Sind it t'roo a bank."

So, through the Bank of Capricornia, Crayth sent the money, and then advised Wagstaff, and waited at Thursday Island for a reply, but none came from Wagstaff. Instead, the bank informed him that the money was ready in Sydney, to be paid over to Wagstaff on proof of identity. And, by the time Crayth knew that, he had missed the last daylight tide, and was forced to stay at Thursday Island for another night. He spent most of the time worrying as to the means to pay his debt, and hoping that Wagstaff could send the money soon.

That night in O'Rourke's bar the talk was loud and general, for there was a new thing in wrecks.

"Another man trying to sail overland," said Druce, the pilot. "Some of these oversea men beat hell. One of 'em took an observation ten miles off Booby Island, and when we worked it out, it put the position of the ship eighteen miles in the Jungle."

They laughed at the exaggeration, but became quickly serious again.

"What do be the name of the ship ashore?" asked Dinny O'Rourke, and the answer came from half a dozen men.

"The *Rangoon*. . . . She had six hundred horses for Bombay. . . . Hit a reef north of Cape Flattery. . . . Engine-room sound. . . . Bulkhead door amidships open. . . . No, no, bulkhead door broken. . . . Well, they think they c'd shut it or repair it, or something; pump her out, and she'd float enough to tow. . . . A lot of horses drowned. . . . Couple of hundred on the main deck got ashore — all the others done in. . . . They want a diver; nearly all the shell-divers are away, and the fellows spelling ashore won't take the job. . . . She sunk in five or six fathoms. . . Water up to the main-deck, but they think she's only injured in one place, and they might pump her."

A new thought brought a new hope to Crayth. He had never dived yet — but ——

"Where's Bill Tunks?" asked Dan'l Haynes, the withered, bloodless cripple who had found paralysis in twenty-eight fathoms.

"Didn't you know?" said Druce. "Bill's dead — drowned in a dress last week."

"Dead, is he? An' I'm left," quavered Dan'l Haynes — "I'm left. An' Jim Marsh is dead, too; they hauled him up dead in his dress, they did — an' torn was the dress, too, pushed in be a devilfish. An' a big-horned ox-ray — they'll never let you go wance they touch air-pipe or life-line, me man — it tore Andy Blake's air-pipe to smithereens."

Crayth listened to these horrors of the work, and found himself discounting them in consideration of the money.

"Well, the agents are tearing their hair, looking for a man," said Druce. "I met Jeffries just now, and he's got a tugboat ready to start, and no diver. He might have to take a Jap on yet, and he hates Japan like poison. Where's Kermander got to?"

"Jack Kermander?" said Dinny O'Rourke. "He'll never dive again. No, he isn't dead; he's buried. He married a shypoo shop over in Broome, an' a widder wit' it — gave himself away to a woman for a watch an' chain, an' a byshickle; an' he sit all day behind the bar an' take money for beer, an' he do be gettin' fat."

"It's better to die of a widder than get paralyzed in thirty fathom," said Druce. "Gimme a pleasant death, if I must die."

"The min come an' go, an' then don't come back ag'in," said Dan'l Haynes. "Bintura, the Manila man, his gear fouled, an' shuffocated he was; an' Willie Ikers, the Rotumah, he die of paralysis; an' ——"

"There's plenty of 'em," interrupted O'Rourke. "Mshimura, an' Mshioka, Kimiakichi, an' Filiciano, an' Sankichi, Takahasio, an'——"

"You'll die of lockjaw, talking all them monkey names," said Druce.

Crayth had been intently regarding O'Rourke and thinking of the thirty pounds. "You're a man, Dinny O'Rourke," he said to himself, "and you'll never lose by me. What does it matter if I haven't dived before? I'll take my chance and dive for that horse-boat."

And he left the bar and sought Jeffries, the agent for the wrecked *Rangoon*.

Jeffries was a man of few words, and his anxiety to begin clouded his judgment.

"You're a diver, Mr. ——?"

"Crayth. I can dive."

"And d'ye think y' could rig a temp'ry door in the middle compartment?"

"Yes; I've done bush carpentering, and I can use a drill and make a horseshoe."

"Well, all right. I've got the gear on the tug. Will you start?"

"Yes; but what do I get?"

"Fifty pound anyhow, and a hundred if it's right."

"Good! Plenty of people standing by the wreck?"

"No; the ship's company all went to Cooktown, but one or two of the officers go on by the next boat to Thursday."

Crayth avoided Dinny O'Rourke's hotel on the way down to the wharf, for a statement of his intentions might provoke inquiries and the consequent loss of his job.

"Can't take any risks," he said to himself, and departed to take the greatest risk of his life.

The tug ran the three hundred and fifty miles in a day and a half,—Bushy Island, Oxford-Ness, Cape Grenville, Quoin Island, and Cape Sidmouth, past Claremont light, reaching Flinders Group late in the next afternoon,—and all the way Crayth thought hard. He had no fear for himself, but many misgivings as to his capacity for the work. And, in the attempt to appear to be an old hand, he overlooked the air-pump, and helmet, and corselet, and air-pipe, and life-line, while the tug sped south and brought the trial nearer. This was the worst test of courage — thirty-six hours of waiting, of steaming safely over the treacherous element that was soon to cover him.

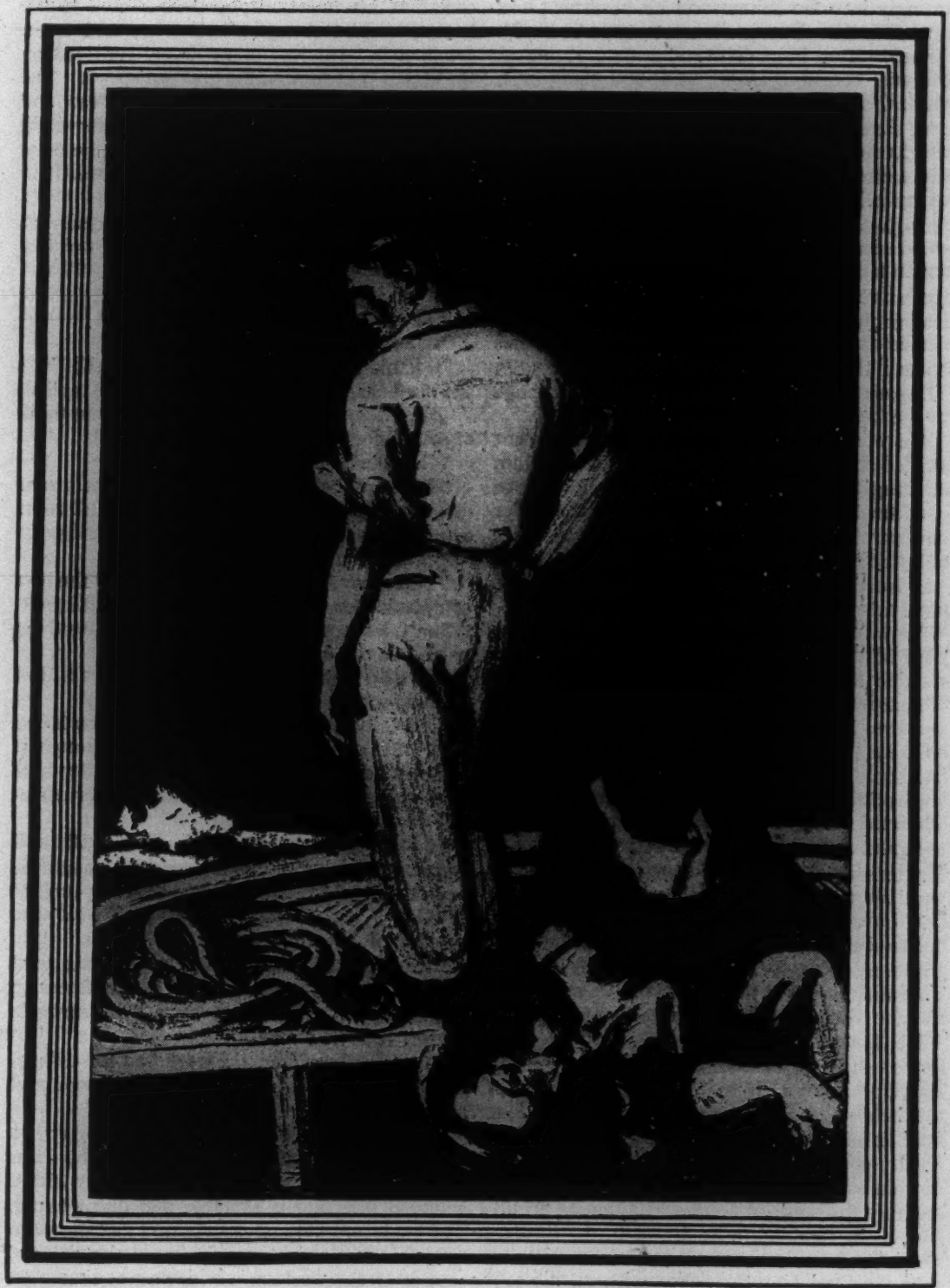
The outer course for ships north of Cape Hattery is between Lizard and Eagle islands. The *Rangoon*, taking the inner passage between Nares Reef and Decapolis Island, had foundered in five fathoms. They reached the wreck and anchored. The masts of the *Rangoon* stuck out of the water; her open hatches, open always for air for the holds full of horses, showed the clear light of water, by contrast with the blackness of horse-boxes and decks.

Crayth, drifting in the tug's dinghy over the wreck, just before the sudden darkness closed in, saw with gladness that the rushing water had carried the horse ramps and stagings upward as the ship sank. Thus he would have a clear hold. Many hundreds of horses, drowned and living, had floated out of the ship and drifted to safety or destruction. But some horses were still there, drowned and held from floating by their head-stalls; for the ship, after the first rush, had sunk gradually and evenly — so that Crayth was moved to hope that the damage was not great, and that the *Rangoon* might be raised. And then he saw something else — great, gray, rapacious shapes, showing in the lighter water above the hold like a moving picture in a frame — sharks tearing the drowned horses; and at that Crayth shuddered.

He went back to the tugboat, trying to prevent imagination from exaggerating fear, thinking of things to lighten the shock of the new experience that must be his to-morrow. He shaved clean, and then got the cook to shave his neck, so that there would be no hair to catch the thread of a screw. And he talked to himself thus: "I mustn't forget — sink quickly, and rise slowly — and not to be afraid."

But immediately he was afraid again, when, in the dark night, he saw the black water below torn by rushing white fire — the phosphorescent strugglings of the sharks, as they bit and dismembered. But he went to sleep without any thought of backing out, slept well, and awoke to a dull morning. He breakfasted heartily, as the condemned do on their last day; and then he stripped, and clothed himself in thick woolen undergarments, and the tenders dressed him in the canvas dress, with the rubber bands at the ankles and the wrists, and gave him fifty pounds' weight of brass-toed boots to wear. They laced his corselet, and put him on the ladder, put his heavy helmet on, and screwed his chest and back weights; and then the two Papuans began to pump, and the tender screwed on the face-glass and tapped on it.

He was alone, separated from the world. A free and abundant supply of air thudded irri-



"HE STOOD LOOKING DOWN UPON THE CONFUSION OF SHELL, DEAD OYSTERS, COLORED MEN, AND DIVING-GEAR"

tatingly into the helmet, and his breathing was not difficult. But excitement made it rapid. That isolation, immediate and complete removal from the breathing world, while still being in it, made the apple of his throat rise, and he choked over the swallowing of it. The air had lifted the weight from his back and chest, but he felt he was a monstrous thing — leaden-footed, bloated with clothes. The surprised tender tapped the face-glass again to signify that all was ready for the descent. Shame of his fear and the pride of a man forced him to let go the ladder; he opened the valve, and sank into feathers. It was entrancingly soft and caressing. He saw the reflected daylight on the keel of the tug-boat, and opened the valve wider, and fell more rapidly. The pace made the impression of feathers change to the feeling of liquid silk.

He was over the reef, and a little current swirled across it, but not enough to fatigue him in struggling against it. His feet sank in the coral trash and weed; groves of rose and madder and purple corals were about him, and grottoes of heliopora corals blazed in indigo. But Crayth was too busy troubling about his sensations to have an eye for beauty.

He talked to himself, as the loneliness of the bush had taught him to do, and his own voice startled him as it reverberated in the helmet. He gasped relief as his feet reached the coral, and then he thanked the luck that had sent him on the port side of the ship, and by the hole that had sunk the ship. It was not a great hole; a few buckled plates, and some more strained, had admitted enough water to sink her to the level of the great square ports in the between-deck used for cleaning ship, and these were always open to ventilate the hot ship. Only a foot or so of freeboard she had had; the broken plates had sunk her to the level of the open doors, and the *Rangoon* was sunk by twelve inches of water. Crayth bent and measured the broken plates, and wrote them on his slate, and gray shapes swam up to him.

He looked about him and saw the gray forms — forms of horrible edacity — rising above and around him. The exhaust air from the helmet, swinging to the surface in great bubbles of mobile silver, seemed to frighten the cruel cowards above him, and those near the bottom backed from the advance of this strange creature that seemed neither helpless nor afraid. But, as he signaled to be drawn to the surface, they closed in, finding courage to follow a thing that ran, and Crayth wished with all his soul that he might be drawn up slowly.

"They only attack the thing that seems to be helpless or running away," he said aloud. Then, with a new idea, he tied his hammer-headed ax to the end of the light line he carried coiled at his waist, dropped it almost to the bottom, raised it again half way, and again dropped it. Interest immediately centered on the object that showed the greatest speed. The sharks sank after the ax, and Crayth rose, and gripped the ladder with the grip of a drowning man. On the rung, clear of the water, he drew the ax up swiftly, and the sharks pursued it in flashes of gray light.

"Sharks much trouble?" asked the tender, as he relieved Crayth of breast and back weights, and the natural air came back to be gratefully breathed by the diver.

"They're all around me."

"They'll be worse in the ship itself."

"Thank you," said Crayth to himself; "it's you for heartening a man up." But he replied: "I'll get rid of 'em as soon as I can, if I can think of something to frighten 'em."

"Can she be raised?"

"I'm sure she's not much injured. She's gone down through having open ports — and all doors open; compartment doors open, too, I should say."

"Must be a few sharks on her?"

"Not many," replied Crayth, putting the best complexion on matters, and saying to himself: "Don't let yourself go; don't meet anything until it comes to you."

"They'd be a lot if most of the horses hadn't floated out."

And Crayth thanked God for the open hatch that had floated the horses away, although it had also admitted the life of the depths, to hide in the blackness of the hold, waiting for something helpless or afraid.

"Send the whale-boat to the lighthouse, and get them to wire for more divers, if they want the work done quickly; and tell 'em to send pumps."

"Got a big enough pump here," said the captain of the tug.

"Right, then! We'll have the *Rangoon* good again in quick time," said Crayth confidently; and the fear again crept over him, struggle against it as he might.

But, in spite of fear, the work had to be done, and Crayth hurried to it after a little food and rest.

They moored the tug nearer the *Rangoon*, so that they looked almost directly into the open hold framing the water. A great gray shark wavered in it like a shadow, and disappeared. The engineers were already boring new plates to Crayth's measurements; he heard the cheerful sounds of the working world, and hammers on heated steel, and then he sank again.

Crayth stepped off the ladder and stood on the deck of the *Rangoon*, and his helmet was out of water; then he walked to the hatch and sank again, and grabbed all his courage, that he

might not be tempted to a cowardly signal for ascent.

Glad was he to see in those rows of stalls but one dead horse on the port side and three on the starboard, and he was almost reassured at finding but two sharks there — great gray brutes of fourteen feet or so.

He drove them away with air-jets, and found them back near him as soon as he became motionless or stooped to look at the inner skin of the ship — where he found that the *Rangoon* had suffered comparatively little damage. But the sharks retreated as he stood erect and advanced on them. He found the port-side door of the amidships compartment, and closed it; then he went to the starboard door to close that. In the alleyway was a gorged shark, tail on to him; Crayth, trembling in every nerve, closed the door, and the shark was a prisoner.

"If he can't get out the other end, we'll suffocate him slowly when she pumps," said Crayth joyfully. And so he worked for two hours, trying to forget the grim death that hovered around him, and doing everything with his usual thoroughness.

Flash! A gray thing, deceived by his motionlessness, turned on its back as it made its dash for him. He thought madly of his air-pipe and held it to him, while aiming a futile blow at the greedy mouth set with four rows of gleaming teeth. The coward of the seas turned with the speed of light, as another gray shape wavered from the gloom forwards, and then wavered back again.

Desperate with all this goading, and feeling strangely light,— for abundant air came down to him and relieved him of the pressure of the weight,— Crayth pursued the first shark, and drove him through the open doors into the outer sea. Then, glad with achievement, he swung the doors to and bolted them, with his face turned away from his work to where the other horror lay concealed. Looking always to the blackness forward, he shut all the ports in the area under the hatch on both sides. The work in the fore-hold was at last completed, except the closing of the hatch, for which he needed help; and now retreat became more dangerous than advance.

How to ascend and escape the watching murderers? The incident of the ax returned to the diver; but the ax would not bulk large enough in the half-darkness to distract the pursuer. And then he kicked against a coal-basket filled with rock salt, and knew that he had found the decoy. He emptied the basket and fastened its rope slings to his line, backed to the after end of the hatch and gave the signal to ascend.

As his head was level with the hatchway, the shark made his rush, and Crayth, seeing the brute, tugged his life-line again, and the ascent became rapid. The coal-basket came between the shark and the light. He turned on his back to attack it. His jaws snapped half way around the cane, and spun it in the water, and the shark rose to the other figure; but Crayth was on the ladder, and the disappointed brute sank back to the drowned horses.

Crayth, trembling from the stress, and seeing a fin plowing the water around the tug, said that he would dive no more that day.

"We'll clear 'em out before you go again," said the captain of the tug. "It'd take the heart of a lion to be with a lot of those things in the dark. I've got a rifle and a junk of pork."

"Half a day at them will clear the atmosphere," assented Crayth.

"Only one bad thing — the blood will bring up others, and you'll be fighting all the sharks in the Pacific."

"No blood," said the African, who was cook — "no blood. I give 'em pumpkin. You know? All right! you wait."

He brought from the galleys a great iron-bark pumpkin, boiled in the copper and hot with steam, and as the plowing fin passed the ladder he dropped the ball of heat.

The shark flashed, turned on its back, and swallowed it. And then Crayth, carried away by the lust of hate, slapped the cook on the back and laughed hysterically; for the shark went mad with agony, sinking and rising, and thrashing the water, and at last disappearing utterly.

Then Crayth, reversing his earlier decision, dived again. He went down aft, and found the *Rangoon* there unbroken, resting safely on a bed of rotten coral trash. He closed all doors and ports, and fastened the doors of the compartments, and then he saw forward a phosphorescent trembling in the water — the great, gorged shark, now absolutely prisoned.

The safety of the morning had heartened him, and he treated the smaller sharks in the after hold with a sort of cheerful contempt, tempered still by disgust and fear. And now there remained but the hatches to be closed and the plates to be fixed before the pumps began their work.

"I'll fix the plates myself — they've got a pneumatic riveter aboard. I'll do it, and divide the money with nobody." He had bored the holes below by the time the plates were ready, and then he sank again to the coral on the port side, and the exhaust of compressed air from the riveter so scared his enemies that he once caught himself singing ridiculously inside his helmet. The pneumatic riveter punched and sputtered,

and drove the rivets home, and tied the new and clumsy plates to the ship with a fothering of canvas over the crushed plates; and when Crayth came to surface again, he saw, through the face-glass, two steamer tenders and two divers, and his pleased employer standing by the ladder, and with him a man strangely like a man who should be in Sydney, two thousand miles away.

When they screwed off his face-glass, he saw that it was really Jack Wagstaff.

"Why, it's good old George! A thief who knew we were mates somehow tried to swindle you; but the bank wouldn't pay without identification."

"And you've not been in Sydney?"

"I was first officer on the *Rangoon*. I've been in Cooktown ever since the wreck."

"And how did you know?"

"The bank told Dinny O'Rourke, and Dinny knew I was in Cooktown and wired to me to let you know. And Dinny's wire said: 'That good fool Crayth is trying to pay me back, and he's no diver.'"

"But ain't you?" asked Crayth's employer. "You said you could dive."

"So I have often, in the baths," replied the man who had fought fear and beaten it.

"Well, you've done it, so they tell me," said the agent of the *Rangoon*. "And these two men can fasten the hatches down and get her ready for the pumps."

So the two mates had a battue of sharks that afternoon with a piece of pork and Winchester rifles; and by dusk of next day the hatches were fixed and battened down, and all the other openings closed; and in the soft, starlit night the pumps began to work, each tugboat attaching a compartment.

From the coral the *Rangoon* slowly rose, dripping sea ooze and reeking slime. She made a little water through the clumsy plates, and while the tugs bent lines to her for the long tow to dock, her engineers got the *Rangoon's* pumps under her own steam.

"We've got a shark of yours in the starboard alleyway," said the chief engineer to Crayth, looking down from the deck of the *Rangoon* to the little steamer that had saved her. "It's your shark, and it don't smell nice."

"There'll be a few more in the fore and aft holds," replied Crayth, laughing. "I'll give you the lot."

And the tug with the mates — the diver and Wagstaff the sailorman — beat the hot sea northward to Thursday Island.

MEDICINE SONG

TO BE SUNG IN TIME OF EVIL FORTUNE

(From the Paiute Indian Dialect, Done into English by Mary Austin)

MEDICINE me,
O Friend-of-the-Soul-of-Man,
With purging waters!
For my soul festers
And an odor of corruption
Betrays me to disaster.

As a place of carrion
Where buzzards are gathered,
So is my path
Overshadowed by evil adventures;
Meanness, betrayal, and spite
Flock under heaven
To make me aware
Of sickness and death within me.

Medicine my soul, O friend,
With waters of cleansing;
Then shall my way shine,
And my nights no longer
Be full of the dreadful sound
Of the wings of unsuccesses.

"STATEMENT NO. I"

HOW THE OREGON DEMOCRACY, WORKING UNDER THE DIRECT PRIMARY, HAS DESTROYED THE POLITICAL MACHINE

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "LAW-MAKING BY THE VOTERS," ETC.

THE new spirit that has come over the political life of Oregon in the last ten years has found its most appropriate personal expression in the present Governor, Oswald West. Without the several "crank" ideas which have transformed Oregon into a young and militant democracy, a man of Mr. West's experience and standing could never have risen to the governorship. Like the Oregon democracy itself, Oswald West is young, courageous, and energetic; he has just turned his thirty-seventh year, and he has battled his way into the State Capitol against the combined efforts of both of the old political machines. Fifteen years ago Governor West was driving a butcher wagon in Portland; ten years ago he was earning a modest living as paying teller in a Salem bank — only a stone's throw away from the building where he is now presiding as Governor. In spite of his new dignity, Mr. West still looks this part. A tall, slender, boyish figure, dressed in a blue serge suit, with a sack-coat, a straw hat, tan shoes, and a red necktie, if Oswald West should suddenly leave the executive chamber and resume his old position in the brass cage of Ladd & Bush's bank, he would still seem to be perfectly in character.

"Os" West, Jeffersonian

A product of the democratic movement, the Governor has arranged all the details of his official life in accordance with the democratic spirit. Never, since Thomas Jefferson hitched his own horse before the Capitol at Washington and Andrew Jackson permitted the rabble to ride rough-shod over the White House grounds and to stand with hobnailed shoes upon the delicate furniture of the Blue Room, has America produced so consummate a democrat. There are no flunkies, no gold-braided attendants, anywhere within hailing distance of the Governor's room. Just before his inauguration last January, the dazzlingly attired adjutant-general, in accordance with custom, appeared before his Excellency and announced that he was ready to escort him to the Senate chamber. "Oh, go buy yourself a drink and come up," the youthful Governor retorted, and went in, unaccompanied, to take his oath of office. In all his official relations, Governor West likewise makes a virtue of ignoring ceremony. He was the people's candidate, and he has become the people's Governor. Reporters, farmers, workingmen, walk into the presence unannounced, and sit down and discuss business without even the formality of removing their hats. The Governor walks through the streets of Salem with his hands in his pockets, nodding right and left to nearly everybody he meets. "Hello, Jim," "How are you, Billy?" "How's the good wife, Joe?"— he knows them all by their first name, and has an intimate acquaintance with their family history. Few people address Mr. West as "Guv'nor"; everywhere they hail him as "Os" or "Ossie." In his domestic life, also, Mr. West is one of the common people. He lives in a six-room cottage, a neat, plainly furnished house such as any prosperous mechanic might have. Here there are no inauguration balls, no state dinners — only the

every-day life of the modest citizen. The Governor keeps no servants; his wife, an interesting and intelligent young woman, "does her own work."

It is the new political order in Oregon that is responsible for Oswald West. He is the outcome of the Initiative and Referendum, the Recall, the Direct Primary, the Corrupt Practices Act, and the other popular measures. With a few other leaders, he represents the struggle that has been going on for eight years between the old political machines and the rank and file; and his election last fall signalized the culminating triumph of the popular cause. With his accession to the governorship the old political machine and the old political leaders passed into history.

When the Initiative and Referendum was adopted, in 1902, the Republican machine absolutely controlled the State. In 1901 it sent John H. Mitchell to the United States Senate for the fourth time, and in 1903 it elected as Mitchell's colleague Charles W. Fulton, a man distinguished for nothing except expert political manipulation. It controlled the governorship, with all its attendant power, and the mayoralty of Portland. On every hand, indeed, the Republican organization held Oregon in its grasp. The real capital of the State was the city of Portland; here were located the public-utility and franchise corporations, the transcontinental railroads, the "first families," which for years had usurped the functions of the legislature. The kind of government with which the Republican machine was identified was concretely illustrated in the municipal administration of Portland. Even on the Pacific Coast, Portland enjoyed a peculiar fame as a wide-open town. The machine, by a regular system of monthly fines, had practically licensed gambling and prostitution, and under this system of official encouragement the city had become a popular headquarters for all the vicious characters in the Pacific Northwest.

Elections of United States Senators — Great Sporting Events

As is always the case, however, the keystone of Republican politics was the United States senatorship. The reformers believed that if they could take away from the old corrupt leaders this, the richest prize of all, the way to a general political clean-up would be comparatively clear. For forty years the fiercest political battles in Oregon had always raged over this commanding office. The actual scenes attending the elections had more in common with a horse race or a cock fight than a dignified legislative proceeding. The people of Oregon have always loved excitement and adventure. For years the choice of a United States senator had been the most popular sporting event in a great poker-playing State. The richest and most powerful men in the State had always intrigued and plotted and sold themselves for this political prize. In "senatorial years" the legislature virtually abdicated its legislative functions. Those prolonged "hold-ups" which have recently so scandalized public opinion in New York, Illinois, and other States were the regular program. The contest was always protracted through the forty days' session; law-making practically ceased; and deals, bribery, broken pledges, debauchery, and riot were the commonplaces of the occasion. Almost no election took place until the closing hours of the closing day of each session — the several factions tore at one another's throats until, at the last moment, some hastily patched up truce finally resulted in a choice. There was no mystery concerning the basis of these agreements. "The office is put up at bargain and sale," said the Salem *Capital Journal*, "raffled off to the highest bidder, the greatest corruptionist. This has been the rule, not the exception. Nine times out of ten, money and patronage have carried the day."

It was the purpose of the new direct primary law to end abuses of this kind. That law abolished the old political conventions — indeed, made these gatherings absolutely illegal. It also took the election of United States senators out of the hands of the legislature and placed it in the hands of the people. The voters were to have precisely the same direct power over the choice of United States senators that they have always had over the election of governors and congressmen. They were to do it in essentially the same way. Each political party was to nominate, at its party primary, its candidate for the United States Senate. At the general election these nominations were to go upon the regular ballot, and from them the voters were to make their choice.

At this point, however, there is a wide dissimilarity between the popular choice of a senator and that of a congressman. For here the United States Constitution complicates the situation. It provides that the people shall directly choose their congressmen, but that the State legislatures shall elect the senators. In other words, the direct method provided in the Oregon primary had no legal validity. The people could go on electing their senators indefinitely, but the legislatures still held the right to make the actual choice. Their proceeding could become nothing but a farce, unless the

legislature should consent to transform itself into a voting machine and accept the popular choice as its own. In Oregon there had been many attempts to secure popular election, but they had always failed. The people at the polls had elected their man, but the corporations and the bosses in control of the legislature had repeatedly refused to indorse the election.

"Statement No. 1" and "Statement No. 2"

There was, however, a strong public sentiment in favor of popular election. The Oregon reformers now proceeded to utilize this public sentiment for political purposes. Why not make every candidate for the legislature, at the primaries, declare himself on this particular point — say whether, as a member of the legislature, he would accept as his own the popular choice for United States senator? If he should declare beforehand that he would not accept this popular choice, there were excellent chances — public opinion on this subject being what it was — that he would himself fail of election. If, on the other hand, he should make this public pledge, that fact alone would furnish a powerful campaign argument in his own favor.

The new primary law, therefore, provided that every candidate, in advance of the primary election, should have the privilege of subscribing to the following pledge:

STATEMENT NO. 1

I further state to the people of Oregon, as well as to the people of my legislative district, that, during my term of office, I will always vote for that candidate for United States senator in Congress who has received the highest number of the people's votes for that position at the general election next preceding the election of a senator in Congress, without regard to my individual preference.

If the candidate did not care to place himself upon record to this extent, he could sign the following document:

STATEMENT No. 2

During my term of office I shall consider the vote of the people for United States senator in Congress as nothing more than a recommendation, which I shall be at liberty to wholly disregard if the reason for doing so seems to me to be sufficient.

If the candidate refused to sign either of these statements, there was no legal force, of course, that could compel him to do so. He simply remained silent on one of the great issues of the campaign.

Jonathan Bourne, Senatorial Candidate

The reformers, having thus devised what seemed a feasible plan of popular election, now proceeded to select a candidate. The fact that their selection finally fell upon Jonathan Bourne, Jr., is (at least, until one thoroughly comprehends the real situation) a powerful strain upon the observer's belief in the sincerity of the whole proceeding. For Jonathan Bourne would strike most people as an extremely grotesque leader in a cause intended to work the political regeneration of a State. Judged from the well-known facts of his political career, Bourne appears as a political adventurer of an especially abandoned type. Nor, to arrive at this conclusion, is it necessary to accept at their face value all the stories concerning him circulated in Oregon. The openly acknowledged facts are enough. What is an impartial investigator to make of a man who, to satisfy a political grudge and advance his personal fortunes, holds up a legislature, as Bourne did in Oregon in 1897, prevents it from organizing, and for an entire legislative session absolutely stops the machinery of government? who, as part of this scheme, rents all the available rooms in a local hotel, installs French cooks and lays in a stock of expensive wines, and establishes a "House of Mirth" for a small army of legislative renegades? It so happens, also, that Bourne had been especially active in those senatorial abuses which it was the chief purpose of the new system to reform. He had led the cohorts that had deadlocked the legislature against the reëlection of Dolph in 1895, and in the senatorial election that had taken place in 1903 Bourne's name had come before the public in an unfortunate manner. He had himself for several years aspired to the senatorship, but there was not the slightest chance that he could ever be elected under the old legislative methods.

Oregon's Political "Revival"

Certainly all this seems hardly to furnish the material for a *preux chevalier* of senatorial reform. We must, however, do full justice to the queer political psychology one finds on the Pacific Coast. It is something of a shock to discover men who have more or less of a seamy political past figuring everywhere as the leaders in popular reform. After one becomes accustomed to this situation and imbued with the local political atmosphere, the fact that an old-time corrupt politician is now a real popular tribune does not necessarily seem to be a contradiction in terms. Everywhere one meets the same explanation for this divergence between

the present and the past. "Oh, yes, he was rotten ten years ago," the apologist says, discussing the unsavory record of a present-day leader, "but he's all right now. We were all rotten in the old days. We all played politics in the only way we understood. Oregon, until within five or six years, didn't know there was any other kind." There is everywhere a bracing and engaging frankness on this interesting subject. In discussing the blessings of the Initiative and Referendum, the person interviewed will frequently begin his remarks by telling how he himself, ten years ago, used to buy votes in Portland at two dollars and a half a head, how he "rigged conventions," "slipped through slates," worked for corporations in the legislature, and in other ways "played the game." A spirit has swept over the State, in the last six years, that can be compared only to the "revival" spirit in religion. Everybody has been "getting political decency," just as the unregenerate, when the scales fall from his eyes, "gets religion." And, like the reformed drunkard or the redeemed sinner, he has no scruples about using himself as a "horrible example"; he boldly stands up before the congregation, confesses his sins, and makes himself an illustration of the wonders that a regenerating influence in politics can accomplish. "I am only three years old," "I am only five years old"— these phrases are on everybody's lips; they refer to the speaker's political rebirth, just as the religious convert refers to his spiritual rebirth. The fiery zeal with which the old politician has set about to reform the world is simply the usual unrestrained enthusiasm of the newly converted. Oregon has been transformed into a sort of political camp meeting, and the air is filled with "hallelujahs" and "amens" and general thanksgivings for the new political light that is leading the people on.

In looking about for a popular candidate for the United States Senate, therefore, the reformers asked, not what a man had been, but what he was now. They were ready to pardon all kinds of sins committed in the past, provided a man were only "all right" in the present. And to be "all right" meant that a man was now strongly for "the people" and against the corporations; that he was willing to uphold everywhere the new ideas — the Initiative, the Referendum, the Recall, the Direct Primary, and "Statement No. 1." That the new leaders had little scruple in adapting means to ends was shown by their view of the essential qualifications for a popular senatorial candidate. Above all, he must have plenty of money and a readiness to spend it! The proposed method of electing United States senators was new. Many people, especially in the outlying sections, did not understand it. A large amount of money would be needed for "educational work"— for "literature" and advertisements instructing the people in the new régime. In senatorial elections by the legislature, a "sack" for bribery had usually been in requisition; in this, the first election by popular vote, a "sack" would be needed for public instruction. The real issue in this campaign was not to be the personality of the candidate, but the popular election of senators. After the leaders had once established the fact that the people of Oregon really could elect their own choice, it would be time enough to consider more carefully the necessary qualifications for the office. What they needed to do now, above everything else, was to "establish the principle."

The reformers approached several "leading" citizens — bankers, large merchants, judges. They all refused to run. "Yes, I would like to go to the Senate," each one would say, "and I am quite sure the people would elect me on a popular vote. But what's the use? The legislature would pay no attention to this vote, but go right on and elect a man of its own. I should simply be out a lot of money and time."

Everywhere this opinion prevailed — that the legislature would pay no attention to the voters' choice. The politicians encouraged this idea. The old machine, still strong, still corrupt, ridiculed "Statement No. 1" and threatened to destroy ruthlessly any candidate for the legislature who mildly announced his allegiance to it.

Bourne's Two-Cent-Stamp Campaign

Then some one thought of Bourne. Bourne had plenty of money and no objection to spending it. At first, however, even Bourne showed no particular appetite for this distinction. He said that he would willingly contribute fifteen thousand dollars to the cause,—"to end the auction-block method," as he expressed it,— but that he did not care to stand himself merely as a "sacrifice." Hardly any of those importuning Bourne to run had any idea that he could be elected; they merely thought that he was a good man "to make the fight." Soon, however, all Oregon was notified that Bourne was actively interested in the race. One morning every registered voter in the State found in his morning mail a short, crisp letter, signed "Jonathan Bourne, Jr." Not a single man was overlooked. Every merchant, lawyer, doctor, and workingman in Portland; every farmer, nurseryman, and orchardist along the Columbia and the Willamette rivers; every cattle-driver and sheep-herder east of the Cascade Mountains — every man who had registered as a voter — received this interesting com-

munication. It was not a circular letter with a one-cent stamp; it was personal, addressed directly to "Mr. John Doe" or "Mr. Richard Roe," was inserted in a sealed envelop, and cost the sender in every instance two cents. In many communities letters of this kind would attract little attention; in Oregon, however, they were so novel as to be fairly sensational. To be appealed to directly on a political question was an entirely new experience to the Oregon proletariat. No one had hitherto regarded the individual voter as the source of political power or influence. Aspirants for State office had occasionally addressed the electorate from the platform; no one, however, had hitherto asked its advice on the matter of a political nomination. The farmer, cattleman, and sheepman were especially impressed. They seldom received letters on any subject from one end of the year to the other; and yet here was a man, one of the richest and most influential in the State, who had taken the trouble to address to them a personal and seemingly private communication on a matter of such great consequence as a United States senatorship! It was almost as if a French peasant, just before the Revolution, had been asked his advice on state matters. For, up to the time Jonathan Bourne sent broadcast this letter, the political rings of Oregon had paid about as much attention to the citizen voter as the French nobility had to the tiller of the soil.

In this letter Bourne did not formally announce his candidacy for the Senate. The letter was simply a plain, confidential talk on a great political crisis then confronting Oregon. It called attention to the fact that now, for the first time in the history of the State, the voters would have an opportunity to elect their United States senator. It referred to the scandals that had accompanied elections in the legislature, and to the fact that the "bosses" were then actively at work to defeat the direct primary law and send a man of their own kind to the Senate. The letter was an appeal to the recipient to use his "influence" in persuading voters to register before the coming primary. It urged him to work for the nomination of legislative candidates who would stand by the people's choice for senator. Mild in its language as this letter was, it proved a veritable clarion in its effects. Throughout Oregon it focussed the people's attention upon "Statement No. 1"; and, for the first time, the every-day voter saw that upon him actually rested the choice of Oregon's next senator.

Bourne said nothing about himself, but the idea did sink in. Word came to Portland that the farmers all over the State were saying that "that man Bourne ought to go in for senator himself." And then other pieces of mail began to fall, like showers, into the rural free delivery. There came another letter with a "return postal card," containing the text of "Statement No. 1" and the following pledge: "I, the undersigned citizen of Oregon, hereby pledge my sacred honor that I will not, under any circumstances, sign the petition of, or vote for the nomination of, any candidate for the legislature who does not subscribe to the above pledge in his petition for nomination." The citizen was asked to sign this and drop the card into the mail; the printed address on the face was "Jonathan Bourne, Jr." These cards and pledges began to come back to Portland by the thousands. The next communication was a little pamphlet, "The Echinated [*sic*] Story of the Primary Elections Law by Sections." In due course came another brochure: "'Statement No. 1,' Explained for Easy Comprehension by Jonathan Bourne, Jr." Still nothing had been said about the fact that Jonathan Bourne, Jr., nourished senatorial ambitions of his own. One morning in March, however, after the yeomanry had had two winter months in which to study these pamphlets, a small card was dropped into the letter-boxes. On one side was a picture of "Jonathan Bourne, Jr.," accompanied by this legend: "Champion of 'Statement No. 1,' Republican Candidate for United States Senator for the Term beginning March 4, 1907." The reverse side contained his statement of principles, which were thoroughly progressive and insurgent. A two-cent-stamp campaign of this kind, involving nearly 100,000 voters, necessarily cost money. In the course of his senatorial campaign Bourne spent some $15,000 for stamps alone.

The net result was that Bourne soon became the best-advertised man in Oregon. His activities amused the politicians and the corporations immensely. That a candidate for the United States Senate, instead of coming directly to them, should take the people into his confidence and conduct an animated campaign through the United States mails — Oregon had seen many things, but nothing quite so funny as this. The old leaders took the primary so lightly that they did not even name a candidate against Bourne. It was not until the primary campaign had got well under way that a rival appeared: one Henry M. Cake, an extremely colorless person whose chief claim to distinction was that he had made a success of the "Booster Club" of Portland. The machine and the corporations indorsed Cake's candidacy, though probably with no idea of electing him, even if he should win at the primaries.

Campaign in the Country Newspapers

Bourne's campaign manager was John C. Young, an apostate Mormon and a nephew of Brigham Young. He canvassed the whole State, paying particular attention to the country press. Under his skilful manipulation, large pictures of Jonathan Bourne, Jr., "the 'Statement No. 1' candidate," began to fill the advertising columns. The editorial pages now sounded the praises of the "Statement," embellished with the usual bucolic grammar. Long "reading notices" gave many details of the life of Jonathan Bourne, Jr.— the fact that these were frequently paid advertisements not always being frankly admitted. And, under Mr. Young's promptings, a new flood of personal communications fell upon the electorate. Bourne opened elaborate offices in Portland for the preparation and circulation of his "literature"; here from twenty to twenty-five young men and women spent several months banging away at typewriters and licking stamps and envelops. There came, in succession, the "Platform of Jonathan Bourne, Jr."; a "Final Appeal to the Voters of Oregon by Jonathan Bourne, Jr."; "The People's Slate"; "Mr. Bourne's Address to the Voters"; "Plutocratic Degeneracy"; and "The Conspiracy to Defeat the Primary Law." In all, Bourne's headquarters probably distributed not far from a million pieces of literature in these few months. There was not a cranny in the whole State in which the name of Jonathan Bourne was not a household word. It is easy to sneer at all this activity as blatant demagogism; the fact remains that the voters received a vast amount of information on important political subjects. This mail and newspaper campaign thoroughly aroused the voters to the workings of the direct primary. It led them to realize that they were the actual sovereigns of Oregon; that they, and not the Portland machine, would elect the senator and direct the political fortunes of the State.

"Taking the Pledge"

Meanwhile, U'Ren and his associates were working along other lines. Success, of course, depended upon one condition — the election to the legislature of men who would agree to accept "Statement No. 1." Under U'Ren's direction, there followed the process of what was popularly known as "taking the pledge." U'Ren and others traveled over Oregon, getting "Statement No. 1" men to run in the primaries. In each district the legislative candidate was asked to "sign the pledge"— that is, to agree, as a member of the legislature, to vote for the popular choice for United States senator. The local machine candidate generally refused; the most he would do was to agree to select the choice of his own party as his candidate. In these cases U'Ren would see that a "pledged candidate" opposed the machine man in the primaries. Many times he sat up all night with farmers, persuading, begging, imploring them to stand as candidates on this principle. And he succeeded. Everywhere in the State, men hitherto not identified with politics came out in opposition to the machine candidates — their platform consisting of nothing but a promise that, if sent to the legislature, they would indorse the people's choice for the senatorship.

While these things were going on, the Republican machine labored with characteristic stupidity. The old-time leaders refused to take the proceedings seriously. They had not yet grasped the fact that Oregon's system of popular government had a powerful grip upon the masses. Bourne made this system the one issue in his campaign; he so identified himself with "Statement No. 1" that the conviction became prevalent that only his election could preserve it. Instead of meeting Bourne on this issue, the opposition contented itself with making attacks upon his character. Anonymous letters were scattered broadcast, telling the story of the hold-up legislature of 1897, and adding many lurid details to those already known. Bourne's political record, as already related, was by no means irreproachable; but, in view of his energetic championship of the new system, these personal attacks made little popular impression.

This whole legislative canvass, the first under the new direct primary law, was a novel experience for Oregon. Everywhere the politicians were amazed. Under the old order, a few men, gathered in a back saloon, usually selected the party candidates for the legislature. Now, however, men aspiring to the nominations were making personal canvasses from house to house and from office to office. They would stop people in the street and ask for votes at the coming primaries. The customary supply of cigars and liquor was not in circulation; instead talks and discussions were relied upon to persuade the voters. The advertising pages of the newspapers were filled with portraits of the candidates, accompanied by argumentative letter-press.

This first direct primary proved a great success for the popular cause. All over the State, the party voters repudiated the men supported by the machine. These machine candidates had declined to "take the pledge," and thus became "anti-Statement men"— a position that few

were able to survive. "New men" who had had no machine affiliations, and who had made a personal canvass on the platform of "Statement No. 1," found themselves the legally nominated candidates of their party. In spite of this popular success, the early returns foreshadowed Bourne's defeat. These early returns came from the cities and the county seats, the places where the machine leaders were most powerful, and gave Bourne's chief opponent a small majority. Bourne sent his congratulations to Cake, and the latter's friends were arranging a congratulatory dinner in his honor. "It's all over," said Bourne; "there's nothing left for me to do except sign a few more checks." In Oregon, however, it takes several days for the complete election returns to reach Portland. A large part of the State is without railroad or even telegraphic communication; in some cases the messengers have to ride seventy-five and a hundred miles on horseback in order to get the votes to the county seat. In all these remote districts Bourne's letters had received wide circulation.. And as these farmers and cattle-ranchers and sheepmen began to be heard from, the situation gradually changed. From the great section east of the Cascade Mountains there came an avalanche of ballots for Bourne. When the votes were finally counted, Bourne had won by a small plurality.

This, of course, did not settle the question of the senatorship. It merely gave Bourne the nomination of the Republican party. At the regular election, however, he defeated the Democratic candidate and thus became the people's choice. In the following January the legislature automatically indorsed the election. Whatever one may think of Bourne and his campaign methods, his election by the legislature was certainly a dignified and decorous proceeding. For a contrast we have only to go back six years to the election of Senator Mitchell in 1901. On this occasion Mitchell was elected almost as the clock struck midnight on the last day of the legislative session. The legislative session that elected Senator Bourne in 1907 was an entirely different affair. There was no preliminary wire-pulling, no use of money, not even any discussion. A majority of the members had pledged themselves, before the election, to adopt the people's choice as their own. Instead of forty days, as under the old system, it took them only twenty minutes to elect their senator. The Speaker arose, rapped for order, and explained the provisions of the new primary law. He then appointed a committee to canvass the returns and inform the legislature who was the people's choice. The roll was then called, and the members who had signed the "Statement"— and they were the majority — automatically voted for Jonathan Bourne, Jr., who thus became the first senator of the United States ever elected by popular vote.

Oregon is working out its political problems step by step, learning new lessons from each campaign, and laboriously seeking to profit from each year's blunders. The Bourne campaign clearly demonstrated one evil. According to the estimates of his friends, Bourne spent anywhere from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars in this campaign. He did not spend this money in corrupting the voters or the legislature, but in "educational work." In spite of that, such an expenditure was scandalous; if legally tolerated, it would mean that only rich men could aspire to a United States senatorship. Bourne's senatorial campaign thus directly led to the passage of Oregon's famous Corrupt Practices Act — a law enacted by the people under the Initiative. This virtually limits the expenditures of any candidate, at the primaries or the election, to twenty-five per cent of one year's salary of the office which he is contesting. The same law made it a crime for any newspaper to print as original matter anything that was really paid advertising. "How, then, are we to obtain publicity?" the contestants asked. The Oregon reformers answered this query with one of their characteristically unique devices. The new law provided that the State should publish and send to every registered voter two pamphlets, one thirty days before the primary, the other thirty days before election. Each candidate was allowed four pages in which to print his picture and an informal argument in favor of his candidacy. The law provided that he should pay for this space at a rate which represented the actual cost of publication and distribution.

Would a Republican Legislature Elect a Democrat?

Bourne's election did not signalize the complete triumph of "Statement No. 1." The pledged legislature was practically all Republican, as was Bourne himself. It was nothing remarkable, said the opposition, that a Republican legislature should accept the popular choice, so long as that popular choice was himself a Republican. Supposing, however, that the people had elected a Democrat? Would a hide-bound Republican legislature ratify that choice?

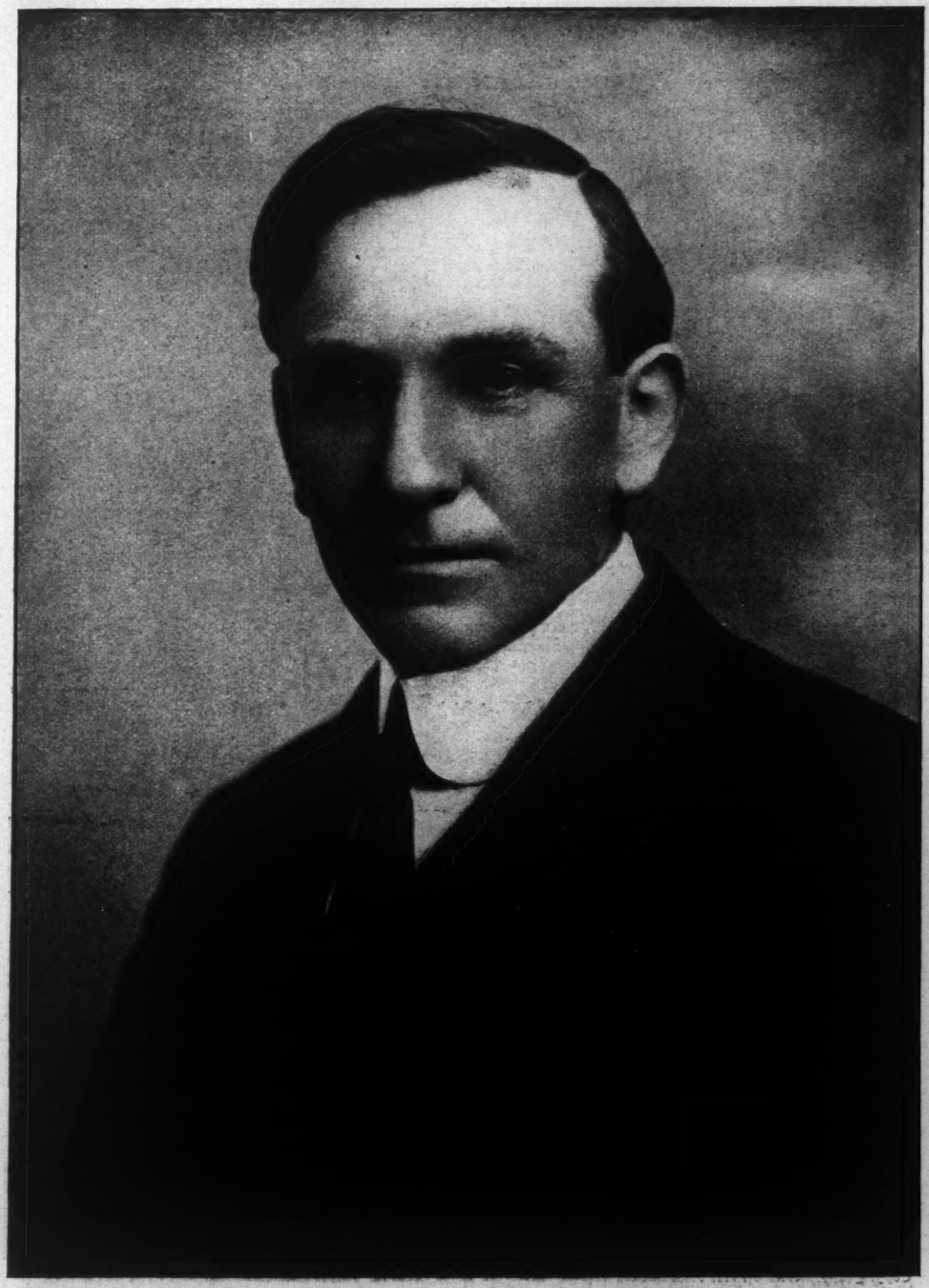
That question was settled probably earlier than the Republican machine anticipated. It was the issue in the senatorial campaign that, in 1908, immediately succeeded Bourne's.

For several years George E. Chamberlain, a Mississippi Democrat, had been the leading State official in Oregon. As a young man Chamberlain had emigrated to Oregon and started humbly in the practice of law. He was a man of much social charm, of quiet and ingratiating manners, and not lacking in the "good fellowship" essential to any kind of success in a frontier community. As a young man he went to the legislature, and ultimately moved to Portland, where he became District Attorney for Multnomah County, and made his reputation as a clean and energetic enforcer of law and order. Before they had the Direct Primary, the Republicans of Oregon had only one way of protesting against the corruption that existed in their own party, and that was by voting for a Democrat. This fact explains why, in 1903, George E. Chamberlain became the Democratic Governor of an overwhelmingly Republican State. As Governor, Chamberlain's most popular service was his support of the Initiative and Referendum. Immediately after this provision was adopted in 1902, the Republican machine attempted to destroy it. The amendment itself furnished the means. It gave the people the power, by petition, to refer to popular vote all laws passed by the legislature except "emergency measures"— those required to put down riot, fight fire or plague or other pressing public calamities. The Republican machine began to attach an "emergency clause" to all measures in which it was especially interested and which were in danger of a popular veto. None of these bills in any sense dealt with emergencies; the plan was resorted to by the politicians merely as a way of destroying the whole reform. Had there been a complacent Governor at Salem they would probably have succeeded. But Chamberlain announced that he would veto every bill that had an emergency clause. Chamberlain's firm stand "saved the Referendum" and made him the popular hero of Oregon. In 1906 he was reëlected Governor as a matter of course.

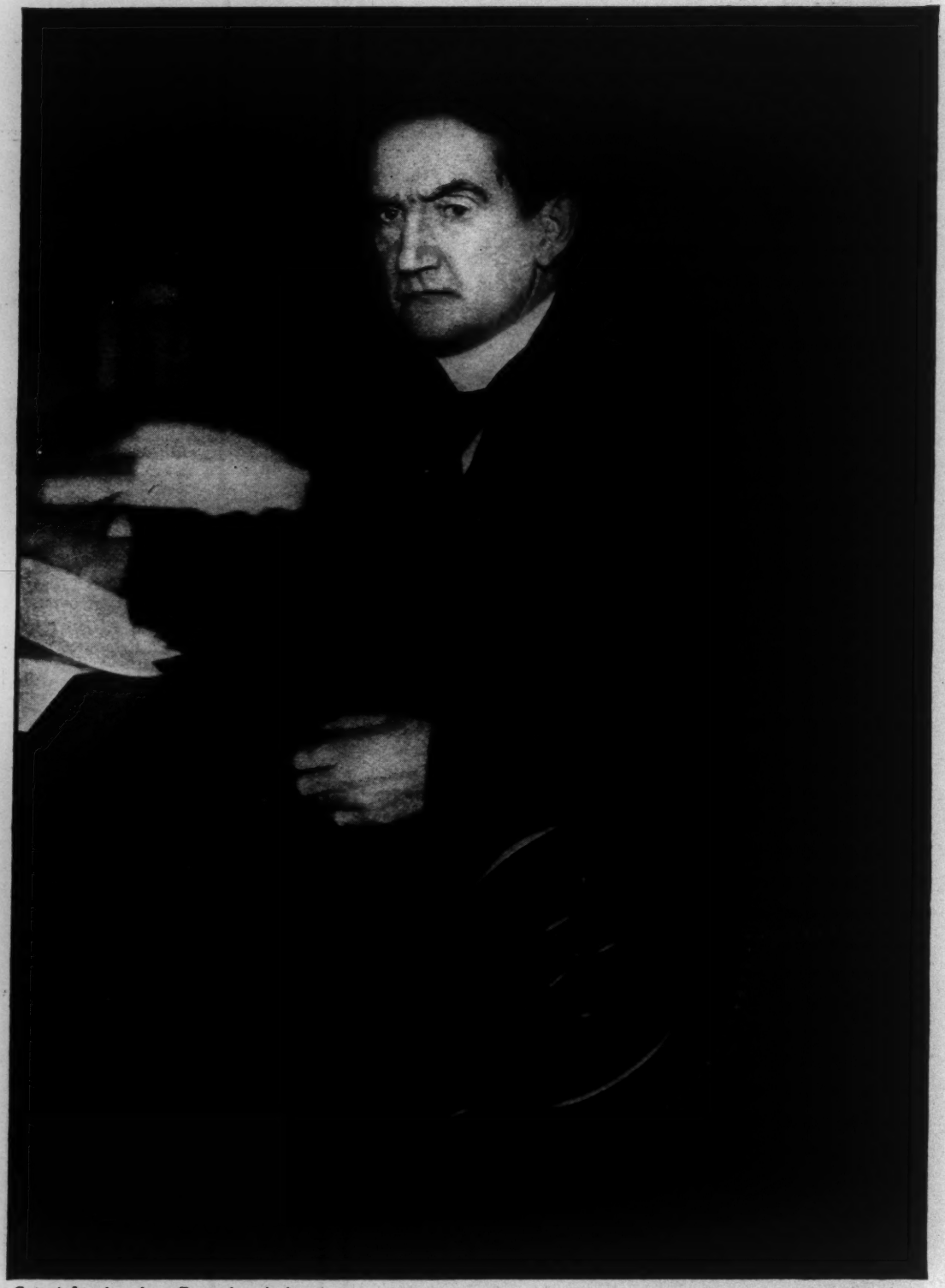
And, when the time drew near for the election of Senator Fulton's successor in the Senate, the popular mind of Oregon immediately focussed on Chamberlain. At once there developed a pretty situation. The people of Oregon were Republican, four to one; the legislature would without a question be overwhelmingly Republican; and Chamberlain was a Democrat. Would this Republican legislature carry its enthusiasm for "Statement No. 1" so far that it would elect a Democrat, even though he did receive the popular vote? The Republican machine was thoroughly aroused against the impending calamity. In the 1908 campaign their worst fears were realized. In order to secure nomination and election, a large majority of the members of the legislature had pledged themselves to the Statement. In the legislature there were seventy-six Republicans and only fourteen Democrats! And, in face of this, the people, by a large popular vote, had elected George E. Chamberlain, a Democrat, United States senator. Unless they violated their solemn pledges to the people, these Republicans would be compelled to cast their votes for Chamberlain.

"The Fool of the Family"

And now from all the stalwart Republican forces came a terrific onslaught upon the whole Oregon system. Harvey W. Scott led it in the pages of the *Oregonian*. Scott's Republicanism was of the traditional kind; he was constantly harking back to Lincoln, Seward, and Greeley, to the Civil War, the emancipation of the negroes, the protective policy, and the gold-standard campaign of 1896. He was fundamentally incapable of understanding any politics except partizan politics; and now he poured all his editorial wrath against a system of government that could compel an overwhelmingly Republican legislature to elect a Democratic senator. Though Scott did not openly call upon the legislators to violate their pledges, his editorial attitude amounted essentially to that. "To elect Chamberlain," he said, "will be for the Republican party to commit suicide." He ridiculed the "Holy Statement" and the whole Oregon plan. For eight years Oregon "had been overridden by all the hobby-horse riders in the country"; it was "the fool of the family of States"; and the Republican party was destroyed past hope of resurrection. The machine leaders openly demanded that the legislators violate their pledges and elect a Republican. They ran to Washington for help. But President Roosevelt took his stand on the side of Chamberlain. The situation, as Mr. Roosevelt and other right-minded men saw it, was perfectly simple. With the legislators the question was not one of politics, but simply one of personal honor. They had pledged themselves solemnly to do a certain thing, and they could not break these pledges without forever disgracing themselves. And they held firm and elected Mr. Chamberlain on the first ballot. In spite of enormous pressure, not a single man who had pledged himself to accept the popular choice violated his word. This was another symptom of the improved tone of Oregon's public life, for here pledge-breaking had for many years been a commonplace of politics.



OSWALD WEST, GOVERNOR OF OREGON—A PRODUCT OF THE DEMOCRATIC MOVEMENT. MR. WEST IS THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD; FIFTEEN YEARS AGO HE WAS DRIVING A BUTCHER WAGON IN PORTLAND



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JONATHAN BOURNE, JR. THE FIRST MAN ELECTED TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE BY DIRECT VOTE OF THE PEOPLE

Personally, Chamberlain's victory advanced the popular cause. He did not conduct his campaign through the mails, but on the platform. His campaign expenditures amounted to about twenty-five hundred dollars, and were well within the limits of the new Corrupt Practices Act.

The Republican Machine Destroyed

Thus, in seven years the old Republican machine in Oregon had been virtually shipwrecked. It had lost two United States senators, the governorship, the legislature, and the enormous patronage that went with them. Senator Mitchell's successor as the head of the organization, Charles W. Fulton, had been retired to private life. By 1910 the whole State was strewn with political cadavers. The little Republican cliques that had hitherto existed in every town and hamlet had lost all excuse for existence. These little machines could no longer "fix up slates" and "pass out plums," for the people themselves, voting at primary elections, made their own nominations. There had not been a State or county political convention in Oregon for six years. Many of the brotherhood, who had made political dickering a lifelong business, occasionally offered themselves as candidates under the direct primary; usually, however, they were defeated. Some were reduced to actual financial distress; others sensibly dropped politics and went to work. All over the State, however, there were still the smoldering fires of opposition. Although the people over and over again had manifested their allegiance to the Initiative, the Referendum, the Direct Primary, and "Statement No. 1," there were those who still believed that the old order could be restored. Not inappropriately, Harvey W. Scott came forth as the spokesman of these old malcontents.

At the general election of 1910 these combined political powers,— the transcontinental railroads, the street railway, gas and electric lighting companies, the old Republican machine,— all led by Harvey W. Scott's *Oregonian*, attempted once more to seat themselves in control. They made no secret of their real purpose. "The Republicans of Oregon," said the *Oregonian*, "intend to repudiate 'Statement No. 1.' They intend to suggest in assembly or convention candidates for the primary, and will put the knife into each and all who declare for 'Statement No. 1.'" That is, they intended to abolish the direct primary and restore the old convention system. They proposed to do away with the popular election of senators and go back to the legislative "auction-block method." It soon appeared that they intended to go even further than this, and to abolish the Initiative and Referendum. Their plan included a call for a new convention to revise the constitution; and it seemed a fair inference that the constitution, as revised by these enthusiasts, would leave out the clause providing for popular legislation.

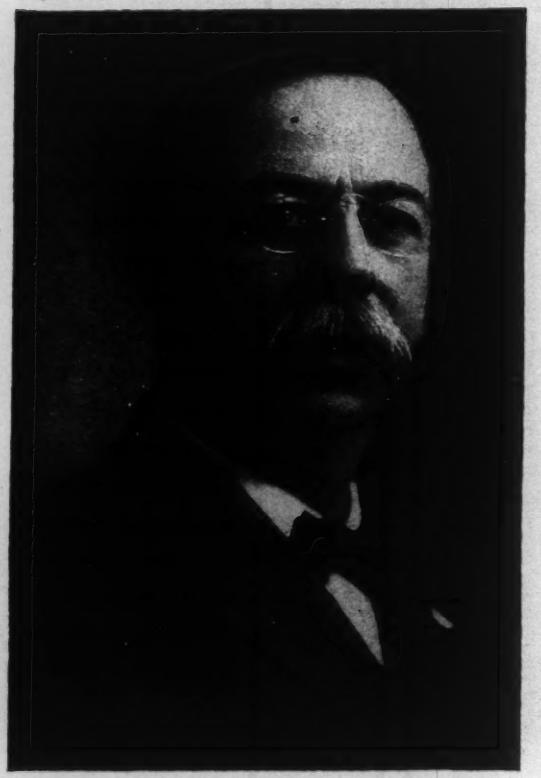
"Assembly" — an Old Thing with a New Name

And now a new word became current in the political vocabulary of Oregon. It was "assembly." The name was new, but the thing itself was old. No political conventions had been held in six years, such gatherings having been made unlawful. The Portland politicians, however, now proposed to revive this institution under the name of "assembly." In every county assemblies were to be held for the nomination of local Republican candidates and the selection of "delegates" to the grand State assembly. These assemblies had no legal right to make nominations; under the direct primary law, only the party voters, by secret ballot, could do that; the assemblies, therefore, were merely to make "recommendations." It was the theory of the old politicians that the party voters at the direct primary would indorse these "recommendations," and that in this way they would become the legal party candidates. And now all over the State the old half-forgotten leaders began to drag forth once more their long unused political machinery. In every county and in every town little political groups appeared — composed of the old "leaders" who had gone into retirement several years before. Most of these leaders had personally suffered as the result of the new dispensation, and a considerable majority had failed to obtain office under the direct primary. They now went to work "to get the delegates" and "fix up slates" in the old-fashioned way. Once more the little select party "caucuses" began to gather in barns, barber-shops, and the back rooms of saloons. Here the little bosses had typewritten lists of delegates to the county assemblies, as in the good old times. In some precincts half a dozen voters — presumably representing the strength of the party — would select thirty or forty delegates to county assemblies. In another case one man met solemnly in caucus, called himself to order, took a typewritten list of delegates from his vest pocket, and elected them.

For several weeks Oregon was entertained by proceedings of this kind. How faithfully the assemblyites observed traditions became evident in the management of the assembly for Multno-

mah County. Just before the gathering was called to order, one of the public-utility law offices of Portland held a meeting, where the "slate" was fixed and "slipped" to the bosses in control. But it was the climax of all these minor gatherings, the "State assembly," held for the purpose of "recommending" candidates for Governor and other State offices, that most eloquently recalled the past. This gathering was simply a museum of political antiquities. Here were the nervous candidates "opening headquarters," rushing around and attempting to "land the nomination," buttonholing delegates, and dickering back and forth. When the crowd, nearly a thousand strong, finally "assembled," one might well imagine himself transported to the old Mitchell-Fulton days. All the old political war-horses, whom the voters had repudiated over and over again at the party primaries, occupied the front benches on the stage. The legislative agents of the corporations had favored positions and regularly led the applause. The gathering, though called an assembly, followed precisely the routine of the old outlawed convention. It was opened with prayer. There was a temporary chairman, a permanent chairman, each with his set speech;

"JAY" BOWERMAN, WHO, AS CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR, LED THE MACHINE REVOLT LAST FALL AGAINST THE OREGON SYSTEM. HE WAS OVERWHELMINGLY DEFEATED



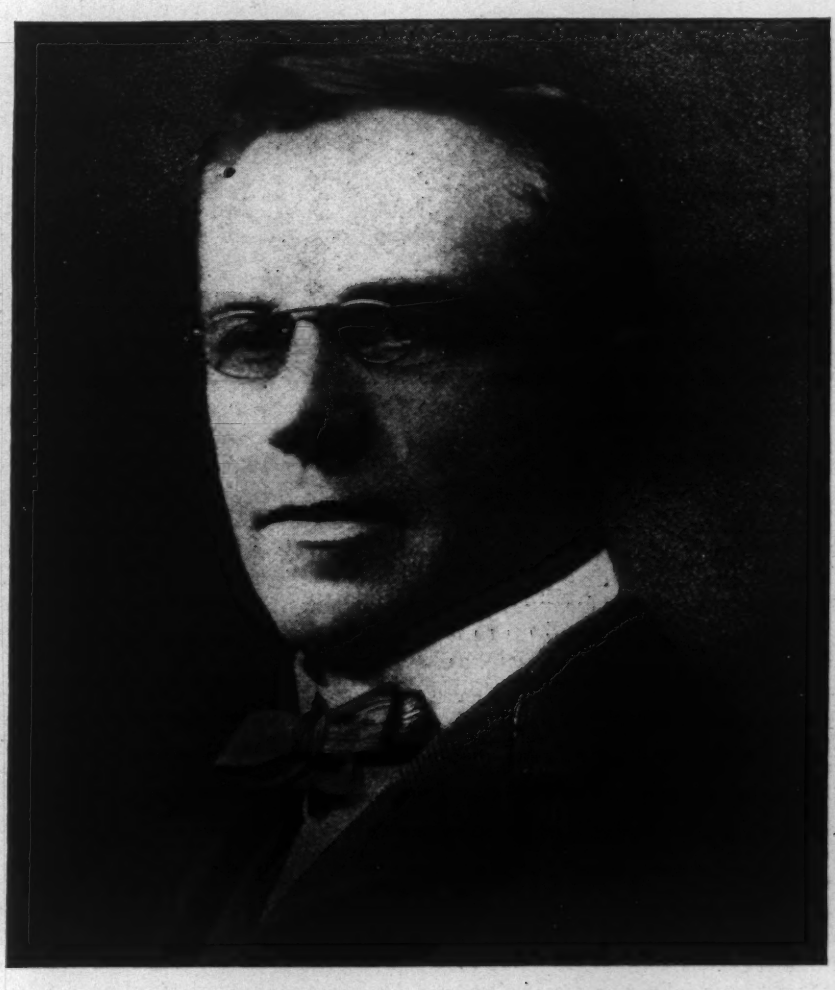
GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN, A DEMOCRAT WHO WAS ELECTED SENATOR FROM AN OVERWHELMINGLY REPUBLICAN STATE. A PRODUCT OF "STATEMENT NO. 1"

and there was an amount of platform gas unusual even in the old days. Here again were the committees on credentials, on permanent organization, and on resolutions. The platform — there had been no political platforms in Oregon for six years — eulogized "our noble party," and referred enthusiastically to "that sterling statesman, William H. Taft." It likewise "viewed with alarm" and "pointed with pride" in most orthodox phraseology. "Just like old times, ain't it?" the delegates would say, nudging each other. The enthusiasm reached its highest pitch when the candidate for Governor, one Jay Bowerman, was escorted to the platform, and, in accepting the "recommendation," congratulated the Republican party of Oregon on its "return to representative government."

Oswald West Decides to Become a Candidate

Evidently this self-appointed assembly regarded itself as the Republican party. But there were forces at work which it little comprehended. The assembly adjourned joyously, organized itself into a parade, and moved with

red fire and brass bands noisily down the main streets of Portland. One of the most interested spectators was a tall, boyish figure, leaning in the darkness against a telegraph pole. This was Oswald West. Mr. West had had some experience in public life. He had been brought up in Salem, the State capital, and, as already noted, had for several years acted as a teller in the leading Salem bank. Here Mr. West had had unusual opportunities for the study of practical politics. Many times, as an official duty, he had had to pay out large rolls in greenbacks to men whom he recognized as legislative lobbyists. Afterward members of the legislature would come into his bank and deposit to their credit these same greenbacks. Often these same legislators would not hesitate to tell the paying teller how they had obtained them. West had afterward moved to Astoria, taken a part in politics, and attracted the favorable attention of Governor Chamberlain, who selected him to clean up the State land office, which for many years had been a scandal. West did the work so expeditiously and acceptably that Chamberlain promoted him to a railroad commissionership. A remarkable improvement in the transportation facilities of Oregon followed; new tracks were laid, new stations built, and important readjustments in rates were made. By the fall of 1910, therefore, Oswald West was generally looked upon as a young man with an important political future. He himself thought that perhaps sometime, many years hence, he might aspire to the governorship; that an opportunity might be immediately forthcoming, however, had hardly occurred to him.



EX-SENATOR CHARLES W. FULTON, LEADER OF THE OLD REPUBLICAN MACHINE, WHOM THE NEW IDEAS HAVE RETIRED TO PRIVATE LIFE

And yet, as he watched this noisy crowd of old political ringsters marching triumphantly through the streets of Portland, already well

THE "EXECUTIVE MANSION" OF OREGON — THE HOME OF GOVERNOR OSWALD WEST

launched in their attempts to regain their old power and undo the work of eight years, the idea occurred to West, Why not now? Probably no similarly favorable opportunity would ever again present itself. All that night West could not sleep, for he was busy formulating his plans. The next morning he walked up to the Secretary of State clerk's office in Salem, and filed his intention of becoming a candidate for the Democratic nomination.

Here, certainly, was a phenomenon peculiar to Oregon. A young man under forty, without money or influential friends, with no political machine, a Democrat in an overwhelmingly Republican State, was quietly determining to win for himself the office of Governor. It is certainly worth while to observe in some detail precisely how West went about gratifying this remarkable ambition. He first got the names of the twenty thousand Democrats in Oregon from the registration lists. To fifteen thousand of these he sent a personal letter, informing them that he would stand as a candidate at the Democratic primaries. Of those whom West addressed, about two thousand replied. The candidate filed their names away in a card-catalogue, and wrote to them again, asking for the names of voters in their localities who were interested in his cause. As these names came in, West filed them in his card-catalogue, this time using red ink. These names constituted his "machine." This machine, however, was not composed of office-holders or politicians, but of citizen voters unselfishly interested in his nomination. The fact that West was widely known in the rural sections helped him greatly. For many years he had been a sheep-herder and a cattle-driver, and had penetrated every section of the State. As a land agent and railroad commissioner, he had likewise traveled all over Oregon, everywhere making friends.

A Hand-Shaking Campaign

West had little difficulty in winning at the primaries, for no candidate of the slightest strength opposed him. At the Republican primaries, Bowerman, the assembly's "recommendation," was also successful. The issues were now sharply drawn. West adopted as his platform the "Oregon system," while Bowerman was clearly in the field to destroy all the reform measures. Both candidates made an energetic personal canvass, though their methods differed considerably. Bowerman went into the towns, welcomed by the local Republican committee and a brass band, met the "leading citizens," and spoke in the local "opera-house." West, on the other hand, went everywhere unheralded. His plan was not so much speech-making — though he did make some speeches; his real purpose was to meet personally as many of the voters as he could. He went into the country sections and small towns, especially where there were no railroads — on horseback, in stage-coaches, occasionally in an automobile. And with him there were no committees, no brass bands, and no parades. He

would come into town unannounced, would walk leisurely up the main street, and wherever he spied a group of people would quietly go up and introduce himself. "My name is West," he would say. "I am the Democratic candidate for Governor. I just dropped in so as to give you a chance to look me over." After shaking hands with the whole group, he would then pass on, and perhaps enter the grocery store, where the village philosophers were invariably assembled. In this fashion West covered nearly the whole of rural Oregon, visiting little towns that had never seen a candidate for Governor before. Nor did he overlook the larger cities. There were few longshoremen in Portland with whom he did not become acquainted. He sometimes had to climb over large piles of freight and flour-sacks on the docks to reach them, but obstructions of this kind seemed to have no terrors for him.

When the time came for balloting, therefore, nearly every voter in Oregon had at least a hand-shaking acquaintance with "Os" West. But there was far more to the campaign than this. The State was aroused as it never had been before. In the minds of the Oregon farmer and workingman, the political salvation of Oregon depended on the result of this election. In order to save the Initiative and Referendum, the Direct Primary, the Recall, the Corrupt Practices Act, and "Statement No. 1," the Republican voters, under the leadership of Jonathan Bourne, who came out strongly for the Democratic candidate, broke over all party lines, sent back once more into retirement all the old bosses, big and little, and elected Oswald West Governor. A few weeks before the election was held, Harvey W. Scott died, and with his death the old régime in Oregon came to an end.

These several instances show how the Oregon democracy, working under the Direct Primary, now selects its candidates for public office. It chooses all its elective officials in this way — not only its United States senators and its Governor, but its congressmen, its legislators, its judges, its mayors, and its officials of local administration. One result is sufficiently clear: the people have absolutely destroyed the old political machine. To what extent, however, has the popular method improved the character and efficiency of Oregon's public men? On this point there is no occasion for unbounded enthusiasm. Political conditions in Oregon are still far from ideal. The great disappointment of the Oregon experiment has been its failure to develop any real, aggressive, disinterested political leadership. Any one who believes that the Direct Primary, in itself, will bring out the best men as candidates for public office, will experience a rude shock when he studies the situation in Oregon. Oregon's two congressmen are certainly unworthy representatives of this energetic and intelligent State. The men elected to the legislature last fall, all candidates under the direct primary, are likewise a rather inferior lot. Oswald West, as Governor, has so far made a good record, but several of his appointments show that he is by no means averse to using the public offices to reward those who have assisted in his election. Whatever faults we may find in Oregon's public men, however, the fact remains that, for the most part, they are of a higher caliber than any the State has ever had before. Ignorant, undisciplined, and narrow-minded as in many instances they may be, they are still, with perhaps a very few exceptions, honest men. In many ways, indeed, Oregon is still politically in the frontier stage. The new measures have remarkably improved the political life of the State, but as yet they have failed of complete success. However, they have not really had a fair trial. The history of the last eight years has been chiefly a struggle with the machine to keep these measures on the statute-books. In nearly every election, that is, the "Oregon system" itself has been the issue. The results show that the people will support a bad man who "stands for" this system against a good man who opposes it. This probably explains the fact that so many "poor sticks" have been elected to the legislature. But last fall's election settled one important point — the "system" is in Oregon to stay. Even the "reactionaries" now accept it, and consequently the new laws will no longer themselves figure as campaign issues. Now that everybody understands this important point, the State will really have a fair opportunity to work out its political salvation.

IN THE OCTOBER McCLURE'S, MR. HENDRICK WILL DESCRIBE THE PRACTICAL WORKINGS OF THE RECALL, AS SHOWN IN THE EXPERIENCES OF LOS ANGELES AND SEATTLE

The Adventures of Miss Gregory

by Perceval Gibbon

Eva

Illustrations by William Hatherell

IT was the merest accident that brought Miss Gregory to enter the dark little church that stands close to the harbor of Odessa, and made her a witness of the whispered interview that took place there between two men in the shadow of the stout wooden pillars. She had gone from her hotel to transact business at the post-office, and, that done, had strolled on down the street, in idle contentment with the company of the throng that shared the pavement with her; and, near the foot of the hill that overlooks the harbor, the church — a dingy little temple for dingy people — had invited her with its open door and the gloom of shadows within. So, in the spirit of a sight-seer willing to miss nothing that is to be seen, she had passed in to look about her.

She was in Odessa as the result of one of those whims which make the record of her travels such exacting reading. Her plan had been to sail for England from Constantinople on one of the Papayani boats; but, before the boat sailed, there had come news from across the Black Sea, of fresh fires rekindling the ashes of revolution, and strange hates and heroisms keying up the life of the sad cities to the pitch of tragedy.

"You see," she told the Consul, when she called on him to arrange about her passport, "I can hardly turn my back on it all. It wouldn't be fair to my book."

The gray-haired Consul frowned slightly. In his early days he too had written a book, and his career had suffered by it.

"Everybody writes books nowadays," he said. "Got something better to do, myself."

Miss Gregory had smiled tolerantly at his reply. *Her* book, she felt, was not of the kind that everybody was qualified to write. There had gone to the framing of it many thousands of miles of travel on salt water and dry earth, much expenditure of humanity and vital force, and not a few breathless moments. A little Russia would round it off neatly, she decided; she had not a moment's doubt that, if things were to happen, they would happen under her steady gray eyes. She had the knack of being by when affairs reached the breaking-point.

So London was telegraphed to for letters of introduction to supplement the broad official passport, and Miss Gregory's friends at home responded generously. After her long sojourn in the East and the South, it was not unpleasant to be again in relation with the current of European life and within reach of the shops; and the introductions made her at home in a wide circle of people of her own class — officials, military folk, and their like. Her handsome gray head and strong pink face had a vogue in local society,— some word or two of her exploits down the Red Sea had trickled through,— and she was mildly lionized. The city was enjoying an interval of tranquillity after a threatened mutiny by the crews of the war-ships in the harbor; not a bomb had stayed the traffic for a month; and the pleasant blond folk of the place were glad of a novelty to occupy their leisure.

But, of all the letters of introduction that came to her, the most fruitful was that which had seemed to promise least. Thinking over her resources, Miss Gregory had remembered a certain shy elderly musician to whom she had once or twice sent pupils. It took an effort of mind to recall his name; he dwelt in the background of her memory as a misty, uncertain figure, white-faced, with brindled hair, bent over a 'cello. He was a Russian, certainly; so a telegram went from Constantinople to him

also, and in reply came a note addressed to one Anton Sandorf, begging him to put himself at Miss Gregory's service for the writer's sake, who was her debtor for much goodness. And it concluded: "You will not let her involve herself, for she is much loved by her friends." Miss Gregory found that a little mysterious, but it became plain when she made the acquaintance of Anton Sandorf.

She presented the letter, one afternoon, trusting to an *istvostchik* to find the place. It turned out to be a gaunt tenement dwelling, thrusting itself high over the roofs of a poor quarter, and showing a front like a cliff to a mean street of small shops. The flat to which she was bound was at the head of many stone stairs, and she arrived at the door panting from the ascent. She paused to get her breath before knocking.

The girl that answered her knock and stood in the doorway looking at her was as trim as Miss Gregory herself — a clean-cut, delicate young person who seemed a day or two too old for a school-girl and a day or so too young for a governess. Miss Gregory tried her in her quaint, precise French.

"Monsieur Anton Sandorf lives here?" she inquired.

"Yes," replied the girl. "You wish to see him?"

"If you please," said Miss Gregory, and the girl made way for her to enter the flat.

There was a little hall with a little kitchen at the end of it; Miss Gregory had a glimpse of it before the girl opened another door.

"Enter, Madame," she invited, and called to somebody within: "Anton, one seeks you."

The room occupied the whole side of the flat, with three windows upon the street, for the Russian believes in elbow room. Miss Gregory passed from the dark hall to its full light, and thought for a moment that the girl had made a mistake and shown her into an empty room. But an exclamation and a disturbance among some rugs upon a couch made her aware that she was not alone.

"Who is it?" demanded a voice, and there came into view a thin hatchet face with wild hair above it, staring at her over the edge of a rug as from a bed. It darkened as it dwelt upon her, and made some remark in emphatic Russian.

"I have a letter of introduction," explained Miss Gregory, in French still, and gave the name of the writer of the letter. "But I fear I am disturbing you."

"It's not that," said Anton Sandorf, preparing to rise. "It is Eva — she makes a spectacle of me. But Madame will pardon."

He showed himself as a small man, grotesquely hunchbacked, with a tiny body below his deformity and a large, drooping head above. He gave her a chair, and stood to one side to read the letter she produced for him.

While he read, Miss Gregory had an opportunity to look about her. The great room was very bare, but a grand piano at one end of it and a large writing-table heaped with a wild confusion of papers gave it the atmosphere of occupation which fills a room more potently than any amplitude of furniture. The walls, too, were well covered, mostly with little canvases unframed and sketches held in place by drawing-pins. Among them a few colored cartoons from German papers were conspicuous, and opposite Miss Gregory, on the plaster of the wall itself, some one had drawn in charcoal, and with a certain dashing skill, the flat profile of some immensely fat man with huge shoulders blotting out the neck.

Anton Sandorf read the letter to an end, seemed to consider for a moment, and then turned to Miss Gregory with a smile that lit up the hollows of his brooding face.

"Then," he said, in her own language, "it appears you are English?"

"Certainly," said Miss Gregory.

He laughed. "I thought you were German," he said. "You speak French just like a German. But you shall be very welcome here. An' now I will call the little beast Eva, an' there shall be a revenge. She shows people in to me without warning; I have no chance to be polite. She is English, too."

"The — the young lady who came to the door?" inquired Miss Gregory.

"Yes," said Anton Sandorf; "the little Eva."

He pulled open the door and shouted, and the girl made her appearance in the full light of the three windows. She was charmingly, delicately young, Miss Gregory perceived; she had the very primness and fragility of some spring flower.

"Eva," said Sandorf, in French, "you can arrange to receive a pupil for lessons in English?"

"But certainly," said the girl promptly. Nevertheless, she cast a glance of vague trepidation in the direction of Miss Gregory's strong dignity.

"Madame is the friend of our friend Constantin," said Sandorf, and passed her the letter. "Read what he says."

The girl read, while Sandorf watched her with delighted malice. Miss Gregory looked on smiling at the small comedy.

"But," said Eva, "he says you *are* English?"

Sandorf burst into ecstatic laughter. "*Voyons!*" he cried. "The little Eva's first pupil—and Eva can teach her nothing. I must tell Andreitch that."

Eva smiled reluctantly, and tossed the letter back to him.

"You see," she said to Miss Gregory, with a touch of awkwardness, "Constantin sends you to us because he thinks we shall amuse you. But we're not always such idiots; it's only Anton's foolishness."

Anton Sandorf combined a smile at Miss Gregory and a grimace at the girl in one extraordinary contortion of his long, mobile face.

"At any rate," he said, "we are most glad to see you; you must believe that. And, if Eva can manage it, we will give you tea."

The pair of them, the strange, deformed man and the pretty, prim girl, made a business of giving her a welcome. They were like a couple of brilliant children about her, sparring perfunctorily and half affectionately at each other, and treating her with a sort of gentle freedom that did not lack charm. The name of Andreitch was mentioned once or twice, and when at last the samovar and the tea-glasses made their appearance, Miss Gregory demanded information.

"A GREAT BULK WHICH SHE RECOGNIZED AS ORLOFF"

"But tell me," she asked, "who is Andreitch?"

Anton Sandorf shot out a great, flat hand toward the girl.

"Andreitch?" he said. "He is the — what you call — master of the house. And that is Madame Andreitch."

"Eh? You are married?" inquired Miss Gregory, in surprise. The girl was really so little more than a child. She answered the question with a promptness that was half defiant.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I — I hope you will see my husband. He will be in soon."

"That will be very nice." Miss Gregory, for some reason, was a little touched. It occurred to her that here, after all her adventures, she had come upon the real adventurer. This neat, reserved child, stamped with the seal of secure English middle-class life, had married her man and linked herself to his life in the harsh, barbarous outskirts of Europe, and exchanged the playfellows of her home for this gaunt cripple with the bitter, wry mouth, and eyes of a faithful dog.

"As for me," Sandorf was saying, "I am the lodger. I suffer many inconveniences, but I am patient. It is a hard life for me."

"Don't you believe him!" cried the girl. "Last night he was working — at the piano, you know — till four o'clock, when Pavel, my husband, went in and stopped him. He always talks like this when any one comes."

Sandorf grinned, and Miss Gregory laughed outright. The peep-show view of their ménage which they disclosed to her was altogether consistent with the childishness of the little wife; she could imagine it diversified with a hundred rather charming little contretemps and difficulties, small domestic adventures of inexperienced housewifery. It was all so innocent and playful, she thought; it would make a good, light touch in her book. Later, when she came to write of it, she remembered her first conclusions, and shuddered.

Soon the husband came in and joined them, a dark, thin young man with a sensitive, enthusiastic face. It was evident that the young couple had not been long married, for they were even yet a little shy of each other under the eyes of strangers. It was only in moments of unconsciousness that their eyes traveled together and met, to fall asunder again in sharp constraint. But Andreitch was not less cordial than the others in his welcome of Miss Gregory. Indeed, if there was one quality more than another that made her hosts remarkable, it was the gentleness and kindliness which was common to all three of them, a sort of simplicity that made Miss Gregory wonder and feel abashed at her own capacity for harshness.

"THE GIRL WAS DRAWING PAPERS FROM THE TRUNK, TEARING SOME AND PUTTING OTHERS ASIDE FOR BURNING"

"You will come again?" Andreitch asked, when it came time for her to take her leave. "You will surely come? It will be so pleasant for us."

"Miss Gregory will come to see me, then," asserted Anton Sandorf. "It is upon me she has called. It is so, Madame?"

"At any rate, I will come," Miss Gregory promised.

Anton Sandorf came down the stairs with her to call a *droschky* and give the driver the direction of her hotel. As the turning of the stairs hid the door of the flat from them, he lifted his thin, deep-lined face with a sidelong smile.

"*Eh bien?*" he asked. "Have we bored you, Madame?"

"No," said Miss Gregory. "Why?"

"Perhaps our dear Constantin, whose letter you brought, told you of us? Or of me? Surely he told you something?"

They were at an angle of the stairs, where the only light came from the deep well between the iron banisters. Sandorf came to a stop as he spoke, and Miss Gregory paused likewise.

"I'm afraid not," she answered. "Should he have told me something?"

He inspected her grave, handsome face for a space of seconds before he replied.

"That is what I wonder," he said. "We are glad to see you — very glad and very happy. But it is not like our dear Constantin, there in London, to send you to us simply — well, as he might tell a tourist to visit a gallery. Because we do some strange things."

The very sweetness of courtesy was in all his tone and his manner — it was not possible to be affronted; but Miss Gregory was a little puzzled.

"I should be sorry if I thought I were taking advantage of your friendship for Monsieur Constantin," she answered. "Still, I'm hardly a tourist, you know. I'm traveling, and I'm writing a book, and —— "

"A book!" exclaimed Sandorf. "Ah, *c'est une autre affaire*. I comprehend. Madame, shall I apologize? But I was *sure* our dear Constantin would not send us a tourist."

"No apology necessary," Miss Gregory assured him. "That's quite all right."

Sandorf bowed. "A book," he repeated. "But that is charming. We are all artists together, then. Besides Madame, there is Eva, the little Eva, with a voice like a friendly little bird; and me, I am a composer; and Andreitch abuses a violin so that it would make you ill. We will make music for you some evening — not?"

"I should be delighted," answered Miss Gregory, a little thrilled at this swift, unquestioning recognition of her literary quality. "But I wish you would tell me something about yourselves. You know — you're rather unexpected."

"So?" Sandorf laughed. His whimsical cripple's face could express a very personal charm. "Is it Eva?" he asked. "She is wonderful, is she not? A little Englishwoman who will always be a little Englishwoman — remote, a prig, a fanatic for the conventions, but strong and faithful for ever. Wonderful! She was a nursery governess to two stupid babies, when Andreitch found her and took her into his hands; and now she teaches us all to wipe our boots on the mat and not to drop cigarette ash upon our knees. And by degrees we improve; we become gentlemen."

"I see," said Miss Gregory.

"We can show you nothing more marvelous," said Sandorf. "But, still — you would like to meet some of our — our comrades?"

He hesitated on the last word, and Miss Gregory put it down to a momentary hitch in his English.

"I should like it very much," she assured him. "Very much indeed."

"For instance," he suggested, "there is Orloff."

"Orloff," repeated Miss Gregory. "You don't mean *the* Orloff? The Anarchist, you know?"

At that time there had come again into the light of Russian revolutionary politics a veteran of the country's unrest, a human mole, living commonly below the social surface and emerging to the light only to let loose forces of violence and disorder. The name of Orloff had had a sinister prominence since the early days of Nihilism; it had been spoken doubtfully in those years when the Tsar Alexander II dodged his death by mine and pistol and bomb, and more certainly of later years in Italy and London. The man had been trapped by the authorities more than once. He had escaped from Siberia, and it was said his evasion had been winked at in return for disclosures he had made. To mention him was to invoke the blood-stained past of Russia.

"Not Orloff the Anarchist?" said Miss Gregory.

"That's the man," said Sandorf. "He isn't an Anarchist, though. But perhaps you don't understand the difference. Still, your book. You would like to meet him?"

"I should like it, of all things," replied Miss Gregory. "This is really wonderful luck. He comes to your flat, then?"

"Sometimes," said Sandorf. "It is easily arranged. He is a gentle creature, and Eva is very fond of him. She keeps slippers for him to put on, because he always gets his feet wet."

Miss Gregory stared. "Good Lord!" she said. "That little thing! I hope — I *do* hope — she won't get into any trouble through knowing this man."

"I hope not, too," replied Sandorf, and made a motion to resume the descent of the stairs.

He put Miss Gregory into her *droschky* and gave the name of her hotel to the cabman.

"Our dear Constantin shall be satisfied that we have treated you well," were his last words, as the *istvostchik* woke his skinny beast and started off.

"Our dear Constantin," said Miss Gregory to herself, looking back at the distorted figure standing by the curb, "is evidently a man with a past."

Such had been the commencement of an intercourse that ripened, as it grew, into strong interest and some liking on both sides. It was a compliment to the Andreitch couple and to Anton Sandorf — if they had only known how to esteem it — that Miss Gregory, the figure of the moment in Odessa, withdrew herself so willingly from elaborate hospitalities to spend afternoons and evenings in the curious disorder of their flat. By degrees their function in the world became apparent to her. She met, in the big room where Sandorf's piano was, earnest persons of both sexes, always young, whose presence enlightened her. She had heard of old, and now remembered, accounts of that curious altruism which infects the young men and women of Russia like a delayed measles of the mind. It makes them not only sympa-

thizers with, but partakers of, the lot of the people; it sends young aristocrats to hunt their ideals in factories and slums. To Andreitch's flat in one evening came a dock-laborer who had discovered Christianity, and a wan, consumptive princess who spoke in a flat, weary voice of dynamite as a panacea for social wrongs.

"I can understand," wrote Miss Gregory in her diary, at this period, "that talking of massacres may relieve one's feelings. There are times when thinking of it relieves mine. I don't object to Eva playing with fire; but I do object to her playing with a police-court charge."

And then, one evening, when all was going forward in its usual manner, there appeared Orloff.

The room was full when he came. Sandorf had played them his latest composition, sitting bunched up at the keyboard of the big piano with an unwonted vagueness of countenance, and talk had resumed with a double force when his music ceased. He came round from the piano and sat upon the couch beside Miss Gregory.

"You are tired?" she asked him, for he seemed limp and spent.

"Not tired," he answered. "Only I spend much of myself when I play. *Then* this seems grotesque — that people should waste themselves so, when there is art for them to love."

The door had opened, but Miss Gregory was not looking at it.

"I think so, too," she was saying, when Sandorf put his hand on her arm, all his lassitude suddenly gone.

"See," he said. "There he is — Orloff."

"Orloff." The young people were flocking about the man who had entered, and Miss Gregory stood up to see him. He came through them slowly, like some vast and ponderous vessel shouldering through flotsam, and she had a view of the man whose great, fat-laden face was sketched in charcoal on the wall. He was huge to the point of unwieldiness, an immense, clumsy carcass of a man, ballooning along on shapeless short legs. The terrible wire-puller of innumerable revolutions, the author of murders and outrages past counting, breathed heavily and smiled with a fatuous amiability about him as he made his ungainly way to the chair that Andreitch thrust forward for him.

"So that is the great Orloff," said Miss Gregory. "The public should be armed with harpoons."

"Here is Eva with the slippers," remarked Sandorf.

Miss Gregory found the spectacle disagreeable. There was a sort of indecency in the sight of the trim English girl at the fat man's feet, aiding him to rid himself of his patched boots. He patted her blond head benignly, and spoke in Russian to those around him. ("His very voice is fat," was Miss Gregory's comment subsequently.) At his touch Eva looked up, smiling; she had the attitude of a docile and loving daughter.

Presently Sandorf presented Miss Gregory to the great man. He did not rise to take her hand, but contented himself with looking up blandly and emitting a kind of rich chuckle from the recesses of his being. His great, shapeless hand enveloped hers flabbily.

"Engleesh?" he said. "Ah, ver' good — ver' good. Engleesh lady — ver' good."

He had not the gift of tongues, and transmitted a heavy compliment through Sandorf. Miss Gregory received it stonily.

"You are disappointed — not?" asked Sandorf, when the audience was over and they had made way for the others who pressed about Orloff. "He is not what you looked for?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Gregory. "I rather expected he'd be beastly, and he is."

The hunchback smiled at her. "And yet," he said, "there are few here to-night, and none that I can think of, who wouldn't die for him. So perhaps 'beastly' is not the word."

"Die for him!" Miss Gregory repeated the phrase scornfully. "For some principle, perhaps, or some feather-headed idea. But not for him."

Sandorf only smiled.

"Would you?" asked Miss Gregory suddenly.

"I?" he answered her simply. "Yes, of course," he said. "Some day perhaps I shall. I am quite ready."

Miss Gregory looked at him steadily. He did not cease to smile under her examination, but there was a disconcerting earnestness about him none the less.

"You see," he said, "Orloff — he has seen and done so much. A great deal depends on him. He is worth a hundred of me."

"My dear boy," said Miss Gregory, "I wouldn't sell your little finger for a thousand Orloffs."

Sandorf laughed. "A woman to perceive a man's value," he said. "I kiss your hands, Miss Gregory."

"Don't dare," said Miss Gregory.

She went away soon after that, bearing with her the memory of Orloff like a bad taste in the mouth. The sight of Eva at his feet, of Andreitch leaning over the back of his chair, of all the young men and girls gathered about him, attentive and admiring, filled her with disgust. It was not only that she felt no sympathy for gentlemen whose trade is with fulminate of

mercury put up in small parcels for every-day use, but all that was clean and eupeptic in her composition revolted at the lumbering, plethoric flesh of the man. The evil impression she carried away with her was even strong enough to restrain her from visiting the flat as frequently as of old; and on the day when the open door of the humble little church, yawning dark below a spherical dome of crude sky-blue, dotted with yellow stars, invited her to enter, she had not seen Sandorf and his friends for nearly a week.

The church had little to offer her besides its shadows and its dust. She strolled idly to the rails of the altar, and made a perfunctory examination of the candle-stands and the ikons, and then she would have gone again to the street and its agreeable, busy variety. But, as she turned, she saw a man enter and slip at once into the side aisle between the thick pillars, and something of haste and precaution in his movements attracted her attention. Miss Gregory had an instinct for those trifles that are the germ of history. She paused on her way to the door, and found herself a retreat, among the pillars at the other side of the church, where she could wait enveloped by shadows and spy upon anything that was due to happen.

She had not long to wait. She saw the hidden man glancing forth, keeping an eye upon the door by which he had entered, and once he drew out his watch and consulted it.

"Ah," reflected Miss Gregory. "It's an appointment, then. If it's a woman, I'll go."

Next instant she frowned in sudden perplexity. Through the door of the church, waddling clumsily, and making comical and tragic efforts to move furtively and with discretion, came a great bulk which she recognized as Orloff. It was not a figure about which any mistake was possible. Peering around her pillar, she even had a view of his big, flat face, with a staircase of chins creased over his collar, as he too vanished into the side aisle where the first man waited.

"Now, that's funny," said Miss Gregory.

The two were hidden from her. From time to time she could hear the faint noise of whispering, in which no words were distinguishable. The rest was but the stillness and mustiness of the church and the muffled sounds of the street. In later years, when she recalled that scene, there returned always the stale odor of candles guttering at a stand of ikons, and the feeling of ancient grime on all she touched.

She stood perhaps a quarter of an hour, thinking and doubting; and then, upon an impulse, walked forth from her hiding-place and crossed the church without concealment. "It's a public place," she told herself. The two men heard her coming, and, when she approached within sight of them, they presented the appearance of inhuman detachment and offhandedness which is usual to people whose privacy is surprised. Orloff was leaning against a pillar, with his hands clasped over the circumference of his stomach, his face torpid and benign. His companion stood a couple of paces from him, ill at ease and impatient; and Miss Gregory, passing serenely between them, took occasion to examine him. A man in civilian clothes that fitted him ill, she saw; a narrow, intolerant face; a way of standing with the shoulders braced back that would have rendered any disguise futile to so shrewd and experienced an eye as Miss Gregory's. The whole person of the man bespoke the promoted policeman; the official cloth itself could hardly have distinguished him more clearly.

"Ah, M'sieur Orloff," said Miss Gregory coolly. "*Vous voilà?*"

The huge man blinked at her placidly, immovable, portentous.

"Engleesh lady?" he said in his thick voice. "Yais; ver' good."

He said something in Russian to his companion, who lifted his hat to Miss Gregory and answered in the same tongue. The situation was short-circuited, as it were, by the fact that they could not speak to each other. Orloff did not move; he merely smiled sleepily, and the other man waited. There was no more to do.

"Well," said Miss Gregory, "this is rather a bore, isn't it?" She smiled politely on the pair of them. "I'll leave you to your business, then, eh?"

The man whom she recognized as a policeman lifted his hat again as she went, and, pausing at the door, she turned and saw that he was looking after her. His head stuck out between the pillars as from a window; he looked more like a policeman than ever.

She lost no time in finding a *droschky*, and, in spite of some difficulty in making the driver understand her, she lost little time in getting to the home of the Andreitch pair. Sandorf, however, was out, and this disconcerted her, for she had prepared herself to reveal the matter to him. It was another thing to speak of it to Eva and her husband.

It was Andreitch who opened the door and let her in.

"Ah, Miss Gregory," he said, and seemed to hesitate an instant. "Come in, come in," he invited. "Eva is here, and you will forgive us if we are a little busy, will you not?"

"Yes," said Miss Gregory. "I wouldn't disturb you, but if Monsieur Sandorf is not here I must tell you something I came to tell him."

"Certainly," smiled Andreitch, and let her pass before him into the large room.

The comfortable disorder that was native to the room was increased now by a couple of trunks, between which knelt Eva, on a floor littered with papers. The little stove was piled with the black ash of other papers which had been burned; and, as Miss Gregory entered, the girl was drawing papers from the trunk, one by one, tearing some and putting others aside for burning.

"You've heard, then?" cried Miss Gregory.

Both Andreitch and his wife looked at her with startled eyes.

"Heard — what?" demanded Andreitch.

"You must have heard," said Miss Gregory, "or why are you burning papers?"

Eva and her husband glanced at each other. Miss Gregory was feeling a certain agitation, but she could not fail to notice the fellowship and understanding of the glance by which each consulted the other.

"We burn our papers from time to time," Andreitch said. "They accumulate and get lost, and some of them might get us into trouble."

"Then burn the lot," cried Miss Gregory forcibly. "Burn the lot at once! What do you think I've just seen? I came to tell Sandorf at once. There's treachery going on."

Andreitch interrupted her in his gentle voice. "But sit down," he urged. "You are upset. You mustn't stand."

Miss Gregory impatiently took the chair he offered. Their caution, their tranquillity, struck her as wooden, and she was conscious of an irritable wish to startle them. She leaned forward in her chair, while Eva knelt between the trunks and watched her face with serious eyes, and Andreitch stood beside her, frowning thoughtfully. She told them of what she had seen in the little church, of the furtive interview between the two men, of the unmistakable quality of the policeman. She made her points strongly, for their stillness put her on her mettle.

"So, now, you see what is going on," she concluded.

The husband and wife looked at each other again, and a smile passed between them.

"Dear Miss Gregory," said Andreitch then, "it was very kind of you to come and tell us. We know how good you are. But as to Orloff — you are mistaken."

"I saw him, I tell you," cried Miss Gregory. "And I know a policeman when I see one."

"I'm sure you do," agreed Andreitch soothingly. "But you are still mistaken. It isn't treachery. We know all about it. It was the little Peter Church, was it not? Yes; we know all about that."

Miss Gregory stared at them. What they knew she did not ask. They had not seen, as she had, the circumstances of the interview, its dark, cautious character. She rose impetuously.

"It was Anton Sandorf I came to see," she said. "He has glimmerings of reason. I'll come again this evening and talk to him."

"Not this evening," said Andreitch. "Not this evening, please. Anton won't be here this evening."

"To-morrow, then," said Miss Gregory. "I don't suppose twelve hours matters. But I've warned you, and I've one other thing to say."

"Yes?"

Miss Gregory pointed to Eva, who had begun her work among the papers again. At her gesture the girl stopped, startled, like a child convicted of sin.

"You know your own business," said Miss Gregory. "But you've no right to lead a child like that into danger. She's not a Russian, either; she's English. So, if you've any sense of your responsibility, you'll let me take her back with me to my hotel till this affair — whatever it is — is blown over. She'll be safe with me, and I don't think she's safe with you, by any means."

Andreitch smiled. "I don't think so, either," he said softly. "Take her, by all means, Miss Gregory."

Kneeling on the floor, Eva laughed.

"He's joking, Miss Gregory," she said. "He knows I won't go. But thank you ever so much, all the same."

"Well," said Miss Gregory, "we can talk of it again. To-morrow I will come to see Monsieur Sandorf."

She would have gone then, but, to her surprise, both stayed her to bid her an elaborate farewell. Andreitch kissed her hand, and Eva her face, and both stood at the door, the girl within the man's arm, and called adieux and smiled after her till the bend in the stair interposed.

"One would imagine," thought Miss Gregory, "that they were never going to see me again."

Miss Gregory was before all things a woman of the world, equipped with self-possession against emotional surprises. She placed a meager value on caresses as a means of intercourse; but somehow the tenderness of that farewell in the flat stuck in her mind like a splinter. She dined out that evening, and took nourishment with a naval officer who had been blown up in the *Petropavlosk* at one elbow, and a girl-faced, dandified Secretary of the administration at the other. They talked of the relative merits of vingt and bridge as occupations for mature minds; and even this did not avail to wipe her memory clear of its troublesome

impression that danger threatened the gentle, kindly lives in the flat and that the girl's good-by kiss had been a portent.

It stayed with her through the night, that vague apprehension of evil; so that when, toward noon, she drove to the flat again, and found that the night had swept its occupants away, she was scarcely astonished. A policeman at the foot of the stairs, others on the way up, made things clear to her, and she was not allowed to enter the flat. A curt, unyielding officer was brought out to confirm the prohibition. Miss Gregory insisted on his taking her card, and her name had its effect. He remained curt, but yielded. And she looked again on the sitting-room, now strange and tragic to her eyes as three deft men worked through on a search for hidden things. They had already pulled Sandorf's piano to pieces; the wreck of it was like a slaughter. But they could tell her nothing save that there had been a raid and a dozen dangerous creatures had been trapped.

Three women, the police officer had said, were among the captures. Miss Gregory thought of Eva, and felt a little sick. The farewell had been final, after all.

Quite final, it seemed. In the days that followed, Miss Gregory came to think with some awe of the vastness and power of the machine that had drawn those poor children in. At the back of it, supplemented by a military tribunal of indefinite functions, worked the dread processes of the "administrative order," in virtue of which a man or any number of men may be made to vanish as if they had never existed, and nobody can be called to account for it. She tried to see the unfortunates in prison, to write to them, to learn something of their fate — all to no purpose. A smiling civility met her on all hands. Everybody was disposed to help her, but nobody could. High up in the scheme of things, somebody had let loose a force which blotted Eva, Andreitch, and the rest from the light of the sun, and left only the memory of them to those who could preserve it.

It took time to conquer Miss Gregory's faith that something could be done in the affair — a matter of weeks. But at last she was baffled. She had done all that was possible, and there was no more left to do. She might not have persisted so long but for her steadfast belief that any human transaction will in the end round itself off and explain itself to the truly patient observer. This one seemed to be the exception; and she prepared for her departure from Odessa, and its ugliness and its cruelty, in discouragement and weariness of heart.

The afternoon before her departure saw her sitting on a bench in a square that takes the back-wash of a busy street's traffic. She had lost her taste for the big salons and the people she met there, and was content to see the last of the city in solitude. She was thinking rather ruefully of the passage by steamboat the length of the Mediterranean which she had sacrificed to her whim to learn the taste of Russia, when some one passing behind her touched her on the shoulder. She turned spiritedly to repel boarders, and uttered a little cry at sight of the lean, hollow-cheeked face of the hunchback Sandorf.

"You!" she cried. "And I thought all of you were dead."

She broke off short. She had not noticed, in the moment's shock of surprise, that there was another man with him, a hugely corpulent man who waited a few paces off.

"Ah, Miss Gregory," said Sandorf, "we are all that are left."

But Miss Gregory had no eyes for the fever of his countenance and the depths of sorrow in his voice. She was staring at Orloff grimly.

"That man," she said, with a rasp in her tone, "betrayed them! He murdered them — Eva and the others. Did you know that? He sold them to the police. I saw him do it! Why are you in his company?"

Anton Sandorf shrugged one misshapen shoulder, with a weary little smile. The weeks since she had last seen him had left marks upon him. A cripple before, he was a wreck now, thin and feeble and wasted.

"I was told," he said. "I came home that night just in time to be captured with the others, and they were telling me when the police came how you had called to warn us. You wouldn't believe then that you were mistaken. Poor Orloff is not a traitor."

"Not a traitor!" repeated Miss Gregory scornfully. "What is he, then? A martyr?"

"Something of the kind," said Anton Sandorf. "But let us all sit down and I will tell you, if you like. It will make a strange matter for your book."

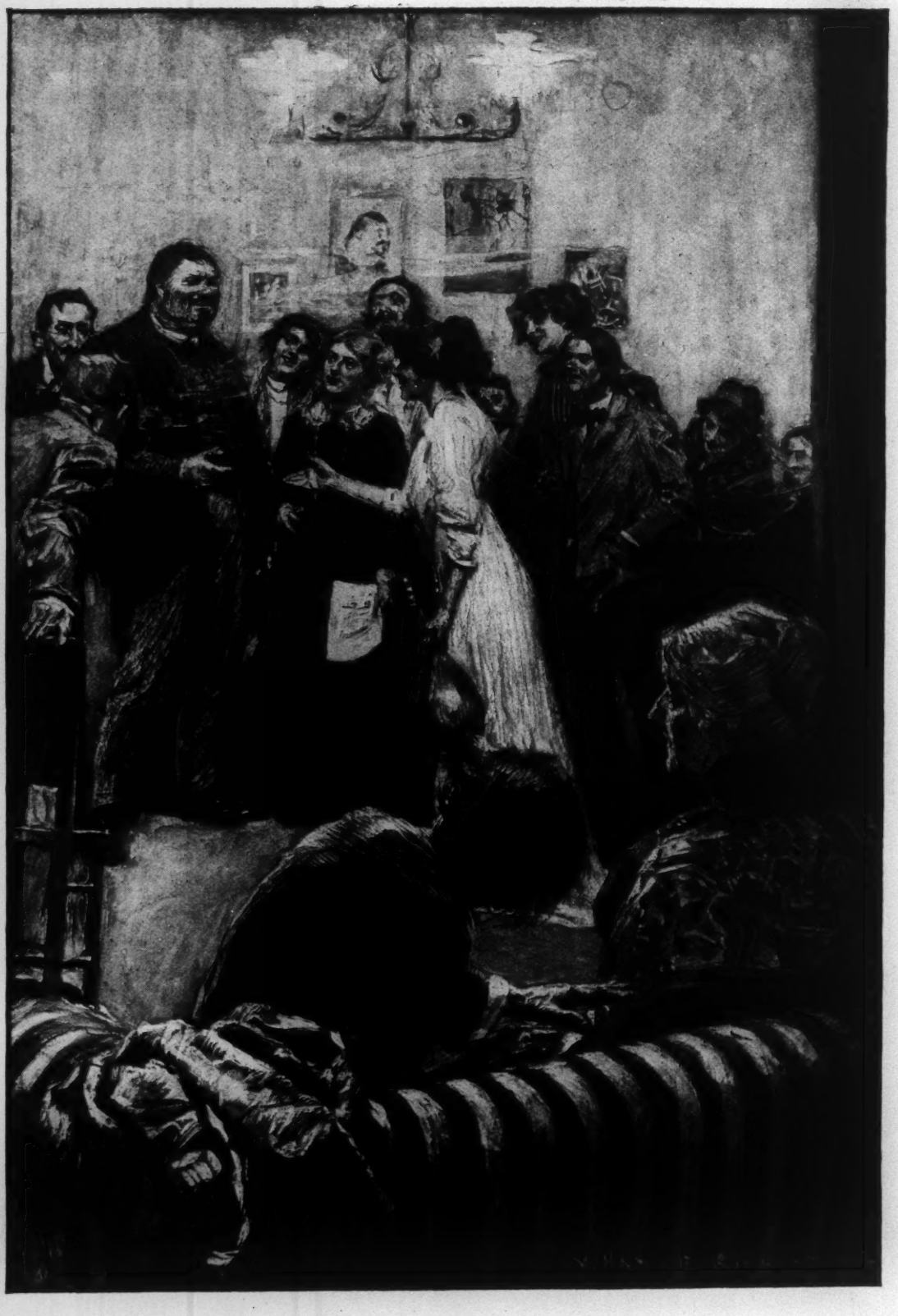
"I don't like sitting down with that man," said Miss Gregory. "Still, as you say, there's the book."

A passer-by would hardly have turned his head to look at them as they sat on the bench, two men and a woman in conversation. Sandorf placed himself between the others. At his left, Orloff clasped his shapeless hands on his stomach and seemed to doze.

"Tell me first," asked Miss Gregory, "are any of them dead?"

But Sandorf shook his head. "I don't know," he answered. "There were nine of us in the flat when the police came, and they put us together into a van and drove us to the prison. There was time there for our adieux, and then

"THE GIRL READ, WHILE SANDORF WATCHED HER WITH DELIGHTED MALICE"



"'SEE,' HE SAID. 'THERE HE IS — ORLOFF'"

we were shut up separately and saw each other no more. Even when they took me before the court, none of the others were present, and I could hear nothing of them. They let me go, you see; Orloff vouched for me. They have not let any of the others go."

"Ah," said Miss Gregory, drawing in her breath. "Orloff didn't vouch for them."

Anton Sandorf sighed. "That was the arrangement," he said. "I will tell you all about it. You see, we had formed a little — er — society; we called it the League of Youth. There are many societies nowadays. People are tired of the shame and injustice of this country, and they join themselves into societies to argue about it. It is because arguing does not help that Andreitch formed our League, and our affair was mainly to help those who are risking their lives to make matters better. You understand?"

"You helped Nihilists, eh? Well, go on."

"At first," Sandorf continued, "we didn't do much. We did not know how to work, and we wasted time and money. It was Eva that suggested we should find some old hand of the revolution to put us in the right way — little Eva. She loved us all, even me. And so — and so at last we found a man whose name was spoken before we were born, a man who has seen the beginning and end of many revolts, the greatest of all the veterans of this war of ours. It was Orloff."

Miss Gregory glanced across him. The veteran was breathing hard, with swollen lids lowered over his small eyes.

"It was Orloff," repeated Sandorf. "We could not have found a better man. He is at the heart of things, a man holding the string of many movements in his hands. The very police are baffled by him; they no longer know for certain on which side he is — for them or against them. Just now they are sure he is for them; they pay him a salary. Soon they will be wiser. Well, he took our League, and in a week we were in relations with some others, here in this city, who had a great and dangerous work in hand. We had our part in it, under his guidance. He furnished us with inspiration, with energy, with cunning. All was going well, and in another month things would have been ready for the — er — the demonstration. And then suddenly we became aware that the police were watching us.

"It doesn't matter how we learned it; the fact was certain. It was a very terrible danger. It meant that not only might we be seized, to disappear in Siberia or in graves,— as Eva and Andreitch have disappeared,— but the fine work we had done might go for nothing. That was a thing we could not bear to think of. It was Eva that saw the way out. She proposed it to us one evening, standing beside Orloff's chair with her little hand upon his shoulder, while he listened to her as if he would go into a fit. 'We are just flies on the wheel,' she told us, 'we boys and girls. But this is the wheel' — and she patted him on the shoulder. 'Our wheels must not be broken,' she said — she spoke such pretty Russian; it made tears come in my eyes. 'So the easy way out of this trouble is for Father Orloff, here, to go to the police and denounce us all.'"

"Good *Lord!*" ejaculated Miss Gregory. "What a — what an appalling thing! And the man agreed, of course?"

Sandorf's look made it apparent that he was being very patient with her.

"You will write it all wrong in your book if you do not put that idea away from you," he warned her. "He agreed — yes. We all agreed, and at last we brought him to agree, too. But it was a horrible time. He sat in his arm-chair with his face behind his hands, crying out loud like a baby, and the tears ran between his fingers. It was laughable and frightful to see — he was so fat, and in such torment."

He made a gesture with his thin hands as if he would brush the memory from him, and for some seconds he sat staring at the ground between his feet. The torpid bulk of Orloff did not stir.

"So *that* was it," said Miss Gregory, drawing a deep breath. A hundred trifles recurred to her mind that bore out the tale. "So that was really it."

Sandorf nodded. "Yes," he said. "But watch for a month or two. The wheel is not broken, you see. Eva saved it, and not for nothing. Watch and you will see."

Miss Gregory shook her head. "Ah," she said. "But Eva — Eva."

Sandorf gave her a slow look and rose. He touched Orloff and roused him, and the veteran Nihilist heaved to his feet. Outwardly he was yet placid, benign, a soul smothered under a mass of blubber. Miss Gregory gaped at him in a kind of horror, dimly apprehending the dynamic spirit that wrought in that unsightly envelop. His dull eye rested on her peaceably.

"Engleesh lady," he articulated. "Ver' good — ver' good."

"Watch," said Sandorf again. "Eva — I know. But watch."

He touched Orloff again on the arm and they departed together. From her seat Miss Gregory watched the strange pair, the writhen hunchback and the elephantine minister of dynamite, pass from the Square into the throng of the street.

"I will watch," said Miss Gregory, as they disappeared. "But I ought to inform the police."

The Walrus and the Carpenter

by Kathleen Norris

Author of "The Last Carolan," "The Measure of Margaret Coppered," etc.

Illustrations by David Robinson

THROUGH the tremulous beauty of the California woods, in the silent April afternoon, came Sammy Peneyre, riding Clown. The horse chose his own way on the corduroy road, for the rider was lost in dreams. Clown was a lean old dapple gray so far advanced in years and ailments that when Doctor Peneyre had bought him, the year before, the dealer had felt constrained to remark:

"He's better'n he looks, Doc'. You'll get your seven dollars' worth out of him yet!"

To which the Doctor had amiably responded:

"Your saying so makes me wonder if I *will*, Joe. However, I'll have my boy groom him and feed him, and we'll see!"

But, as Clown had stubbornly refused to respond to grooming and feeding, he was, like other despised and discarded articles, voted by the Peneyre family quite good enough for Sammy, and Sammy accepted him gratefully.

The spirit of spring was affecting them both to-day — a brilliant day after long weeks of rain. Sammy whistled softly. Clown coquetted with the bit, danced under the touch of the whip, and finally took the steep mountain road with such convulsive springs as jolted his rider violently from dreams.

"Why, you fool, are you trying to run away?" said Sammy, suddenly alive to the situation. The road here was a mere shelf on the slope of the mountain, constantly used by descending lumber teams, and dangerous at all times. A runaway might easily be fatal. Sammy pulled at the bit; but, at the first hard tug, the old bridle gave way, and Clown, maddened by a stinging blow from the loose flying end of the strap, bolted blindly ahead.

Terrified now, Sammy clung to the pommel and shouted. The trees flew by; great clods of mud were flung up by the horse's feet. From far up the road could be heard the creaking of a lumber team and the crack of the lumberman's long whip.

"My Lord!" said Sammy aloud, in a curious calm, "we'll never pass *that!*"

And then, like a flash, it was all over. Clown, suddenly freed from his rider, galloped violently for a moment, stopped, snorted suspiciously, galloped another twenty feet, and stood still, his broken bridle dangling rakishly over one eye. Sammy, dragged from the saddle at the crucial instant to the safety of Anthony Cunningham's arms, as he brought his own horse up beside her, wriggled to the ground.

"That was surely going some!" said Anthony, breathing hard. "Hurt?"

"No-o!" said Sammy. But she leaned against the tall, big fellow, as he stood beside her, and was glad of his arm about her shoulders.

They had known each other by sight for years, but this was the first speech between them. Anthony suddenly realized that the Doctor's youngest daughter, with her shy dark eyes and loosened silky braids, had grown from an awkward child into a very pretty girl. Sammy, glancing up, thought — what every other woman in Wheatfield thought — that Anthony Cunningham was the handsomest man she had ever seen, in his big loose corduroys, with a sombrero on the back of his tawny head.

"I was awfully afraid I'd grate against your leg," said the boy, with his sunny smile, "but I couldn't stop to figure it out. I just had to hustle!"

"There's a lumber wagon ahead there," Sammy said. "I'm — I'm very much obliged to you!"

They both laughed. Presently Anthony made the girl mount his own beautiful mare.

"Ride Duchess home. I'll take your horse," said he.

"'THAT'S ANTHONY!'"

"Oh, no, indeed; *please* don't bother!" protested Sammy eagerly.

But Anthony only laughed and gave her a hand up. Sammy settled herself on the Spanish saddle with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I've always wanted to ride your horse!" said she delightedly, as the big muscles moved smoothly under her.

Anthony smiled. "She's the handsomest mare hereabouts," said he. "I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for her!"

Sammy watched him deftly repair the broken bridle of the now docile and crestfallen Clown, and spring to the saddle.

"I'm taking you out of your way!" she pleaded, and he answered gravely:

"Oh, no; I'll be much happier seeing you safe home."

When they reached her gate, the two changed horses, and Sammy rode slowly up the dark driveway alone. Even on this brilliant afternoon the old Peneyre place looked dull and gloomy. Dusty dark pines and eucalyptus trees grew close about the house. There was no garden, but here and there an unkempt geranium or rank great bush of marguerites sprawled in the uncut grass, and rose bushes, long grown wild, stood in spraying clusters that were higher than a man's head. Pampas trees, dirty and overgrown, outlined the drive at regular intervals, their shabby plumes uncut from year to year.

The house was heavy, bay-windowed, three-storied. Ugly, immense, unfriendly, it struck an inharmonious note in the riotous free growth of the surrounding woods. The dark entrance-hall was flanked by a library full of obsolete unread books, and by double drawing-rooms, rarely opened now. All the windows on the ground floor were darkened by the shrubbery outside and by heavy red draperies within.

Sammy, entering a side door, seemed to leave the day's brightness behind her. The air indoors was chill, flat. A half-hearted little coal fire flickered in the grate, and Koga was cleaning silver at the table. Sammy took "David Copperfield" from the mantel and settled herself in a great chair.

"Koga, you go fix Clown now," she suggested.

Koga beamed assent. Departing, he wrestled with a remark: "Oh! Nise day. I sink so."

Sammy agreed. "You don't have weather like this in Japan in April!"

"Oh, yis," said Koga, and, drunk with the joy of speech, he added: "I sink so. Awe time nise in Jap-pon! I sink so."

"All the time nice in Japan?" echoed Sammy lazily. "Oh, what a story!"

But Koga was convulsed with innocent mirth. However excruciating the effort, he had produced a remark in English. He retired, repeating between spasms of enjoyment: "Oh, I sink so. Awe time nise in Jap-pon!"

The day dragged on, to all outward seeming like all of Sammy's days. Twilight made her close her book and straighten her bent shoulders. Pong came in to set the table. The slamming of the hall door announced her father.

Presently Mrs. Moore, the housekeeper, came downstairs. Lamps were lighted; dinner loitered its leisurely way. After it the Doctor set up one of his endless chess problems on the end of the table, and Sammy returned to "David Copperfield."

"Father, you know Anthony Cunningham — that young carpenter in Torney's shop?"

"I do, my dear."

"Well, Clown ran away to-day, and he really saved me from a bad smash."

A long pause.

"Ha!" said the Doctor presently. "Set this down, will you, Sammy? Rook to queen's fourth. Check. Now, knight — any move. No — hold on. Yes. Knight any move. Now, rook — wait a minute!"

His voice fell, his eyes were fixed. Sammy sighed.

At eight she fell to mending the fire with such vigor that her colorless little face burned. Then her spine felt chilly. Sammy turned about, trying to toast evenly; but it couldn't be done. She thought suddenly of her warm bed, put her finger in her book, kissed her father's bald spot between two yawns, and went upstairs.

The dreams went, too. There was nothing in this neglected, lonely day, typical of all her days, to check them. It was delicious, snuggling down in the chilly sheets, to go on dreaming.

Again she was riding alone in the woods. Again Clown was running away. Again big, gentle Anthony Cunningham was galloping behind her. Again for that breathless moment she was in his arms. Sammy shut her eyes. . . .

Her father, coming upstairs, wakened her. She lay smiling in the dark. What had she been thinking of? Oh, yes! And out came the dream horses and their riders again. . . .

The next day she rode over the same bit of road again, and the day after, and the day after that. The rides were absolutely uneventful, but sweet with dreams.

A week later Sammy teased Mrs. Moore into taking her to the Elks' concert and dance at the Wheatfield Hall over the post-office. When Mrs. Moore protested at this unheard-of proceeding, the girl used her one unfailing threat: "Then I'll tell father I want another governess!"

Mrs. Moore hated governesses. There had been no governess at the Doctor's for two years.

"AFTER DINNER HE SANG — HAVING QUITE FRANKLY OFFERED TO SING"

She looked uneasy. "You've nothing to wear," said she.

"I'll wear my embroidered linen," said Sammy, "and Mary's spangled scarf."

"You oughtn't borrow your sister's things without permission," said Mrs. Moore half-heartedly.

"Mary's in New York," said Sammy recklessly. "She's not been home for two years and she may not be back for two more! She won't care. I'm eighteen, and I've never been to a dance, and I'm *going* — that's all there is about it!"

And she burst into tears, and presently laughed herself out of them, and went to her sister's orderly empty room to see what other treasures besides the spangled scarf Mary had left behind her.

Three months later, on a burning July afternoon, the Wheatfield "Terrors" played a team from the neighboring town of Copadoro. Wheatfield's population was reputedly nine hundred, and certainly almost that number of onlookers had gathered to watch the game. The free seats were packed with perspiring women in limp summer gowns, and restless, crimson-faced children; and a shouting, vociferous line of men fringed the field. But in the "grand stand," where chairs rented for twenty-five cents, there was still some room.

Three late-comers found seats there when the game was almost over — Sammy's sister Mary, an extremely handsome young woman in a linen gown and wide hat, her brother Tom, a correct young man whose ordinary expression indicated boredom, and their aunt, a magnificent personage in gray silk, with a gray silk parasol. Their arrival caused some little stir.

"Well, for pit —!" exclaimed a stout matron seated immediately in front of them. "If it ain't Mary Peneyre — an' Thomas, too! An' Mrs. Bond — for goodness' sake! Well, say, you folks *are* strangers. When 'jew all get here? Sammy never told me you was coming!"

"How d'you do, Mrs. Pidgeon?" said Sammy's aunt cordially. "No, Samantha didn't know it. We came — ah — rather suddenly. Yes, I've not been in Wheatfield for ten years. We got here on the two-o'clock train."

"Going to stay long, Mary?" said Mrs. Pidgeon sociably.

"Only a few days," said Miss Peneyre distantly. ("That's the worst of growing up in a place," she said to herself. "Every one calls

"'I WON'T SEE YOU AGAIN, SAMMY. I'VE BEEN THINKING IT OVER.'"

you 'Mary'!") "We are going to take Samantha back to New York with us," she added.

"Look out you don't find you're a little late," said Mrs. Pidgeon, with great archness. "I'm surprised you ain't asked me if there's any news from Sammy. Whole village talking about it."

The three smiles that met her gaze were not so unconcerned as their wearers fondly hoped. Mrs. Bond ended a tense moment when she exclaimed, "There's Sammy now!" and indicated to the others the last row of seats, where a girl in blue, with a blue parasol, was sitting alone. Mrs. Pidgeon delivered a parting shot. "Sammy might do lots worse than Anthony Cunningham," said she confidentially. "Carpenter or no carpenter, he's an elegant fellow. I thought Lizzie Philliber was ace high, an' then folks talked some of Bootsy White. I guess Bootsy'd like to do some hair-pulling."

"I dare say it's just a boy-and-girl friendship," said Mrs. Bond lightly, but trembling a little and pressing Mary's foot with her own. When they were climbing over the wooden seats a moment later, on their way to join Sammy, she added:

"Oh, really, it's insufferable! I'd like to spank that girl!"

"Apparently the whole village is on," contributed Tom bitterly.

A moment later Sammy saw them; and if her welcome was a little constrained it was merely because of shyness. She settled down radiantly between her sister and aunt, with a hand for each.

"Well, this is *fun!*" said Sammy. "Did you get my letter? Were you surprised? Are you all going to stay until September?"

Her happy fusillade of questions distressed them all. Mary said the unwise thing, trying to laugh, as she had always laughed, at Sammy:

"*Don't* talk as if you were going to be married, Sammy! It's too awful — you don't know how aunty and I feel about it! Why, darling, we want you to go back with us to New York! Sammy—"

The firm pressure of her aunt's foot against her own stopped her.

"I knew you would feel that way about it, Mary," said Sammy very quietly, but with blazing cheeks; "but I am of age, and father says that Anthony has as much right to ask for the girl he loves as any other man, and that's all there is to it!"

"You have it all thought out," said Mary, very white; "but, I must say, I am surprised that a sister of mine, and a granddaughter of Judge Peters — a girl who could have *everything!* — is content to marry an ordinary country carpenter! You won't have grandmother's money until you're twenty-one; there's three years that you will have to cook and sweep and get your hands rough, and probably bring up ——"

"Mary! *Mary!*" said Mrs. Bond.

"Well, I don't care!" said Mary, unreproved. "And when she *does* get grandma's money," she grumbled, "what good will it do her?"

"We won't discuss it, if you please, Mary," said little Sammy, with dignity.

There was a silence. Tom lighted a cigarette. They watched the game, Mary fighting tears, Sammy defiant and breathing hard, Mrs. Bond with absent eyes.

"Stunning fellow who made that run!" said the elder woman presently. "Who is he, dear?"

"That's Anthony!" said Sammy shortly, not to be won.

"Anthony!" Mrs. Bond's tone was all affectionate interest. She put up her lorgnette. "Well, bless his heart! Isn't he good to look at!" she said.

"He's all hot and dirty now," Sammy said, relenting a little.

"He's *magnificent*," said Mrs. Bond firmly. She cut Mary off from their conversation with a broad shoulder, and pressed Sammy's hand. "We'll all love him, I'm sure," said she warmly.

Sammy's lip trembled.

"You *will*, Aunt Anne," said she, a little huskily. Pent-up confidence came with a rush. "I know perfectly well how Mary feels!" said Sammy eagerly. "Why, didn't you yourself feel a little sorry he's a carpenter?"

"Just for a moment," said Aunt Anne.

"I wish *myself* he wasn't," Sammy pursued; "but he likes it, and he's making money, and he's liked by *every* one. He's on the team, you know, and sings in all the concerts. Wild horses couldn't drag him away from Wheatfield. And why should he go away and study some profession he hates," she rushed on resentfully, "when I'm *perfectly* satisfied with him as he is? Father asked him if he wouldn't like to study a profession — I don't see why he *should!*"

"Surely," said Mrs. Bond sympathetically, but quite at a loss. After a thoughtful moment she added seriously: "But, darling, what about your trousseau? Why not make it November, say, and take a flying trip to New York with your old aunty? I want the first bride to have all sorts of pretty things, you know. No delays. — everything ready-made, not a moment lost ——?"

Sammy hesitated. "You do like him, don't you, Aunt Anne?" she burst out.

"My dear, I *hope* I'm going to love him!"

"Do — do you mind my talking it over with him before I say I'll go?" Sammy's eyes shone.

"My darling, no! Take a week to think it over!" Mrs. Bond had never tried fishing, but she had some of the instincts of the complete angler.

A mad burst of applause interrupted her, and ended the game. Strolling from the field in the level, pitiless sunshine, the Peneyres were joined by young Cunningham. He was quite the hero of the hour, stalwart in his baseball suit, nodding and shouting greetings in every direction. He transferred a bat to his left hand to give Mrs. Bond a cheerfully assured greeting, and, with the freedom of long-gone days when he had played in the back lot with the Peneyre children, he addressed the young people as "Mary" and "Tom." If three of the party thought him decidedly "fresh," Sammy had no such criticism. She evidently adored her lover.

It was at her suggestion, civilly indorsed by the others, that he came to the house a few hours later for dinner. It was a painful meal. Mr. Cunningham did not hesitate to monopolize the conversation. He was accustomed to admiration — too completely accustomed, in fact, to perceive that on this occasion it was wanting.

After dinner he sang — having quite frankly offered to sing. Mary played his accompaniments, and Sammy leaned on the closed cover of her mother's wonderful old grand piano — sadly out of tune in these days! — and watched him. Tom, frankly rude, went to bed. Mary, determined that the engaged pair should not be encouraged any further than was unavoidable, stuck gallantly to her post.

Mrs. Bond sat watching, useless regrets filling her heart. How sweet the child was! How full of possibilities! How true the gray eyes were! How stubborn the mouth might be! Sammy's power to do what she willed to do, in the face of all obstacles, had been notable since her babyhood. Her aunt looked from the ardent, virginal little head to the florid, handsome face of the singer, and her heart was sick within her.

Anthony Cunningham came to the train to see them off, two weeks later, and Sammy kissed him good-by before the eyes of all Wheatfield. She had made her own conditions in consenting to make the Eastern visit. She was going merely to buy her trousseau; the subject of her engagement was never to be discussed; and every one — *every* one — she met was to know at once that she was going back to Wheatfield immediately to be married in December.

Anthony had agreed to wait until then.

"It isn't as if every one knew it, Kid," he said sensibly to his fiancée; "it gives me a chance to save a little, and it's not so hard on mother. Besides, I'm looking out for a partner, and I'll have to work him in."

"I wonder you don't think of entering some other business, Anthony," Mrs. Bond said, to this remark. "You're young enough to try anything. It's such a — it's such hard work, you know."

"I've often thought I'd like to be an actor," said Mr. Cunningham carelessly, "but there's not much chance to break into that."

"You could take a course of lessons in New York," suggested Mary, and Sammy indorsed the idea with an eager look. But Anthony laughed.

"Not for mine! No, sir. I'll stick to Wheatfield. I was a year in San Francisco a while back, and it was one lonesome year, believe me. No place like home and friends for your Uncle Dudley!"

"Don't you meet a bunch of swell Eastern fellows and forget me," he said to Sammy, as they stood awaiting the train. "I'll be getting a little home ready for you; I'll — I'll trust you, Kid."

"You may," said Sammy. She looked at the burning, dry little main street, the white cottages that faced the station from behind their blazing gardens; she looked at the locust trees that almost hid the church spire, at the straggling line of eucalyptus trees that followed the country road to the grave-yard a mile away. It was home. It was all she had known of the world — and she was going away into a terrifying new life. Her eyes brimmed.

"I swear to you that I'll be faithful, Anthony," she said solemnly. "On my sacred oath, I will!"

And ten minutes later they were on their way. The porter had pinned her new hat up in a pillow-case and taken it away, and Sammy was laughing because another porter quite seriously shouted: "Last call for luncheon in the dining-car!"

"I always knew they did it, but I never supposed they really *did!*" said Sammy, following her aunt through the shaded brightness of the Pullman to an enchanted table, from which one could see the glorious landscape flashing by.

It was all like a dream — the cities they fled through, the luxury of the big house at Sippican, the capped and aproned maids that were so eager to make one comfortable. The people she met were like dream people; the busy, useless days seemed too pleasant to be real.

August flashed by, September was gone. With the same magic lack of effort, they were all in the New York house. Sammy wore her first dinner gown, wore her first furs, made her youthful conquests right and left.

From the first, she told every one of her engagement. The thought of it, always in her mind, helped to give her confidence and poise.

"You must have heard of me, you know," said her first dinner partner, "for your sister's told me a lot about *you*. Piet van Soop."

"Piet van *Soop!*" ejaculated Sammy seriously.

"Certainly. Don't you think that's a pretty name?"

"But — but that can't be your name," argued Sammy smilingly.

"Why can't it?"

"Why, because no one with a name like van Soop to begin with would name a little darling baby *Piet*," submitted Sammy.

"Oh, come," said Mr. van Soop. "Your own name, now! Sammy, as Mary always calls you — that's nothing to boast of, you know, and I'll bet you were a very darling little baby yourself!"

Sammy laughed joyously, and a dozen fellow guests glanced sympathetically in the direction of the fresh, childish sound.

"Well, if that's really your name, of course you can't help it," she conceded, adding, with the naïveté that Mr. van Soop already found delightful: "Wouldn't the *combination* be awful, though! Sammy van Soop!"

"If you'll consider it, I'll endeavor to make it the only sorrow you have to endure," said Mr. van Soop; and the ensuing laughter brought them the attention of the whole table.

"No danger!" said Sammy gaily. "I'm going home in December, you know, to be married!"

Every one heard it. Mary winced. Mrs. Bond flushed. Tom said a word that gave his pretty partner a right to an explanation. But Sammy was apparently cheerful.

Only apparently, however. For that night, when she found herself in her luxurious room again, she took Anthony's picture from the bureau and studied it gravely under the lights.

"I said that right out," she said aloud, "and I'll *keep on* saying it. Then, when the time comes to go, I simply *can't* back out!"

She put the picture back, and sat down at her dressing-table and stared at her own reflection. Her hair was filleted with silver and tiny roses; her gown was of exquisite transparent embroidery, and more tiny roses rumpled the deep lace collar. But even less familiar than this finery were the cheeks that blazed with so many remembered compliments, the scarlet lips that had learned to smile so readily, the eyes brilliant with new dreams.

"I feel as if sorrow — *sorrow*," said little Sammy, shivering, "were just about two feet behind me, and as if — if it ever catches up — I'll be the most unhappy girl in the world!"

And she gave herself a little shake and put a firm little finger-tip on Gabrielle's bell.

"Sammy," said Mr. van Soop, one dull gray afternoon some weeks later, "I've brought you out for a special purpose to-day."

"Tea," said Sammy contentedly.

"Tea, gluttonous one," he admitted, turning his big car into the park. "But, seriously, I want to ask you about your going away."

"I don't know that there's anything to say about it," said Sammy carelessly. "I've had a wonderful time, and every one's been charming. And now I've got to go back."

"Sammy, I've no right to ask you a favor, but I've a *reason*," Piet began. He halted. Both were crimson.

"Yes, yes; I know, Piet," said Sammy, fluttered.

The car slackened, stopped. Their faces were not two feet apart.

"Well! Will you let me *beg* you — for your aunt, and sister, and for — well, for me, and for your own sake, Sammy — will you let me *beg* you just to wait? Here, or there, or anywhere else — will you just *wait* a while?"

Sammy was silent a moment. Then —

"For what reason?" she said.

"Because you may save yourself lifelong unhappiness."

Sammy pondered, her lashes dropped, her hands clasped in her muff.

"Piet," she said gravely, "it's not as bad as that. No — I'll not be unhappy. I love Wheatfield, and horses, and the old house, and —" She hesitated, adding more brightly: "And you can *make* happiness, you know! Just because it's spring, or it's Thanksgiving, or you've got a good book! Please go on," she urged suddenly. "We're very conspicuous here."

They moved slowly along under the bare trees. A sullen sunset colored the western sky. The drive was filled with motor-cars, and groups of riders galloped on the muddy bridle-path. It was just dusk. Suddenly, as the lamplighters went their rounds, all the park bloomed with milky disks of light.

"You see," Sammy went on presently, "I've thought this all out. Anthony's a good man, and he loves me, and I — well, I've promised. What *right* have I to say calmly that I've changed my mind, and to hurt him and make him ridiculous before all the people he loves? He knows I'll have money some day — no, Piet, you needn't look so! That has nothing to do with it! But, of course, he *knows* it; and I said we would have a motor,— he's wild for one! — and entertain, don't you know, and that's what he's waiting for and counting on. He doesn't *deserve* to be shamed and humiliated. And, besides, it would break his mother's heart. She's been awfully sweet to me. And it must be a *bitter* thing to be told that you're not good enough for the woman you love. Anthony saved my life, you know, and I can't break my word. I said: 'On my oath, I'll come back.' And just because there *is* a difference between him — and us," she hesitated, "he's all the prouder and more sensitive. And it's only a difference

in surface things!" finished Sammy loyally.

Piet was silent.

"Why, Tom keeps telling me that mother was a Cabot, and grandfather a judge, and talking Winthrop Colony and Copleys and Gilbert Stuarts to me!" the girl burst out presently. "As if that wasn't the very *reason* for my being honorable! That's what blood's *for!*"

Still Piet was silent, his kind, ugly face set and dark.

"And then, you know," said Sammy, with sudden brightness, "when I get back, and see the dear old place again, and get a good big breath of *air*,— which we don't have here! — why, it'll all straighten out and seem right again. My hope is," she added, turning her honest eyes to the gloomy ones so near her, "my hope is that Anthony will be willing to wait a while ——"

"What makes you think he is likely to?" said Piet dryly.

There was a silence. Then he added:

"When do you go?"

"The — the twenty-sixth, I believe. I've got aunty's consent — I go with the Archibalds to San Francisco."

"And this is ——?"

"The twentieth."

Mr. van Soop became suddenly more cheerful in manner, the subject was abruptly changed, and the tea hour a fairly merry one. But when he left Sammy, an hour later, at her aunt's door, he took off his big glove, and grew a little white, and held out his hand to her and said:

"I won't see you again, Sammy. I've been thinking it over. All my own fault. But I won't see you again. Good-by."

"Why — !" began Sammy in astonishment; then she looked down and stammered, "Oh —" and finally she put her little hand in his and said simply:

"Good-by."

Therefore it was a surprise to Mr. van Soop to find himself entering Mrs. Bond's library just twenty-four hours later, and grasping the hands of the slender young woman who rose from a chair by the fire.

"Sammy! You sent for me?"

Sammy looked very young in a little velvet gown with a skirt short enough to show the big bows on her slippers. Her eyes had a childishly bewildered expression.

"I wanted you," she said simply. "I — I've had a letter from Anthony. It came only an hour ago. I don't know whether to be sorry or glad. Read it! Read it!"

She sat on a little low stool by the fire, and Piet flattened the many loose pages of the letter on his knee and read.

Anthony had written on the glazed, ruled, single sheets of the "Metropolitan Star Hotel" — had covered some twenty of them with his loose, dashing handwriting.

"*My dear Sammy*" [wrote Anthony, with admirable directness]: "The boys wanted me to sit in a little game to-night, but the truth is I have been wanting for a long time to speak to you of a certain matter, and to-night seems a good chance to get it off my chest. A man feels pretty rotten writing a letter like this, but I've thought it over for more than a month now, and I feel that no matter how badly you and I both feel, the thing to do is not to let things go too far before we think the thing pretty thoroughly over and make sure that things ——

"What the deuce is he getting at?" said Piet, breaking off suddenly.

"Go on!" said Sammy, bright color in her cheeks.

"—— make sure that things are best for the happiness of all parties," [resumed Piet.] "You see, Sammy" [the letter ran on], "as far as I am concerned, I never would have said a word, but I have been talking things over with a party whose name I will tell you in a minute, and they feel as if it would be better to write before you come on. I mean Miss Alma Fay You don't know her. She is Lucy Barbee's cousin. Lucy and I had a great case years ago, and she and Tom asked me up to their house a few weeks ago, and Alma was staying with Lucy. Well, I took her to the Hallowe'en dance, and it was a keen dance, the swellest we ever had at the hall. Some of us rowed the girls on the river between the dances; we had a keen time. Well, after that I took her riding once or twice. She rides the best of any girl I ever saw; her father has the finest horses in East Wood — I guess he counts for quite a lot up there, he has the biggest department store and runs his own motor. Well, Sammy, I never would of written one word of this to you, but when Alma came to go away we both realized how it was. You know I have often had cases, as the boys call them, and a girl I was engaged to in Petrie told me once she hoped some day I'd get *mine*. Well, she would be pleased if she knew that I *have*. I have not slept since ——

"Sammy!" said Piet, suddenly stopping.

"Go on!" said she again.

But Piet couldn't go on. He glanced at the next page, read: "Now, Sammy, it is up to you to decide," skipped another page or two and read, "Neither Alma nor I would ever be happy if ——" glanced at a third; then the leaves fluttered in wild confusion to the floor, and, with something between a sob and a shout, he caught Sammy in his arms.

"My darling," said Piet, an hour later, "if I release your right hand for ten minutes, do you think you could write a line to Mr. Anthony Cunningham? I would like to mail it when I go home to dress."

"I was thinking I might wire —" said Sammy dreamily.

THE SWEDISH MOTHER

(*Nebraska*)

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

"YOU shall hear the tale again—
Hush, my red-haired daughter."
Brightly burned the sunset gold
On the black pond water.

Red the pasture ridges gleamed
Where the sun was sinking,
Slow the windmill rasped and wheezed
Where the herd was drinking.

On the kitchen doorstep low
Sat a Swedish mother;
In her arms one baby slept,
By her sat another.

"All time, 'way back in old countree,
Your grandpa, he been good to me.
Your grandpa, he been young man, too,
And I been yust lil' girl, like you.
All time in spring, when evening come,
We go bring sheep an' lil' lambs home.
We go big field, 'way up on hill,
Ten times high like our windmill.
One time your grandpa leave me wait
While he call sheep down. By de gate
I sit still till night come dark;
Rabbits run an' strange dogs bark,
Old owl hoot an' your modder cry,
She been so 'fraid big bear come by.
Last, 'way off, she hear de sheep,
Lil' bells ring and lil' lambs bleat.
Then all sheep come over de hills,
Big white dust, an' old dog Nils.
Then come grandpa, in his arm
Lil' sick lamb dat somet'ing harm.
He so young then, big and strong,
Pick lil' girl up, take her 'long;
Poor lil' tired girl, yust like you,
Lift her up an' take her too.
Hold her tight an' carry her far,—
Ain't no light but yust one star.
Sheep go 'bah-h,' an' road so steep;
Lil' girl she go fast asleep."

Every night the red-haired child
Begs to hear the story,
When the pasture ridges burn
With the sunset glory.

She can never understand,
Since the tale ends gladly,
Why her mother, telling it,
Always smiles so sadly.

Wonderingly she looks away
Where her mother's gazing;
Only sees the drifting herd,
In the sunset grazing.

A PROMOTER OF COUNTERFEITS

ONE OF DETECTIVE WILLIAM J. BURNS' GREAT CASES

BY

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

IN the year 1894 there was in circulation in the Western States a counterfeit ten-dollar note of which the government agents had been unable to find the maker. One afternoon in the spring of that year Detective William J. Burns, then in charge of the St. Louis district of the United States Secret Service, received an anonymous letter that read:

Dear Sir:

If you will cautiously and quietly approach James R. Worthington of 126 —— Street, B——, he will be able to furnish you with a clue that may lead to the apprehension of a man who is engaged in the circulation of counterfeit ten-dollar notes. Although I do not sign this letter, I would ask you kindly to treat the fact that you have received it in confidence, as he might suspect the identity of the person suggesting his name.

An anonymous letter is a sufficient challenge to any one; it is a puzzle that cries, "You can't guess me!" But to a man of Burns' mind, and of his interests, the thing was a problem which it was professionally necessary to solve. The maker of the counterfeit ten-dollar note had defied every attempt to discover him. The Secret Service agents suspected a Western engraver, and they had been "shadowing" him for months; but they had been unable to incriminate him. They had been unable to find either the maker of the note or the men who were putting it in circulation. And now here came an anonymous informant who confidently offered a clue. Who was he, concealed behind that unsigned page? And why did he take the risk of whispering his warning in the official ear?

Burns studied the letter. It was typewritten, rather inexpertly, but with a standard machine, on good typewriting paper of ordinary business-letter size. It had been postmarked on a railroad train. The language seemed to indicate that the writer was a business man of good education. It also indicated, to Burns, that the anonymous writer was probably James R. Worthington himself.

Ways in Which a Guilty Mind Betrays Itself

How? It is difficult to explain how. It is difficult to follow the darting flight by which surmise arrives at the answer to such a puzzle. It is still more difficult when the surmise is guided by a trail so faint as to be unnoticeable to any but the eye trained by experience to detect it. Burns is a man who has spent a life-time studying the symptoms and indications of guilt. He recognizes them instantly, as if without thought. He knows them as a doctor knows the symptoms of ill health; and he declares that it is as impossible for the guilty mind to conceal them as it is for the fevered body to suppress its temperature or to regulate its pulse. "It is a curious

NOTE.—Proper names have been disguised and descriptions of places altered in this narrative, in order to protect innocent persons from the consequences of publicity.

thing," he says, "but human nature acts invariably in the same way under similar impulses. When a man is lying, he uses the gestures of a lie; his attitude, the movements of his body,— little ungovernable expressions of various sorts,— betray him by being 'off normal.' After a little experience you recognize them at once. You can see behind them the movements of his mind, and you can trap him easily, because he is trying to play a game that's new to him, and it's a game that you have had to play every day for years. You may not be as clever as he is, but you can beat him at your own game. Naturally."

In the language of Burns' profession, the writer of the anonymous letter had "overtrained." He betrayed himself by his glib plausibility. An ordinary anonymous "tip" of the sort would have read merely: "James R. Worthington of 126 —— Street, B——, has information that may lead to the arrest of counterfeiters." By every departure from that form, this letter was "off normal."

Curious Wording of the Anonymous Letter

It began, "If you will cautiously and quietly approach James R. Worthington." Why "cautiously and quietly"? Who would make such a request? And why? And why at the beginning of his letter, as his first thought? Worthington himself would, if he were anxious to keep secret the visit of a detective. Who would know that Worthington had this information? No one as well as Worthington. If he were a business man, employing a stenographer, he would type the letter himself, clumsily but on good paper. He would post it at a railroad station to prevent the postmark showing that it came from the town in which Worthington lived. Finally, with the too plausible air of a studied falsehood, he would add a warning that Worthington might "suspect the identity" of the writer — for the guilty purpose of convincing the detective that Worthington was not the writer himself.

But who was Worthington? How had he obtained his "clue"? And why did he take this devious, anonymous means of imparting it? Burns had once worked in B—— on a government "investigation," and he knew that the house of Worthington's address was in a residential district, among the well-to-do. The man could hardly be himself involved with counterfeiters. Then why did he make so guilty an approach?

Well, that was a thing that could be most easily learned by a visit to Worthington. Burns has not the sort of mind that will exercise itself with a riddle, when the answer can be found by turning to the next page. He put the letter in his pocket, satisfied that Worthington believed he had some valuable information to give; that he would await the arrival of the detective in order to give it.

There was no need to hurry. Burns continued opening his mail.

As early as half past eight on the following morning, Burns left the hotel in B—— where he had spent the night, and started up the street toward the residential district in which Worthington had his home. Imagine him a short but sturdy figure of a man, in a light "business suit," tan shoes, and a brown derby — walking smartly along, swinging a rolled newspaper in his hand and slapping his leg with it, now and then, as he went — looking as fresh and cheerful as the morning, and obviously enjoying the sunshine and the spring air. He was walking because he wished the exercise. He was carrying the newspaper because, if he had to sit waiting for Worthington, he intended to read.

He looked like anything but a detective. But then, it is necessary, in his profession, to look like anything but a detective. And his thoughts were not the dark professional deductions of the traditional "sleuth"; for, besides being a detective, he was a married man with three children, and he looked at the houses with the domestic eye of the father of a family and thought that B—— would be a pleasant, healthful place to live in. The trees were in full leaf. The chestnuts were decorated with their white cones of bloom. The sparrows were quarreling and fluttering in the roadway and on the lawns.

The House in the Suburbs

In a street of shady elms and large maples — where the grass and the vines and the comfortable houses had the appearance of having grown old together in a protected leisure — he saw Worthington's house, with a vine-screened veranda and a tennis lawn. He went briskly up the stone-flagged walk to the porch and pulled the white crockery knob that rang the door-bell. A middle-aged serving-woman opened the door as if she suspected him of being a book agent.

"Mr. Worthington," he said authoritatively, and stepped in.

She left him standing in the vestibule. He followed into an old-fashioned oblong hall that opened at one end upon the green shade of the veranda. Framed engravings of an earlier and more Byronic generation hung on the walls; the hat-rack was massive mahogany and beveled mirror, its hooks well filled with hats and wraps; a yellowing marble mantelpiece entombed an old screened grate of the days before steam-heating.

The whole place had the air of being the home of a family long established in prosperity, with no pretensions to "smartness," but happy in the free-and-easy manner of a large houshold living in generous comfort.

There were voices from within — presumably at the breakfast-table. In a moment Worthington came out to the hall, slipping his eye-glasses into an upper pocket of his waistcoat as he came, and looking out under his eyebrows sharply at sight of Burns. He was a large, heavy-boned man in a black frock-coat, with a strong, smooth-shaven face and an imposing dome of bald pink skull. It seemed impossible that he could have any guilty knowledge of counterfeiting. But why the elaborate safeguards of the letter?

Burns asked abruptly: "May I speak to you privately for a moment?"

Burns Encounters the Anonymous Letter-Writer

To the detective Worthington's face showed instantly that he understood — not guiltily, but with a quick scrutiny, followed by a belated attempt to appear unconscious and matter-of-fact. "Come in," he said, and led the way to the door of a library-sitting-room. "What is it? Sit down."

He removed from the seat of a leather arm-chair a piece of needlework which one of the women of the house had evidently left there, and he offered this chair to Burns. He shut the door; and apparently it was not often shut, for he had to push back a divan to clear its swing. He sat down beside a table, pushed away some magazines and newspapers to make a place on which to rest his forearm, and, after tapping for a moment on the table-top with his fingers,— his eyes on his cuff,— he looked over at Burns inquiringly, but without a word.

"Mr. Worthington," the detective said, with a businesslike directness, "I'm an agent of the United States Secret Service, and I have a matter here in which I think you can be of material aid — if you will. I take it that, being a good citizen, you'll be willing to aid the government in any way you can. That is why I've had no hesitation in coming to you."

He had purposely paused between his sentences; but Worthington had not taken any opportunity to interrupt — which showed that he was on the defensive, guarding himself. Now Worthington coughed to clear his throat, and said nervously: "I can't imagine how I can be of any service to you." And in this pretense of ignorance he also "overtrained"; for he had been listening with the watchful eye of a man who is confronted.

"I am satisfied," Burns continued deliberately, "from certain investigations we have made, that you are in a position, at this time, to disclose the identity of a man who is mixed up in the counterfeiting of a ten-dollar note." (The fact that Worthington accepted without question this unlikely story that he had been "investigated" was, to the detective, another proof that he had written the letter.) "I hope you'll not refuse to give me the benefit of what you know of the matter — now that you're aware that we *know* you have this information."

The Detective Promises Secrecy

Worthington sat silent for a time, apparently studying the situation, but really — as was evident to the detective — trying to make Burns think that he was debating in his mind whether or not he should admit that he had anything to tell. "Well," he said at last, "you are right. I do know something — something that may be of assistance to you. But first I want to know whether I shall be drawn into the matter, or whether the government will undertake not to disclose the source of its information. If I am promised absolute secrecy concerning my part in the affair, I'll gladly give you what help I can." He added: "And you must promise not to ask me how I learned what I shall tell you."

He was now quite naturally grave and straightforward. Burns assured him that his confidence would be respected, that he need not be in any way involved, that no questions would be asked him.

He hesitated and passed his hand over his forehead and looked at Burns worriedly. "Well, then," he said, with evident reluctance, "I have reason to believe that one of our business men is implicated."

Here, of course, was the explanation of his guilty approach; he was ashamed of informing on a business acquaintance.

"What business is he in?" Burns asked suavely.

"He is a promoter. He has made a great deal of money in real estate here, and in other ways. He now finances undertakings of various sorts."

"He is wealthy?"

"I understand that he is. Yes — very wealthy."

"What is his name?"

"George G. Wain."

"Can you give me his address?"

"His home is several blocks east of here — number 813."

"Thank you. I shall look the matter up."

Burns rose. He could see — from Worthing-

"'I WOULD SAY THAT YOU WERE CRAZY'"

ton's serious air of concern — that he believed his "information" to be correct. But the detective was equally convinced that if Worthington were right the case was so unusual as to be practically unique.

The Promoter with a Past

According to Burns, all the achievements of good detective work are merely the triumphs of plain common sense. And it was but common sense in this instance to believe that no man of wealth would make himself liable to a life of blackmail by entering into a criminal conspiracy with counterfeiters. Burns had learned enough of the town of B——, during his previous work there, to know that this George G. Wain was one of the "prominent" rich men of the community. The land boom in B—— had made a fortune for him. He had bought the street railway, turned it into an electric system, and used it to develop his real-estate holdings by laying radial lines to his "residential" suburbs. He had bribed the city authorities to allow him to extend these lines where he would most profit by them, and nowhere else; so that he had controlled even the natural growth of the city for his own advantage — or, at least, the gossip of the time had so accused him. He had made another fortune by watering the stock of the street-railway company and selling out his holdings in it just before the reaction from inflated land values killed the boom and left the railway struggling to support its unprofitable extensions. And, in the business depression that followed in B——, he had increased his wealth by lending upon mortgages and collateral to men who had lost in the speculations in which he had prospered.

These facts had been new and scandalous ten years earlier, when Burns had known B——. They had been the subject of newspaper comment and platform invective. Yet Wain had proved himself shrewd enough to escape anything more serious than popular condemnation for his part in corrupting the city government and looting the street railway. He was still "very wealthy," Worthington had said. He was still a "promoter." Would such a man put himself in danger of the penitentiary by implicating himself with counterfeiters? Would he betray himself into the hands of men who were making fraudulent money, and their agents who would have to be used to pass it into circulation?

It seemed impossible. Yet Worthington believed it. And Burns' duty as a Secret Service agent — no less than the curiosity of his interest in the circumstances — impelled him to investigate the "tip" as conscientiously as if he expected to make an immediate arrest.

The achievements of good detective work, he says, are merely the triumphs of plain common

"HE WAS AWARE THAT A YOUNG WOMAN—WHOM HE TOOK TO BE THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE—WAS WATCHING THEM THROUGH THE HANGINGS OF A DOORWAY"

sense; but he is seemingly unconscious of the fact that the light of common sense, with him, has the white intensity of an illumination of genius. He "senses" with extraordinary accuracy. In a confusion of evidence, he picks out the important clues and rejects the distracting "false leads" without any apparent effort of thought. He has a mind that seems to weigh, to "screen," to assay facts with the quickness of feminine intuition and the exactness of a logical consideration that is scientific.

Several Possible Clues

In the present case, he had rejected, but was still eyeing interestedly, several circumstances that might be made to argue Wain's complicity with the counterfeiters. For example, the government agents had been watching the Western engraver whom they suspected of making the fraudulent notes. No new notes had appeared, but the engraver had continued to give evidences of a prosperity for which there was no way to account. Now, if Wain had actually been foolish enough to assist in the counterfeiting, this man's prosperity could be reasonably explained: he would be blackmailing Wain. The assumption of Wain's assistance would explain, too, how the notes had been put into circulation — a fact which the government investigation had not disclosed. And in going to see the "promoter" Burns was going to assure himself that these "clues" were — as he had already decided — altogether specious and misleading.

The street, as he walked east, changed into a more fashionable neighborhood: a block or two of modern apartment-houses with flowers and fountains in their cement "courts"; a Christian Science temple expensively classical; some *art nouveau* houses manifestly designed to be furnished in "Mission" style; and then an avenue of Georgian residences with French windows closed upon lawns wholly ornamental, planted with trees that were still young and spindly, and forbiddingly surrounded by high iron palings as sharp as the pikes of the Swiss Guards.

Wain's house was one of this aristocracy. It had distinguished itself with a porte-cochère and a conservatory, a conspicuous garage, two "Colorado blue spruces" at the gateway, and a flight of cement steps imposing enough for an entrance to a public museum.

Burns climbed them thoughtfully. In his duties as body-guard at presidential receptions *en tour*, he was accustomed to finding in these grandiose homes a democratic hospitality that redeemed everything. He rang the electric bell almost absent-mindedly.

"Mr. Wain," he directed the maid, with a casual manner that was convincing.

She ushered him into a large reception-hall of Persian rugs, marble statuary, onyx tables, French clocks, and all the gilt and ornament of luxury. He was almost immediately met by a withered-looking, middle-aged man, scrupulously dressed in office gray, whose general aspect was one of well-groomed ill health.

"Mr. Wain," Burns said, "I should like to speak to you privately a moment."

He said it in the voice of authority, with an official air. Wain gave him a rather blank, indifferent look, and turned to the doorway of an inner room which proved to be a library. It might have been designed from the writing-room of a "palatial" hotel — with the ponderous emptiness of its carved chairs and tables and its high-ceilinged, broad-windowed effect of carefully dusted disuse.

It dwarfed Wain. He had been a small man at his best; he was now evidently shrunken from indigestion. He was very thin in the wrists; the skin was loose about his eyes; his eyelids were wrinkled like a fowl's, his cheeks sunken under rusty side-whiskers, his reddish hair combed across the baldness of a head that looked as white and soft as a bladder of lard, with flattened indentations and depressions as of thumb-marks to make the resemblance more exact.

He sat down in a chair that was backed by a colossal Japanese vase of figured bronze on a teakwood pedestal, and he nodded to the detective to explain himself.

Burns began by telling his name and occupation. "I am seeking information," he said, "concerning the counterfeiting of a certain ten-dollar note. I have reason to believe that you are in a position to tell me something of the makers of it."

Wain looked at him unblinkingly. "Mr. Burns," he asked, "would you mind telling me how you learned that I knew of this?"

Burns sat down. "That, of course," he answered, "is a confidential matter with the government. I am not permitted to tell you."

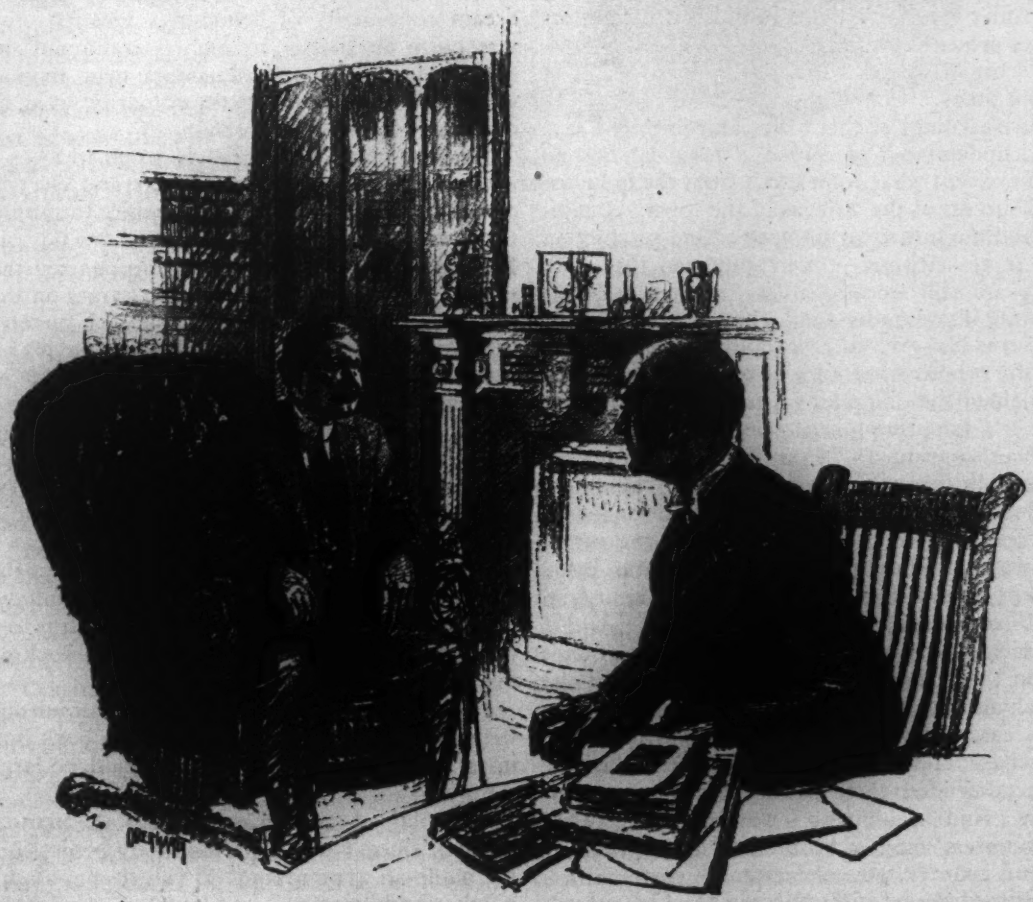
The Young Woman Behind the Portières

He was aware that a young woman — whom he took to be the daughter of the house — was watching them through the hangings of a doorway at the farther end of the room. When he looked aside at her, she withdrew, but not before he saw the anxiety and apprehension of her shadowed face. She was, of course, unable to hear what was being said.

What was it that she suspected? Burns studied the man before him. Wain was regarding him thoughtfully.

"It is true," Wain said, "as I suppose you know, that I have been interested in the making of that note. That is to say, the proposition was put up to me by the engraver of it — who wished me to finance the undertaking because my business is that of a promoter."

Burns listened with as little show of interest



"'I TAKE IT THAT, BEING A GOOD CITIZEN, YOU'LL BE WILLING TO AID THE GOVERNMENT IN ANY WAY YOU CAN'"

as an old reporter betrays when he has come unexpectedly upon a significant item of news and wishes to draw it out to its last unguarded detail by pretending that it is not worth making a note of. As a matter of fact, he was thinking that the girl must have known. She must have supposed *him* to be another of the counterfeiters. That would explain her alarm.

But what of the easy nonchalance of Wain's admission? He was sitting, with his legs crossed and his clasped hands resting on his thigh, talking of a "proposition" to finance counterfeiting as if it were the most ordinary of business undertakings.

"And why," Burns asked suavely, "why do you suppose these men came to *you* with such a scheme?"

Wain Tells How He Ruined His Fellow Townsmen

Wain spread his hands. "That is simple enough. It was in line with what men in our business have been doing all over this country for years past. Take my own case, for example. Consider it in the aspects in which this counterfeiter presented it to me.

"I began here as a speculator in real estate in boom times. In my land deals I capitalized the future earnings of this town, as you might say. You understand, of course, a town lot has no value except what comes to it from the industry and success of the citizens of the town. I capitalized the future earning power and production of those citizens — overcapitalized it — and they are still working to pay interest on that capital, if you understand what I mean."

Burns had arrived at a sudden understanding of the whole situation — at a "theory" that explained the daughter's anxiety as well as her father's astonishing confession. He nodded.

Wain continued: "I put into my own pocket the public increment on huge blocks of land here — money that, in its final aspect, belonged to the city itself. Then I purchased the street railway, another property that had no value except such as was given to it by the industrial and commercial success of the city. And I overcapitalized this, too, so as to collect at once upon the future of the city, and I sold out the stock and put that money also to my credit. In this case I had to use some of the money to purchase civic officials who would otherwise have defended their electorate from exploitation. And in doing so I was only doing what 'promoters' make a business of doing generally in this country, you understand."

Burns listened without a word. The girl was still hovering about, behind the curtains. He was considering whether he should ask to see her, too.

"Then I went into loans — collecting upon the commercial distress which my previous operations had helped to create. I bought a controlling interest in several industrial companies, and reorganized them — sometimes by means of a sales company, sometimes of a holding company — in such a way that all the profits of the industries came to us and the original stockholders received only a small income on their investments. These operations are quite common. Men are performing them to-day in every city, probably, in the country. Why should we draw the line at promoting counterfeiting?"

"Just a moment, Mr. Wain," Burns interrupted. "Would you mind telling me how a man in your position, and of your standing, came to meet the engraver of this note?"

The Dream Appointment

"That was curious," Wain replied, smiling reminiscently. "Some months ago I began to dream continually of being in a locality that was quite unfamiliar to me. I could not, in my waking moments, remember ever having seen it. Yet it became extraordinarily vivid, in my mind, from these dreams.

"Last month I had occasion to go to S——, where we were reorganizing a gas and electric company that wanted a new franchise to supply the town with light and power. And one day, as I walked away from my hotel, I recognized the street. I could have told you the names on the shop signs before I came to them. I remembered particularly the gilt lettering on the plate-glass windows of a bank. And when I came to a hitching-post in front of a hardware store — it was a metal figure of a negro boy holding up a tie-ring — I recollected that there should have been a man waiting for me, with his hand on that post. That was the way we had met in my dreams.

"He was not there. I went back again in the evening, but he was not there. On the following morning, as I approached, I saw him. I went up to him and said: 'You are looking for me?'

"He replied that he was looking for some one with money who would be willing to back him in an enterprise in which there would be large returns.

"I explained that I was evidently the man he wanted, since I was a promoter by profession. He made an appointment to call on me at my hotel. And he came.

"He told me then that he was an engraver;

that he had worked hard all his life, honestly, and had remained poor; that he had been reading much about modern business methods, and had concluded that he, too, had a right to use his ability to make money regardless of the honesty of the means. He pointed out to me that in selling watered stock I had really been selling a sort of counterfeit stock certificate. He argued, too, that we would do no one an injustice by issuing counterfeit money, since, as long as it was kept in circulation, it would be worth its face value. If a man suspected it, he could pass it on to some one else, just as he would with stocks. He was very convincing. He went over my whole career with me, very much as I have related it to you. I finally agreed to finance his scheme, and he got out this ten-dollar note. We are now arranging to distribute them in large quantities throughout the country."

"WORTHINGTON DROPPED HIS PAPER ON THE FLOOR AND TURNED GRAY IN THE FACE"

The Solution

Burns had made up his mind how to proceed. "I suppose," he said, "you have an attorney who attends to your legal business."

"I have," he replied. "Mr. Rudolph Schmidt, in the Burlington Building. But I have not consulted him in this matter."

"Have you taken any one into your confidence?"

"One man only. I have spoken guardedly to him. He is in a position to help us put the notes into circulation, because he is manager of a local bank. His father was a private banker who gave me my first credit. He lost a great deal of money after the boom, and I think his son has felt bitter toward me because of that. I have always wanted to do him a good turn. This seemed an opportunity to help him make a large profit."

"You have said nothing to your daughter?"

"Nothing explicit."

"Have you had your breakfast?"

"No. I was just about to start when you came in."

Burns rose. "I will not keep you from it any longer. I shall come back later. And will you kindly *not* tell your daughter who I am? Tell her I have come from S—— to consult with you about the gas company's franchise. Good morning."

Burns found the attorney, Rudolph Schmidt, in his office in the Burlington Building — a small, dark man with a protuberant forehead and deep eyes. "I have heard of you," he said briefly, in reply to Burns' introduction of himself.

"And you," Burns said, "are attorney for Mr. George G. Wain, are you not?"

"In some of his *private* affairs."

Burns accepted the curt emphasis upon the "private." "And what would you say if I told you that Mr. Wain had been financing the counterfeiting of a ten-dollar note?"

Schmidt replied grimly: "I would say that you were crazy."

"And if he confessed the fact to you himself?"

Schmidt stared at him.

Burns put on his hat. "If you will make an appointment to be at Mr. Wain's house at three o'clock this afternoon, I shall be glad to take the matter up with you and your client, on behalf of the government. I do not presume to advise you, but I think it would be well to have his daughter present, since she will have to be consulted in the end."

He had reached the door before Schmidt found voice to call: "Just a moment. Do you mean to tell me ——"

Burns turned. "Mr. Wain will tell you. I prefer — in a *'private'* matter of this sort — that it should come from him. I shall see you, then, at three o'clock."

"It is not possible ——"

"At three o'clock."

He left Schmidt rising in indignant protest from his office chair. He went back to his hotel, where he telephoned to Worthington. The latter agreed to see him at one o'clock at luncheon, which he ate at home. And Burns, having thus made all his arrangements for "cleaning up" the case,— and having gathered them into a dramatic dénouement in a way that is characteristic of the man,— had his own lunch at the hotel, bought his ticket back to St. Louis on the evening train, and strolled out to call on Worthington.

He found the bank manager reading a newspaper in his library, looking very worried and uneasy. "Mr. Wain," Burns said at once, "has admitted to me his connection with the counterfeiters." Worthington made a gesture of shocked distress. "And he tells me that you were the only person asked to join him in the scheme."

Worthington dropped his paper on the floor and turned gray in the face. "Mr. Burns," he stammered, "you said — you promised me that I shouldn't be drawn into this — that you'd respect my confidence. I refuse ——"

"The case will not be prosecuted, Mr. Worthington," Burns assured him. "You will not be in any way involved. Perhaps it would interest you to know — since we are exchanging confidences — that your method of informing me, through an anonymous letter, that you could give me a clue to the counterfeiters, is not uncommon among good citizens who wish to warn the government in such circumstances."

"Through an anonymous— Do you mean to intimate that I——?"

"Wain approached you, as I have said, and you wrote me anonymously, asking me to call on you."

"Well," Worthington admitted shamefacedly, "I thought you might reach him before he became so deeply involved that it would be too late to save him."

"And it never occurred to you, then, that he was not in his right mind?"

"Wain?"

"That you were being imposed upon by a man with a delusion?"

Worthington rose to his feet in a gaping amazement. "George Wain! Good heavens!"

"His mind has become affected. His daughter has suspected it for some time. As a matter of fact, Wain has had no more to do with counterfeiting that ten-dollar note than you have!"

"And the truth is," Burns concludes, when he tells the story, "that this is the solution to most of the 'detective mystery' yarns you read in fiction. The crime on which the story turns is usually so weird that it's impossible to any one but a lunatic.

"We had our consultation that afternoon, and Wain was taken to Europe by his daughter for his health. I saw in the papers some time later that he had died there. She was a fine girl. She kept the whole thing quiet — bore it alone. Not a word of it ever got out.

"But his was the only mysterious and — and properly melodramatic case of counterfeiting that I ever knew. Our work is usually very dull — very dull!"

WHEN I WAS A CHILD

MY MOTHER AND I

BY

YOSHIO MARKINO

AUTHOR OF "A JAPANESE ARTIST IN LONDON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN I was a child I was never spanked. Both my mother and father believed Confucius so faithfully. Confucius said: "You can teach and lead any human being who has a soul. Only those wild beasts you may beat." They begged my nurse not to spank me. They always said to them: "Our child has a brain to understand the reason; so, if he is naughty, pray explain reason until he becomes good, but never spank him."

One day I went to see my boy friend in a farmer's house. He was rather naughty; then his mother shouted, "I shall slap your head!" In the vulgar Japanese language *baru* is "to slap." But the word *baru* has another meaning — "to paste paper." I thought that farmer mother was going to paste a paper on my friend's head. When I went home I said to my mother: "What a funny woman she was, to paste a paper on her son's head!"

My mother laughed heartily, but never explained me the real meaning.

Another funny incident was through my entire ignorance about the business matter. As I said before, whatever I wanted to buy, I was never told about the money matter. One day my cousin came. He showed me a nice brush. He told me he must be very careful about it, because it was very high. (By that he meant very expensive.) I laughed and said: "You can not call your brush 'high'! The only 'high' things are mountains, or heaven, or anything like that. You ought to say your brush is very long!"

Then all the auditors began to burst into laughter.

As all my daily lessons at the school were too easy for me, my father began to give me some

extra lessons. Thus I started all ancient Chinese and Japanese classics and histories ever since I was between eight or nine. So I began to learn the doctrine of Confucius, Mencius, and others in my early age. Those books are written so poetically and in most pleasant euphonies, so they were quite easy to recite. Indeed, I could not thoroughly understand several parts, but even now I can remember almost every word so distinctly. And the older I grow the more I begin to understand. I am always so grateful for these lessons, because these doctrines really save me from all the difficulties I have met only lately.

Most strange is the memory of childhood. After I was quite grown up I began to study the Bible and some other religious as well as philosophical books. However, when I meet the difficulties, none of these books come to mind, but only those books which I learnt in my childhood.

At the same time I began to learn to compose Chinese poetries and arts. There was a man called Chikko Tamegai in a neighboring village. He was my brother's friend, and he understood *Bunjin Ga* (poetic art of the ancient Chinese). I learnt the art from him.

Almost every Sunday morning my brother took me to him. Between his village and ours there was a vast wild field called Ron chi-ga-Hara. The field was full of azaleas and other wild flowers and ferns. Here and there some big pine trees were barking against the breeze high above. It was such a romantic ground. On the way, my brother used to sing out his own poetries. I often composed my own, and he corrected them for me. Then I was so enthusiastic with the art, and I used to discuss with my brother how to conventionalize all those real views into *Bunjin Ga*.

My own home was very poetical, too. My little bedroom window was facing toward the east. On the early spring morning the sun rose just beyond two large oak trees and threw the shadows of a few bamboos and cherry trees on the window. Then some nightingales came to sing there. I used to watch their shadows and listen to them from my bed. It was the greatest pleasure for me to get up and open that paper door and see the first blossoms on that cherry tree. O such a fresh fragrance! And just a few yards beyond there was a peach tree. I love peach blossom so much. It is so tender and so peaceful, and especially after the rain the fence against the peach blossom becomes so dark and the blossom so refreshing! I always recollected that famous ancient Chinese poetry:

It is difficult to get up early in the spring;
In my bed I listen to the birds singing here and there.
We had much rain and wind since last night —
I wonder how many blossoms have fallen on the ground.

I loved "Toshi Sen" so much. "Toshi Sen" is the collection of the best poetries in To Dynasty (ancient China). My father made play-cards from *Jekku* (short poetry). *Jekku* has four lines. The two upper lines were written on one card, and the other two lines were written on another card. The game was that some reader had to read the upper-line card, while we all had to pick up the corresponding lower-line card, all of which were spread on the floor. The one who got most cards was the winner.

On every New Year festival my father invited all my best friends to play this game. All of them were a few years older than myself, and I was the youngest. There were so many poetries which resembled each other, and they so often mixed them up all together. I always explained them about the meter and styles of each poet, and told them which were the right cards. I never forget how proud and how pleased was my father each time. He used to slap his knee with his hand and smile so happily!

In that way I learnt to recite all the poetries, which even now I can recite. Here I might translate some of them which were impressed in my mind so deeply:

O my ambition to fly above that blue sky has not been fulfilled in the long years.
I am still loitering far below, now in the age of the gray hair!
Who cares, but my own image on the mirror?
I and my own reflection alone are sympathizing each other.

In my childish mind I felt so sad for that poor poet, and I sympathized with his misfortunes. I was foolish enough to believe that I myself could succeed everything quite easily. Who knows that this poetry tells my own present life now!

A quarter century ago I recited this poetry as some one else's, and to-day I recite it as if it is my own.

Here is another:

The birds look so white on the blue water,
And the flowers are burning on the green hill.
Another spring is passing away now!
When shall I be able to go home?

How often have I recited this when I got homesick! Indeed, when I grew older and saw more of the world, these poetries came to my head deeper. My father always said to me: "Study the poetries. The poetries are the real expression of the feeling of humanity. Therefore if you study the poetries you will learn the humanity." At the same time I started to compose my own poetries, and he said to me:

"Don't try to arrange the words without feeling. Wait until you get the real emotion, and then compose it into the right words."

I made several poetries at the age of nine or ten, and some of them were published in some magazines. I think my brother is still keeping the collection of all my works, and I hope to translate them into English some day.

At that time I had a girl friend. We went on together so well. Whenever we were allowed to play together it was our happiest moment. In our childish minds we thought, we will marry some day when we get older. She was the only daughter of some rich farmer. Her mother told my parents that would be a misfit; because she must inherit from that wealthy family, and to do that she needed a very businesslike husband. One who loved "to look at the moon or whistle at the pine valley could not be her husband; on the other hand, the best part of his nature is the poetic feeling, and he would suffer much if he had to go to the business line." We both felt so sad, but decided to give up our love for our parents' sake. I am very sad to say that she died when she was sixteen.

I had many boy friends, to all of whom I devoted myself, especially to Tatsuyo Yebina and Tetsugoro Goto. They both are my second cousins, and a few years older than myself, but they were in the same class with me.

Tatsuyo lived two miles and half away from my village. The poor boy had to travel all the way, and back, to attend to our school. He was often behind the school hours, and I was so anxious for him if he was late. I could not sit down on my own seat. I used to climb up the wall and watch him coming to the school, and when I saw him beyond the cliff I was always so happy. Very often I watched him on the wall after the bell rang, and I was punished several times. Sometimes he was too ill to come to the school; then I was so miserable all day, and my marks of every lesson were so low. The teacher knew that, and he used to say Tatsuyo and I were just like the two wheels of a wagon. When one was not on the wagon the wagon never moved. After we were grown up I was always so proud of him. He finished the course of the mechanical department of the Imperial University.

It was he who discovered how to make the bricks for the furnaces. Until he had done this most valuable discovery our country used to import those bricks from Germany. But now all Japanese ordnance and everywhere use Tatsuyo's bricks. About five years ago he visited Germany and learned a great deal about his own profession. It is too sad for me to tell the readers that this dearest friend of mine died three years ago, when his age was only thirty-five. He was so earnest to find out the earth which is suitable for his bricks. One winter day he rode on his cycle and traveled through a thick snow-storm. He found out the earth exactly he wanted; but so unluckily he caught bad influenza, and died a few weeks later.

Tetsugoro Goto is still very healthy. He is now the editor of the Japanese *Police Magazine.*

When we three were the school children it was our greatest fun to go to fishing on Sundays. Also we used to catch sparrows by *kuguchi* (a kind of trap). But about this trap I have some sad story. One day I saw so many sparrows were gathering on the back garden of my house. I thought if I made a trap there surely I could catch one. So I made a trap. But the spring was too strong. When I heard the sound of the trap and went there, I saw a poor sparrow's neck was almost severed, and he died instantaneously. He was bleeding vermilion red. I felt so sad for the poor bird. I buried him in my garden, and made a grave with this inscription: "Here lies a poor unlucky sparrow who so innocently was trapped by a wicked human being. I sincerely repent."

I have never made a sparrow trap since then.

Just the time when I was about ten, *shoga kai* was most fashionable thing in my country. *Shoga kai* means "poets' and artists' gathering." It was always performed in some old big temple. Poets and artists went there and wrote their poetries or painted quick sketches. Many people came with papers to ask the artists and poets to work. I used to attend to the gathering with my brother and my teachers of art. They were quite grown-up people, and of course I was the youngest. So I was the favorite of all people, and I was much spoilt there. When they finished this esthetical game, they generally invited some geishas and had refreshments. Geishas used to treat me very kindly. My school-teacher suggested to my family that it might not be the place for ten-year-old boy to go. My father only laughed at the suggestion. To confess the truth, I was a great favorite of many elder women. My neighbors used to sigh and say: "When the little Master Heiji grows up, what life will he have?" By this they meant I might have too much sentimental life—perhaps I might create an awful love tragedy. But, in fact, they were absolutely mistaken of me. I had too great ambition to be ruined by women. Besides, something happened when I was eleven years old — yes, something too sad to write. My dearest mother died! This gave a great change in my life. I suppose no children in this world could be without shock when they lose their mothers. But in my case the

shock was too great indeed. Many doctors announced that I could not live much longer, or at least I might become insane.

Just lately, when I was living in Sydney Street (about four years ago), one of my Japanese friends called on me. I told him about my mother, and I could not conceal my tears. He exclaimed: "No doubt you are one of the most filial sons I have ever seen! Fancy! Some twenty years after her death you talk about your mother as if she died a few days ago! But I quite understand you. Very few people in this world have such a sweet mother as yours. If I were you, I should be exactly same with you. Nay, I would love your mother more than my own!"

I think he was perfectly right.

Now let me write my mother's life, just roughly. Her father was a great scholar of the ancient Chinese classics. When she was born he named her Katsu. The meaning of Katsu was from some ancient Chinese odes. He wrote that ode on a parchment. It runs like this:

When the vine of Katsu grows in the deep valley,
birds come to rest on its leaves and they sing sweet songs;
When the vine of Katsu grows in the deep valley, its leaves are so green and its vines get so strong.
Let us cut the vine and get its fiber;
Let us beat the fiber and make it into threads;
Let us weave a cloth with that thread, and let us wear the cloth.
We shall never complain how plain it is!

I quite remember she was always keeping this writing next to her skin as her *omamori sama* (or souvenir) all her life.

Her life was exactly as her own name, or this ode.

She might have met with many a rough storm in this world, but she always persevered everything to herself, and let all merry birds rest on her and sing. She always dressed herself in quite plain cloth, and never complained. She gave all comfort to the rest of her family.

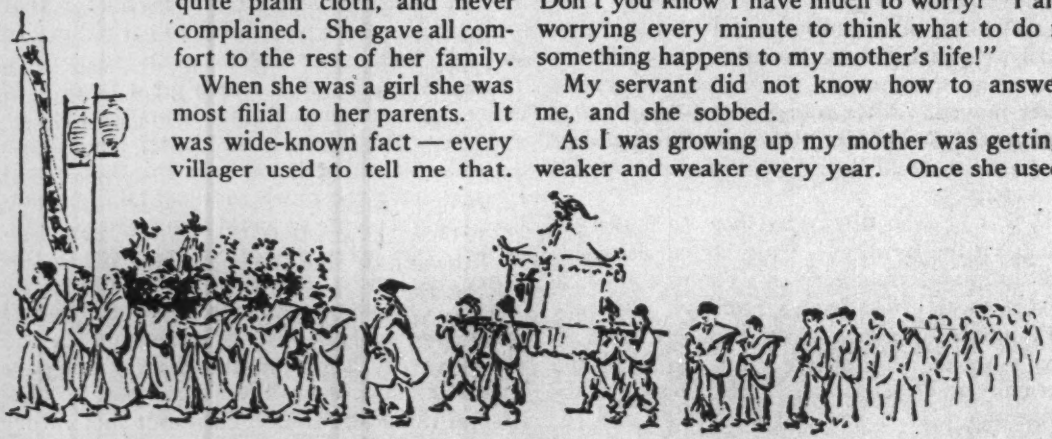
When she was a girl she was most filial to her parents. It was wide-known fact — every villager used to tell me that. And I was told that when she was about twelve she went to some old castle quite alone, and she climbed up to some high ruined stones. There, to her great surprise, she saw a wild fox. She was so frightened, and jumped down some ten feet. She struck her chest against an old stone. There she fainted. Some hours later a workman found her quite senseless. He carried her home. Many distinguished doctors were summoned. They did their best, and she came back to life again. But they found out one of her ribbones was broken. She was in bed for some months, then she was quite recovered. It was almost miracle that she became healthy enough to marry.

Her marriage was rather romantic one. My father went to her village when he was quite young. He had fencing with many Samurais in her village. Nobody could beat him. My mother was watching the fencing. Seeing his gallantry, she fell into love with him. Her father noticed her love, and let her marry my father. It was so unlike most Japanese marriages in those days. Generally they used to marry without love. That was the reason my parents were so happy. There was always some sweet fragrance in my home. Between my parents there was always existing some sweetness, abundant sympathy, and much respecting to each other. And they adored us, the children. But, as my mother had such a serious accident when a girl, she used to suffer ill health from time to time. She was so delicate. So, although I was quite happy-natured boy, I had to worry much about her life. I so well remember it was when I was about seven or eight years old, one of our servants came to me and said: "My honorable little master, how lucky you must be! You can do anything you like. Oh, let me have your life only for one day, I shall be quite contented."

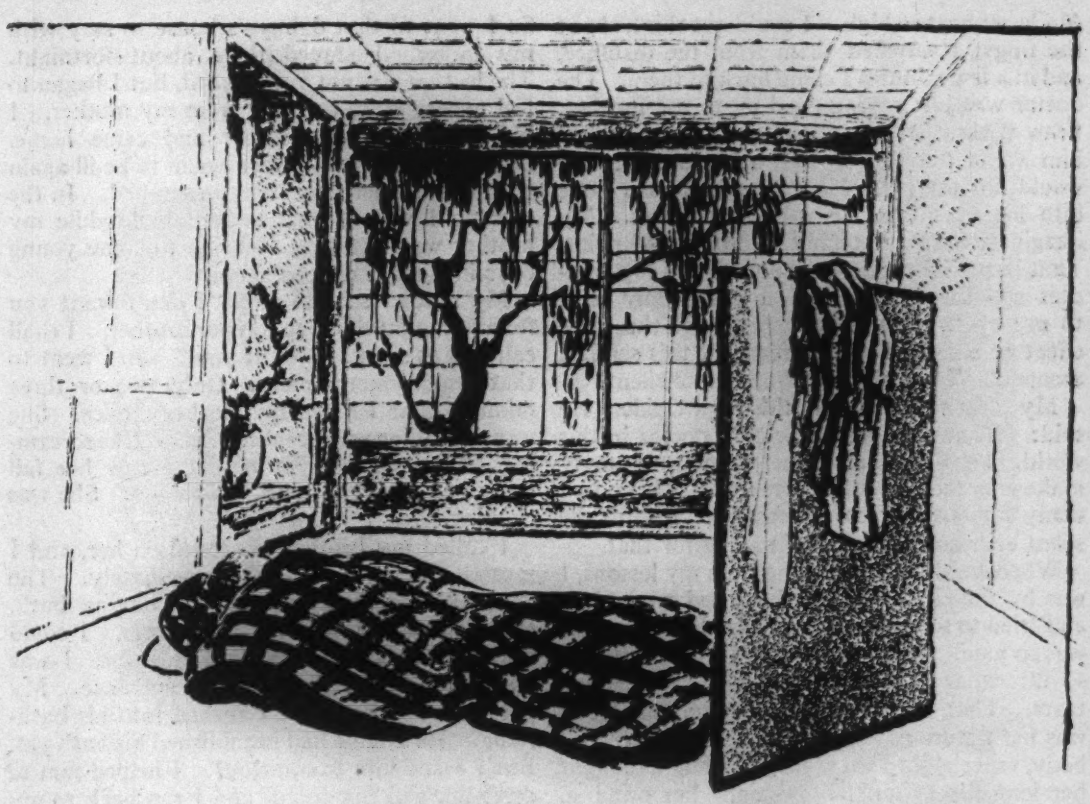
I sighed and said to her: "Do you think I am a happy boy? You don't know me, then. Don't you know I have much to worry? I am worrying every minute to think what to do if something happens to my mother's life!"

My servant did not know how to answer me, and she sobbed.

As I was growing up my mother was getting weaker and weaker every year. Once she used



MY MOTHER'S FUNERAL — THE SHINTO CEREMONY



MY LITTLE BEDROOM

to be in her ill bed three times in a year; but next year she was for six times, and the next year she was in bed full four months altogether — something like that. She often got a great pain in her chest so suddenly, and sometimes that happened in midnight. I was always ready to run up to her doctor, because I could run quicker than anybody in my house.

It was when I was just ten years old, one autumn afternoon, she walked in our garden, and fell down. She could not stand up. My sisters helped her to her room. Her face was bruised and a little bleeding. I was so terrified, and I thought of the worst. My most anxious anticipation was proved only too true. Since this accident she was quite flat in bed. Some villagers told me if she ate a carp-fish she would be cured. So I used to go fishing after the school hours every day. My father and brother knew it was only too foolish to believe that, but they said nothing to me. They knew my mother's illness was quite uncurable, but they did not want to hurt my childish heart. I went to fishing week after week without the result. One day, to my great delight, I caught a tiny carp-fish. My mother was so pleased, and said to me she would surely be cured with that fish. She ate it. Nevertheless she was getting worse and worse. I began to believe all sorts of miracle stories. The villagers told me so-and-so image is very holy; if you pray to him everything is fulfilled. So I used to go to many temples to pray. And I often offered candle-lights to some images in midnight, and I kept it quite secret to everybody. To my heart's rending, my mother's condition never improved.

One of the spring evenings next year my brother and myself had a walk along some rice-fields. It was a nice and cool evening. All the rice had abundant silver dew on each leaf. The sun was just set, leaving the golden rays on the edge of the western clouds. Some place smoke was going up high from the roofs of some farmer's house. Three or five frogs began to croak between the rice-fields. The evening bells of far-distant temples were tolling slowly. My brother and myself were getting on quite poetically, and we both were loitering along the bank of a small streamlet. Our doctor was coming from the direction of our house. We both hurried toward him. My brother asked him what did he think about our mother. The doctor, looking at me, gave some sign in his eye to my brother. My brother immediately said to me:

"Heiji, you hear some frog is croaking so nicely. Go up there and catch him."

I obeyed to his demand, and ran away from them. But I had such a shocking anticipation

My heart beat so high. I could not think about the frogs; I watched them from the distance, and in a few minutes I came back to them. The doctor was just saying good-by to my brother. I saw my brother's eyes were quite red. I asked him what the doctor had said to him. He would not tell me. He only said smoke came into his eyes, and he rubbed his eyes. My imagination went quickly to the worst point. That beautiful poetic view just until a few minutes ago turned into such a melancholy color to my eyes. Even now, when I see the same effect of sunset, I always recollect this saddest moment. We both went home quite silent.

My father always had the bright side. He said: "That man is not the only doctor in this world. I shall get better ones, who would surely make your mother quite recovered." He invited many famous medical professors. I think he spent enormous amount of money for that.

Whenever I had spare time from my lessons, I was by the side of my mother's bed every day, and tried to soothe her. One day I saw her face was so pale. I said to her: "Mother, you look so ill; what shall I do for you?" She shed tears. That was so strange to me, because it was her nature not to turn her sadness to anybody, especially to me. Immediately I thought her long illness must have made her mind so weak. She said to me: "My dearest Heiji, I feel so sorry for you to have such a delicate mother. Look at those children who have healthy mothers. They have nothing to worry at your age. But, my dear child, you worry so much about my illness. Don't you? All the doctors may forsake my life, but I shall try to struggle to live longer for your sake. Don't you remember that great historian Rai San Yo? He had consumption. Every doctor gave up the hope. But San Yo himself said he would not die until he had finished his history books, and he lived until his work was done. You see, his strong will has conquered the death. I, too, have a strong will to live until you grow up a little more."

She buried her face in her bed, and I wept silently by her side.

The next summer came, and she was much improving — indeed, so much so that she began to have a walk in the back garden. All my families were so delighted. We all thought she was quite recovered.

At that time my father was invited by a daimyo in the next village to have the lectures of "Shiki," the famous ancient Chinese history. He suggested that I ought to join to that lecture, because my mother had become so well. He wanted me badly, because he was so proud of me to understand "Shiki" at the age of eleven. So I went to that daimyo's house to stay with my father. I stayed there about fortnight. The lecture was not yet finished, but I began to feel uneasy so to be away from my mother. I bid good-by to my father and came home. Strange to say, my mother began to be ill again on the same morning. She was in bed. In the evening I was nursing her as usual, while my brother was lecturing Mencius to some young boys in a tea-ceremony room.

My mother said to me: "I don't want you for a few minutes, so go to your brother. I shall call you as soon as I want you." So I went to that tea-ceremony room. Only two or three minutes later I heard my mother's voice. She was not calling me; it sounded more like screaming. I rushed into her room. I saw her fall down before she reached to her bed. She was choking.

I called my brother to attend on her, and I myself ran to the doctor immediately. The doctor's maid told me he was having bath, so he would come in a few minutes. I could not go back alone without the doctor. I was stamping the ground at the entrance. My patience was broken. I rushed into his bathroom. He said he had not finished his bath yet. But I asked him to come out. I helped him to dress up, and the doctor and I ran back to my house.

Everything was so silent. I shouted to my brother, "Doctor has come!" He gave no answer. When we went into the room, I saw my brother was drooping his head down by the side of my mother's bed. My mother was lying quite motionless in her bed. The doctor announced her life was out of any hope.

I could not believe that for the moment. I felt I was dreaming in a dream. I don't remember what I was doing until the next morning. I do not mean to be conceited, but really I have fairly good memory of anything, and if I try to recollect it I always get it from my memory. Only that night my mother died was the exception to the rule of my memory. It is more as if I was chloroformed. It is quite a blank. Did I cry? Did I weep? Or did I sleep or not? I don't remember. Only one thing I am quite sure is that I did not faint, so I must have been doing something.

The next morning my father, sister, and all relatives were at home, and relations and friends who were far away were arriving every hour all day.

I myself refused to see anybody. I secluded myself in my little room. There I buried my face in my own arms or a desk and wept. All the mourners came to my room. They did not know what to say to me. They passed away in

MY TWO COUSINS AND I, FISHING

silence. Now and then I lifted my head, and I saw through my tears those people who came in front of me and very sympathetically nodded their heads and went away. My favorite aunts and some few intimate people patted my shoulder for their affection and sympathy. I grasped the hand of some of them. But no sooner than I touched their hands, I noticed the tears began to flow on their cheeks so freely.

Neither they nor I could utter a single word. My father came in and said: "Heiji wants rather to be left alone. Is that not so?" I answered, "Yes." So they all left. My sister used to bring every meal and leave them on my desk. But she could not utter a word. Very often the dishes were quite cold when I lifted up my head. Very little indeed I could take. Five days passed that way. Then the funeral day came. In the morning my father came to me and whispered to me, "Be as a Samurai to-day."

I came back into my own conscience immediately. I joined to the funeral procession and walked just after my brother. As my mother was so popular in our village, there were so many mourners; the procession was such a long one. Then there were plenty spectators. They all knew I was so much upset, and I heard they were whispering: "What has become of our poor little Master Heiji? Is he in the procession?"

I was most solemn, but showed no trace of my tears. They seemed so surprised, and my father was so proud of me.

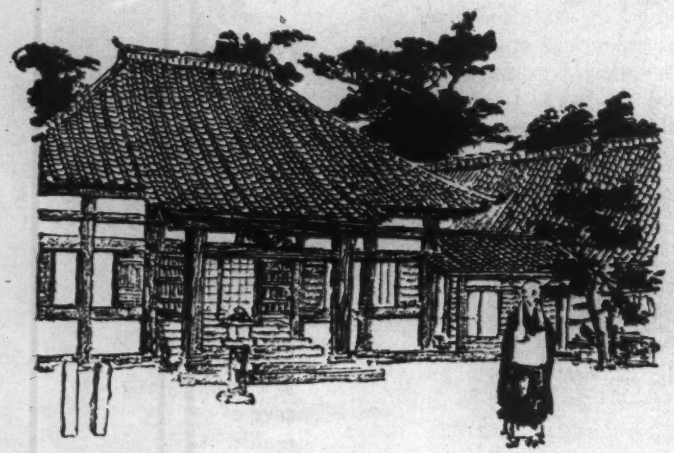
Oh, I was such a little devil to be so hypocrite. By no means could I conquer my sadness. No sooner than I came back I was quite broken down. The shock was even greater than before the funeral. Everybody seemed to be getting recovered from their shock, little by little, every day; but I was in reverse. At the time of the funeral my misery was a sort of madness. But as the time passed on my conscience was getting back, and I began to think of my mother's past life.

I recollected all her kindness and sweetness,

and especially when I was so naughty to her. I said alone: "Why have you gone so soon, my dearest mother? I believe I could be a nicer boy if I tried. Then how much you would be pleased with me. I am sure I have not done my best to you. Mother, do forgive me!"

I was talking alone all the time as if my mother was present. Then, in midnight, I used to steal away myself from my bed and go to her grave to shed my tears. My servants always fetched me home, and told me if I go to the grave-yard in midnight some ghost might appear to me. I said: "Oh, let the ghost of my mother appear to me. I shall be so happy to tell her what I had not done during her life!"

My father began to notice that I was not quite right. He sent for some doctors. Some of them expressed their opinion freely that I should be either insane or die.



WITCH-WOMAN

BY

CELIA HARRIS

WITCH-WOMAN, witch-woman, take your spell from off me!
Why would you be wanting a decent lad like me?
Up and down the hurrying street, the girls and young men scoff me.
Were-woman, dear woman, will you let me be?

I must be a-building with my builder brothers,
Here where the giant girdered city stands;
And every day I dawdle and leave the tasks to others,
Remembering the white touch of your hands.

I would be a-marrying a wife before I'm older;
Fine I would be knowing a room swept bright,
And a little wild son leaping on my shoulder;
But I hear your voice love-calling in the night.

Witch-woman, witch-woman, take your spell from off me!
You should not be wanting a tether-heart like me.
When I follow near, you only cheat and scoff me.
Witch-woman, witch-woman, why not let me be?

Miss Hinch

by Henry Sydnor Harrison

Author of "Queed"

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

IN going from a given point on 126th Street to the subway station at 125th, it is not usual to begin by circling the block to 127th Street, especially in sleet, darkness, and deadly cold. When two people pursue so unusual a course at the same time, moving unobtrusively on opposite sides of the street, in the nature of things the coincidence is likely to attract the attention of one or the other of them.

In the bright light of the entrance to the tube they came almost face to face, and the clergyman took a good look at her. Certainly she was a decent-looking old body, if any woman was: white-haired, wrinkled, spectacled, and stooped. A thoroughly respectable domestic servant of the upper class she looked, in her old black hat, wispy veil, and gray shawl; and her brief glance at the reverend gentleman was precisely what it should have been from her to him — open deference itself. Nevertheless, he, going more slowly down the draughty steps, continued to study her from behind with a singular intentness.

An express was just thundering in, which the clergyman, handicapped as he was by his clubfoot and stout cane, was barely in time to catch. He entered the same car with the woman, and chanced to take a seat directly across from her. It must have been then after half past eleven o'clock, and the wildness of the weather was discouraging to travel. The car was almost deserted. Even in this underground retreat the bitter breath of the night blew and bit, and the old woman shivered under her shawl. At last, her teeth chattering, she got up in an apologetic sort of way, and moved toward the better protected rear of the car, feeling the empty seats as she went, in a palpable search for hot pipes. The clergyman's eyes followed her candidly, and watched her sink down, presently, into a seat on his own side of the car. A young couple sat between them now; he could no longer see the woman, beyond occasional glimpses of her black knees and her ancient bonnet, skewered on with a long steel hatpin.

Nothing could have seemed more natural or more trivial than this change of seats on the part of a thin-blooded and half-frozen passenger. But it happened to be a time of mutual doubt and suspicion, of alert suspicions and hair-trigger watchfulness, when men looked askance into every strange face and the most infinitesimal incidents were likely to take on a hysterical importance. Through days of fruitless searching for a fugitive outlaw of extraordinary gifts, the nerve of the city had been slowly strained to the breaking-point. All jumped, now, when anybody cried "Boo!" and the hue and cry went up falsely twenty times a day.

The clergyman pondered; mechanically he turned up his coat collar and fell to stamping his icy feet. He was an Episcopal clergyman, by his garb — rather short, very full-bodied, not to say fat, bearded and somewhat puffy-faced, with heavy cheeks cut by deep creases. Well lined against the cold though he was, he, too, began to suffer visibly, and presently was forced to retreat in his turn, seeking out a new place where the heating apparatus gave a better account of itself. He found one, reasonably enough, two seats beyond the old serving-woman, limped into it, and soon relapsed into his own thoughts.

The young couple, now half the car-length away, were very thoroughly absorbed in each other's society. The fifth traveler, a withered old gentleman sitting next the middle door across the aisle, napped fitfully upon his cane. The woman in the hat and shawl sat in a sad kind of silence; and the train hurled itself roaringly through the tube. After a time, she glanced timidly at the meditating clergyman, and her look fell swiftly from his face to the discarded "ten-o'clock extra" lying by his side. She removed her dim gaze and let it travel casually about the car; but before long it returned again, pointedly, to the newspaper. Then, with some obvious hesitation, she bent forward and said:

"Excuse me, father, but would you please let me look at your paper a minute, sir?"

The clergyman came out of his reverie instantly, and looked up with almost an eager smile.

"Certainly. Keep it if you like; I am quite through with it. But," he said, in a pleasant deep voice, "I am an Episcopal minister, not a priest."

"Oh, sir — I beg your pardon; I thought ——"

He dismissed the apology with a smile and a good-natured hand.

The woman opened the paper with decent cotton-gloved fingers. The garish head-lines told the story at a glance: "Earth Opened and Swallowed Miss Hinch — Headquarters Virtually Abandons Case — Even Jessie Dark" — so the bold capitals ran on —"Seems Stumped." Below the spread was a luridly written but flimsy narrative, marked "By Jessie Dark,"

And so on — nine "triumphs" in all; and nearly every one of them, as the least observant reader could hardly fail to notice, involved the capture of a woman.

Nevertheless, it could not be pretended that the "snappy" paragraphs in this evening's extra seemed to foreshadow a new or tenth triumph on the part of Jessie Dark at any early date; and the old serving-woman in the car presently laid down the reeking sheet with an irrepressible sigh.

The clergyman glanced toward her kindly. The sigh was so audible that it seemed to be almost an invitation; besides, public interest in the great case was a freemasonry that made conversation between total strangers the rule wherever two or three were gathered together

"HE CONTINUED TO STUDY HER WITH A SINGULAR INTENTNESS"

which at once confirmed the odd implication of the caption. "Jessie Dark," it was manifest, was one of those most extraordinary of the products of yellow journalism, a woman "crime expert," now in action. More than this, she was a "crime expert" to be taken seriously, it seemed — no mere office-desk sleuth, but an actual performer with, unexpectedly enough, a somewhat formidable list of notches on her gun. So much, at least, was to be gathered from her paper's loud display of "Jessie Dark's Triumphs":

March 2, 1901. Caught Julia Victorian, *alias* Gregory, the brains of the "Healey Ring" kidnappers.
October 7–29, 1903. Found Mrs. Trotwood and secured the letter that convicted her of the murder of her lover, Ellis E. Swan.
December 17, 1903. Ran down Charles Bartsch in a Newark laundry and trapped a confession from him.
July 4, 1904. Caught Mary Calloran and recovered the Stratford jewels.

"You were reading about this strange mystery, perhaps?"

The woman, with a sharp intake of breath, answered: "Yes, sir. Oh, sir, it seems as if I couldn't think of anything else."

"Ah?" he said, without surprise. "It certainly appears to be a remarkable affair."

Remarkable indeed the affair seemed. In a tiny little room within ten steps of Broadway, at half past nine o'clock on a fine evening, Miss Hinch had killed John Catherwood with the light sword she used in her well-known representation of the father of his country. Catherwood, it was known, had come to tell her of his approaching marriage; and ten thousand amateur detectives, athirst for rewards, had required no further "motive" of a creature so notorious for fierce jealousy. So far the tragedy was commonplace enough, and even vulgar. What had

redeemed it to romance from this point on was the extraordinary faculty of the woman, which had made her famous while she was still in her teens. Coarse, violent, utterly unmoral she might be, but she happened also to be the most astonishing impersonator of her time. Her brilliant "act" consisted of a series of character changes, many of them done in full sight of the audience with the assistance only of a small table of properties half concealed under a net. Some of these transformations were so amazing as to be beyond belief, even after one had sat and watched them. Not her appearance only, but voice, speech, manner, carriage, all shifted incredibly to fit the new part; so that the woman appeared to have no permanent form or fashion of her own, but to be only so much plastic human material out of which her cunning could mold at will man, woman, or child, great lady of the Louisan court or Tammany statesman with the modernest of East Side modernisms upon his lip.

With this strange skill, hitherto used only to enthrall huge audiences and wring extortionate contracts from managers, the woman known as Miss Hinch — she appeared to be without a first name — was now fighting for her life somewhere against the police of the world. Without artifice, she was a tall, thin-chested young woman with strongly marked features and considerable beauty of a bold sort. What she would look like at the present moment nobody could even venture a guess. Having stabbed John Catherwood in her dressing-room at the Amphitheater, she had put on her hat and coat, dropped two wigs and her make-up kit into a hand-bag, and walked out into Broadway. Within ten minutes the dead body of Catherwood was found and the chase begun. At the stage door, as she passed out, Miss Hinch had met an acquaintance, a young comedian named Dargis, and exchanged a word of greeting with him. That had been two weeks ago. After Dargis, no one had seen her. The earth, indeed, seemed to have opened and swallowed her. Yet her natural features were almost as well known as a President's, and the newspapers of a continent were daily reprinting them in a thousand variations.

"A very remarkable case," repeated the clergyman, rather absently; and his neighbor, the old woman, respectfully agreed that it was. After that she hesitated a moment, and then added, with sudden bitterness:

"Oh, they'll never catch her, sir — never! She's too smart for 'em all, Miss Hinch is."

Attracted by her tone, the stout divine inquired if she was particularly interested in the case.

"Yes, sir — I got reason to be. Jack Catherwood's mother and me was at school together, and great friends all our life long. Oh, sir," she went on, as if in answer to his look of faint surprise, "Jack was a fine gentleman, with manners and looks and all beyond his people. But he never grew away from his old mother, sir — no, sir, never! And I don't believe ever a Sunday passed that he didn't go up and set the afternoon away with her, talking and laughing just like he was a little boy again. Maybe he done things he hadn't ought, as high-spirited lads will, but oh, sir, he was a good boy in his heart — a good boy. And it does seem too hard for him to die like that — and that hussy free to go her way, ruinin' and killin'——"

"My good woman," said the clergyman presently, "compose yourself. No matter how diabolical this woman's skill is, her sin will assuredly find her out."

The woman dutifully lowered her handkerchief and tried to compose herself, as bidden.

"But oh, sir, she's that clever — diabolical, just as ye say, sir. Through poor Jack we of course heard much gossip about her, and they do say that her best tricks was not done on the stage at all. They say, sir, that, sittin' around a table with her friends, she could begin and twist her face so strange and terrible that they would beg her to stop, and jump up and run from the table — frightened out of their lives, sir, grown-up people, by the terrible faces she could make. And let her only step behind her screen for a minute — for she kept her secrets well, Miss Hinch did — and she'd come walking out to you, and you could go right up to her in the full light and take her hand, and still you couldn't make yourself believe that it was her."

"Yes," said the clergyman, "I have heard that she is remarkably clever — though, as a stranger in this part of the world, I never saw her act. I must say, it is all very interesting and strange."

He turned his head and stared through the rear door of the car at the dark flying walls. At the same moment the woman turned her head and stared full at the clergyman. When he turned back, her gaze had gone off toward the front of the car, and he picked up the paper thoughtfully.

"I'm a visitor in the city, from Denver, Colorado," he said presently, "and knew little or nothing about the case until an evening or two ago, when I attended a meeting of gentlemen here. The men's club of St. Matthias' Church — perhaps you know the place? Upon my word, they talked of nothing else. I confess they got me quite interested in their gossip. So to-night I bought this paper to see what this extraordinary woman detective it employs had

to say about it. We don't have such things in the West, you know. But I must say I was disappointed, after all the talk about her."

"Yes, sir, indeed, and no wonder, for she's told Mrs. Catherwood herself that she's never made such a failure as this, so far. It seemed like she could always catch women, sir, up to this. It seemed like she knew in her own mind just what a woman would do, where she'd try to hide and all, and so she could find them time and time when the men detectives didn't know where to look. But oh, sir, she's never had to hunt for such a woman as Miss Hinch before!"

"No? I suppose not," said the clergyman. "Her story here in the paper certainly seems to me very poor."

"*Story*, sir! Bless my soul!" suddenly exploded the old gentleman across the aisle, to the surprise of both. "You don't suppose the clever little woman is going to show her hand in those stories, with Miss Hinch in the city and reading every line of them!"

The approach to his station, it seemed, had roused him from his nap just in time to overhear the episcopate criticism. Now he answered the looks of the old woman and the clergyman with an elderly cackle.

"Excuse my intrusion, I'm sure! But I can't sit silent and hear anybody run down Jessie Dark — Miss Matthewson in private life, as perhaps you don't know. No, sir! Why, there's a man at my boarding-place — astonishing young fellow named Hardy, Tom Hardy — who's known her for *years!* As to those stories, sir, I can assure you that she puts in there *exactly the opposite of what she really thinks!*"

"You don't tell me!" said the clergyman encouragingly.

"Yes, sir! Oh, she plays the game — yes, yes! She has her private ideas, her clues, her schemes. The woman doesn't live who is clever enough to hoodwink Jessie Dark. I look for developments any day — any day, sir!"

A new voice joined in. The young couple down the car, their attention caught by the old man's pervasive tones, had been frankly listening; and it was illustrative of the public mind at the moment that, as they now rose for their station, the young fellow felt perfectly free to offer his contribution:

"Tremendously dramatic situation, isn't it, gentlemen? Those two clever women pitted against each other in a life-and-death struggle, fighting it out silently in the underground somewhere — keen professional pride on one side and the fear of the electric chair on the other. Good heavens, there's ——"

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" exclaimed the old gentleman rather testily. "But, my dear sir, it's not *professional pride* that makes Jessie Dark so resolute to win. It's *sex jealousy*, if you follow me — no offense, madam! Yes, sir! Women never have the slightest respect for each other's abilities — not the slightest. No mercy for each other, either! I tell you, Jessie Dark'd be ashamed to be beaten by another woman. Read her stories between the lines, sir — as I do. Invincible determination — no weakening — no mercy! You catch my point, sir?"

"It sounds reasonable," answered the Colorado clergyman, with his courteous smile. "All women, we are told, are natural rivals at heart ——"

"Oh, I'm for Jessie Dark every time!" the young fellow broke in eagerly — "especially since the police have practically laid down. But ——"

"Why, she's told my young friend Hardy," the old gentleman rode him down, "that she'll find Hinch if it takes her lifetime! Knows a thing or two about actresses, she says. Says the world isn't big enough for the creature to hide from her. Well! What do you think of that?"

"Tell what we were just talking about, George," said the young wife, looking at her husband with grossly admiring eyes.

"But oh, sir," began the old woman timidly, "Jack Catherwood's been dead two weeks now, and — and ——"

"Woman got on my car at nine o'clock to-night, sir," interjected the subway guard, who, having flung open the doors for the station, was listening excitedly to the symposium; "wore a brown veil and goggles. I'd 'a' bet every dollar I had ——"

"Two weeks, madam! And what is that, pray?" exploded the old gentleman, rising triumphantly. "A lifetime, if necessary! Oh, never fear! Mrs. Victorian was considered pretty clever, eh? Wasn't she? Remember what Jessie Dark did for her? Nan Parmalee, too — though the police did their best to steal her credit. She'll do just as much for Miss Hinch — you may take it from me!"

"But how's she going to make the capture, gentlemen?" cried the young fellow, getting his chance at last. "That's the point my wife and I've been discussing. Assuming that she succeeds in spotting this woman-devil, what will she do? Now ——"

"Do, sir! Yell for the police!" burst from the old gentleman at the door.

"And have Miss Hinch shoot her — and then herself, too? Wouldn't she have to ——"

"Grand Central!" cried the guard, for the second time; and the young fellow broke off reluctantly to find his pretty wife towing him strongly toward the door.

"'OH, THEY'LL NEVER CATCH HER, SIR — NEVER! SHE'S TOO SMART FOR 'EM ALL, MISS HINCH IS'"

"Hope she nabs her soon, anyway," he called back to the clergyman over his shoulder. "The thing's getting on my nerves. One of these kindergarten reward-chasers followed my wife for five blocks the other day, just because she's got a pointed chin, and I don't know what might have happened if I hadn't come along and——"

Doors rolled shut behind him, and the train flung itself on its way. Within the car, a lengthy silence ensued. The clergyman stared thoughtfully at the floor, and the old woman fell back upon her borrowed paper. She appeared to be re-reading the observations of Jessie Dark with considerable care. Presently she lowered the paper and began a quiet search for something under the folds of her shawl; and at length, her hands emerging empty, she broke the silence with a timid request:

"Oh, sir — have you a pencil you could lend me, please? I'd like to mark something in the piece to send to Mrs. Catherwood. It's what she says here about the disguises, sir."

The kindly divine felt in his pockets, and after some hunting produced a pencil — a fat white one with blue lead. She thanked him gratefully.

"How is Mrs. Catherwood bearing all this strain and anxiety?" he asked suddenly. "Have you seen her to-day?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I've been spending the evening with her since seven o'clock, and am just back from there now. Oh, she's very much broke up, sir."

She looked at him hesitatingly. He stared straight in front of him, saying nothing, though he knew, in common with the rest of the reading world, that Jack Catherwood's mother lived, not on 126th Street, but on East Tenth. Presently he wondered if his silence had not been an error of judgment. Perhaps that misstatement had not been a slip, but something cleverer.

The woman went on with a certain eagerness: "Oh, sir, I only hope and pray those gentlemen may be right, but it does look to Mrs. Catherwood, and me too, that if Jessie Dark was going to catch her at all, she'd have done it before now. Look at those big, bold blue eyes she had, sir, with lashes an inch long, they say, and that terrible long chin of hers. They do say she can change the color of her eyes, not forever of course, but put a few of her drops into them and make them look entirely different for a time. But that chin, sir, ye'd say——"

"'OFFICER, LOOK WHAT I FOUND ON THE SIDEWALK A MINUTE AGO'"

She broke off; for the clergyman, without preliminaries of any sort, had picked up his heavy stick and suddenly risen.

"Here we are at Fourteenth Street," he said, nodding pleasantly. "I must change here. Good night. Success to Jessie Dark, I say!"

He was watching the woman's faded face intently, and he saw just that look of respectful surprise break into it that he had expected.

"Fourteenth Street, sir! I'd no notion at all we'd come so far. It's where I get out too, sir, the expresses not stopping at my station."

"Ah?" said the clergyman, with the utmost dryness.

He led the way, limping and leaning on his stick. They emerged upon the chill and cheerless platform, not exactly together, yet still with some reference to their acquaintanceship on the car. But the clergyman, after stumping along a few steps, all at once realized that he was walking alone, and turned. The woman had halted. Over the intervening space their eyes met.

"Come," said the man gently. "Come, let us walk about a little to keep warm."

"Oh, sir — it's too kind of you, sir," said the woman, coming forward.

From other cars two or three blue-nosed people had got off to make the change; one or two more came straggling in from the street; but, scattered over the bleak concrete expanse, they detracted little from the isolation that seemed to surround the woman and the clergyman. Step for step, the odd pair made their way to the extreme northern end of the platform.

"By the way," said the clergyman, halting abruptly, "may I see that paper again for a moment?"

"Oh, yes, sir — of course," said the woman, producing it from beneath her shawl. "If you want it back, sir ——"

He said that he wanted only to glance at it for a moment; but he fell to looking through it page by page, with considerable care. The woman glanced at him several times with timid respect. Finally she said hesitatingly:

"I think, sir, I'll ask the ticket-chopper how long before the next train. I'm very late as it is, sir, and I still must stop to get something to eat before I go to bed."

"An excellent idea," said the clergyman.

He explained that he, too, was already an hour behind time, and was spending the night with cousins in Newark, to boot. Side by side, they retraced their steps down the platform, ascertained the schedule from the sleepy chopper, and, as by some tacit consent, started slowly back again. But, before they had gone very far, the woman all at once stopped short and, with a white face, leaned against the wall.

"Oh, sir, I'm afraid I'll just have to stop and get a bite somewhere before I go on. You'll think me foolish, sir, but I missed my supper entirely to-night, and there is quite a faint feeling coming over me."

The clergyman looked at her with apparent concern. "Do you know, my friend, you seem to anticipate all my own wants? Your mentioning something to eat just now reminded me that I myself was all but famishing." He glanced at his watch, appearing to deliberate. "Yes, there is still time before my train. Come, we will find a modest eating-place together."

"Oh, sir," she stammered, with a blush, "but — you wouldn't want to eat with a poor old woman like me, sir."

"And why not? Are we not all equal in the sight of God?"

They ascended the stairs together, like any prosperous parson and his poor parishioner, and, coming out into Fourteenth Street, started west. On the first block they came to a restaurant, a brilliantly lighted, tiled and polished place of the quick-lunch variety. But the woman timidly preferred not to stop here, saying that the glare of such places was very bad for her old eyes. The kindly divine accepted the objection as valid, without argument. Two blocks farther on they found on a corner a quieter resort, an unpretentious little haven which yet boasted a "Ladies' Entrance" down the side street.

They entered by the front door, and sat down at a table, facing each other. The woman read the menu through, and finally, after much embarrassed uncertainty, ordered poached eggs on toast. The clergyman ordered the same. The simple meal was soon despatched. Just as they were finishing it, the woman said apologetically:

"If you'll excuse me, sir — could I see the bill of fare a minute? I think I'd best take a little pot of tea to warm me up, if they do not charge too high."

"I haven't the bill of fare," said the clergyman.

They looked diligently for the cardboard strip, but it was nowhere to be seen. The waiter drew near.

"Yes, ma'am! I certainly left it there on the table when I took the order."

"I'm sure I can't imagine what's become of it," repeated the clergyman, rather insistently.

He looked hard at the woman, and found that she was looking hard at him. Both pairs of eyes fell instantly.

The waiter brought another bill of fare; the woman ordered tea; the waiter came back with it. The clergyman paid for both orders with a dollar bill that looked hard-earned.

The tea proved to be very hot: it could not be drunk down at a gulp. The clergyman, watching the woman intently as she sipped, seemed to grow more and more restless. His fingers drummed the tablecloth; he could hardly sit still. All at once he said: "What is that calling in the street? It sounds like newsboys."

The woman put her old head on one side and listened. "Yes, sir. There seems to be an extra out."

"Upon my word," he said, after a pause, "I believe I'll go get one. Good gracious! Crime is a very interesting thing, to be sure!"

He rose slowly, took down his shovel-hat from the hanger near him, and, grasping his heavy stick, limped to the door. Leaving it open behind him, much to the annoyance of the proprietor in the cashier's cage, he stood a moment in the little vestibule, looking up and down the street. Then he took a few slow steps eastward, beckoning with his hand as he went, and so passed out of sight of the woman at the table.

The eating-place was on the corner, and outside the clergyman paused for half a breath. North, east, south, and west he looked, and nowhere he found what his flying glance sought. He turned the corner into the darker

"HE TURNED HIS HEAD HURRIEDLY EAST AND WEST, SWEEPING THE DARK STREET WITH A SWIFT EYE"

cross-street, and began to walk, at first slowly, continually looking about him. Presently his pace quickened, quickened so that he no longer even stayed to use his stout cane. In another moment he was all but running, his club-foot pounding the icy sidewalk heavily as he went. A newsboy thrust an extra under his very nose, and he did not even see it.

Far down the street, nearly two blocks away, a tall figure in a blue coat stood and stamped in the freezing sleet; and the hurrying divine sped straight toward him. But he did not get very near. For, as he passed the side entrance at the extreme rear of the restaurant, a departing guest dashed out so recklessly as to run full into him, stopping him dead.

Without looking at her, he knew who it was. In fact, he did not look at her at all, but turned his head hurriedly east and west, sweeping the dark street with a swift eye. But the old woman, having drawn back with a sharp exclamation as they collided, rushed breathlessly into apologies:

"Oh, sir — excuse me, sir! A newsboy popped his head into the side door just after you went out, sir, and I ran to him to get you the paper. But he got away too quick for me, sir, and so I ——"

"Exactly," said the clergyman in his quiet deep voice. "That must have been the very boy I myself was after."

On the other side, two men had just turned into the street, well muffled against the night, talking cheerfully as they trudged along. Now the clergyman looked full at the woman, and she saw that there was a smile on his face.

"As he seems to have eluded us both, suppose we return to the subway?"

"Yes, sir; it's full time I ——"

"The sidewalk is so slippery," he went on gently, "perhaps you had better take my arm."

The woman did as she was bidden.

Behind the pair in the dingy restaurant, the waiter came forward to shut the door, and lingered to discuss with the proprietor the sudden departure of his two patrons. However, the score had been paid in full, with a liberal tip for service, so there was no especial complaint to make. After listening to some markedly unfavorable comments on the ways of the clergy, the waiter returned to his table to set it in order for the next customer.

On the floor in the carpeted aisle between tables lay a white rectangle of cardboard, which his familiar eye easily recognized as one of his own bills of fare, face downward. He stooped and picked it up. On the back of it was some scribbling, made with a blue lead-pencil. The handwriting was very loose and irregular, as if the writer had had his eyes elsewhere while he wrote, and it was with some difficulty that the waiter deciphered this message:

Miss Hinch 14th St. subway Get police quick

The waiter carried this curious document to the proprietor, who read it over a number of times. He was a dull man, and had a dull man's suspiciousness of a practical joke. However, after a good deal of irresolute discussion, he put on his overcoat and went out for a policeman. He turned west, and half way up the block met an elderly bluecoat sauntering east. The policeman looked at the scribbling, and dismissed it profanely as a wag's foolishness of the sort that was bothering the life out of him a dozen times a day. He walked along with the proprietor, and as they drew near to the latter's place of business, both became aware at the same moment of footsteps thudding nearer up the cross-street from the south. As they looked up, two young policemen, accompanied by a man in a uniform like a street-car conductor's, swept around the corner and dashed straight into the restaurant.

The first policeman and the proprietor ran in after them, and found them staring about rather vacantly. One of the breathless arms of the law demanded if any suspicious characters had been seen about the place, and the dull proprietor said no. The officers, looking rather flat, explained their errand. It seemed that a few moments before, the third man, who was a ticket-chopper at the subway station, had found a mysterious message lying on the floor by his box. Whence it had come, how long it had lain there, he had not the slightest idea. However, there it was. The policeman exhibited a crumpled white scrap torn from a newspaper, on which was scrawled in blue pencil:

Miss Hinch Miller's restaurant Get police quick

The first policeman, who was both the oldest and the fattest of the three, produced the message on the bill of fare, so utterly at odds with this. The dull proprietor, now bethinking himself, mentioned the clergyman and the old woman who had taken poached eggs and tea together, called for a second bill of fare, and departed so unexpectedly by different doors. The ticket-chopper recalled that he had seen the same pair at his station; they had come up, he remembered, and questioned him closely about trains. The three policemen were momentarily puzzled by this testimony. But it was soon plain to them that if either the woman or the clergyman really had any information about

Miss Hinch — a highly improbable supposition in itself — they would never have stopped with peppering the neighborhood with silly little contradictory messages.

"They're a pair of old fools tryin' to have sport with po-lice, and I'd like to run them in for it," growled the fattest of the officers; and this was the general verdict.

The little conference broke up. The dull proprietor returned to his cage, the waiter to his table; the subway man departed on the run for his chopping-box; the three policemen passed out into the bitter night. They walked together, grumbling, and their feet, perhaps by some subconscious impulse, turned eastward toward the subway. And in the middle of the next block a man came running up to them.

"Officer, look what I found on the sidewalk a minute ago. Read that scribble!"

He held up a white slab which proved to be a bill of fare from Miller's restaurant. On the back of it the three peering officers saw, almost illegibly scrawled in blue pencil:

Police! Miss Hinch 14th St subw

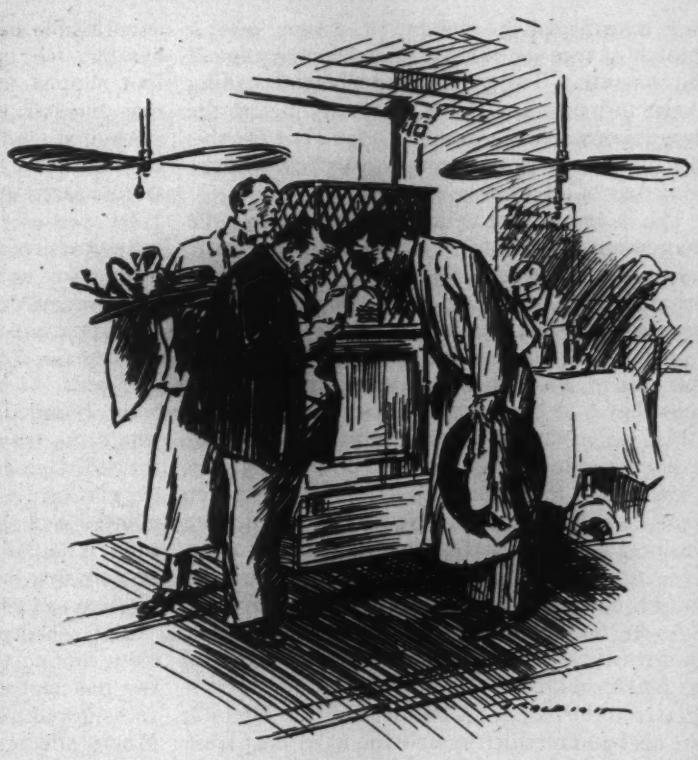
The hand trailed off on the *w* as though the writer had been suddenly interrupted. The fat policeman blasphemed and threatened arrests. But the second policeman, who was dark and wiry, raised his head from the bill of fare and said suddenly: "Tim, I believe there's something in this."

"There'd ought to be ten days on the Island in it for thim," growled fat Tim.

"Suppose, now," said the other policeman, staring intently at nothing, "the old woman was Miss Hinch herself, f'r instance, and the parson was shadowing her while pretendin' he never suspicioned her, and Miss Hinch not darin' to cut and run for it till she was sure she had a clean getaway. Well now, Tim, what better could he do ——"

"That's right!" exclaimed the third policeman. "Specially when ye think that Hinch carries a gun, an'll use it, too! Why not have a look in at the subway station anyway, the three of us?"

This proposal carried the day. The three officers started for the subway, the citizen following. They walked at a good pace and without more talk; and both their speed and their silence had a subtle psychological reaction. As the minds of the four men turned inward upon the odd behavior of the pair in Miller's restaurant, the conviction that, after all, something important might be afoot grew and strengthened within each one of them. Unconsciously their pace quickened. It was the dark, wiry policeman who first broke into an open run, but the three other men had been for twenty paces on the verge of it.



"THE WAITER CARRIED THIS CURIOUS DOCUMENT TO THE PROPRIETOR, WHO READ IT OVER A NUMBER OF TIMES"

However, these consultations and vacillations had taken time. The stout clergyman and the poor old woman had five minutes' start of the officers of the law, and that, as it happened, was all that the occasion required. On Fourteenth Street, as they made their way arm in arm to the station, they were seen, and remembered, by a number of belated pedestrians. It was observed by more than one that the woman lagged as if she were tired, while the club-footed divine, supporting her on his arm, steadily kept her up to his own brisk gait.

So walking, the pair descended the subway steps, came out upon the bare platform again, and presently stood once more at the extreme uptown end of it, just where they had waited half an hour before. Near by a careless porter

had overturned a bucket of water, and a splotch of thin ice ran out and over the edge of the concrete. Two young men who were taking lively turns up and down distinctly heard the clergyman warn the woman to look out for this ice. Far away to the north was to be heard the faint roar of an approaching train.

The woman stood nearest the track, and the clergyman stood in front of her. In the vague light their looks met, and each was struck by the pallor of the other's face. In addition, the woman was breathing hard, and her hands and feet betrayed some nervousness. It was difficult now to ignore the too patent fact that for an hour they had been clinging desperately to each other, at all costs; but the clergyman made a creditable effort to do so. He talked ramblingly, in a kind voice, for the most part of the deplorable weather and his train to Newark, for which he was now so late. And all the time both of them were incessantly turning their heads toward the station entrance, as if expecting some arrival.

As he talked, the clergyman kept his hands unobtrusively busy. From the bottom edge of his black sack-coat he drew a pin, and stuck it deep into the ball of his middle finger. He took out his handkerchief to dust the hard sleet from his broad hat; and under his overcoat he pressed the handkerchief against his bleeding finger. While making these small arrangements, he held the woman's eyes with his own, chatting kindly; and, still holding them, he suddenly broke off his random talk and peered at her cheek with concern.

"My good woman, you've scratched your cheek somehow! Why, bless me, it's bleeding quite badly."

"Never mind," said the woman, and swept her eyes hurriedly toward the entrance.

"But, good gracious, I must mind! The blood will fall on your shawl. If you will permit me — ah!"

Too quick for her, he leaned forward and, through the thin veil, swept her cheek hard with his handkerchief; and, removing it, held it up so that she might see the blood for herself. But she did not glance at the handkerchief, and neither did he. His gaze was riveted upon her cheek, which looked smooth and clear where he had smudged the clever wrinkles away.

Down the steps and upon the platform pounded the feet of three flying policemen. But it was quite evident now that the express would thunder in just ahead of them. The clergyman, standing close in front of the woman, took a firmer grip on his heavy stick and smiled full into her face.

"Miss Hinch, you are not so terribly clever, after all!"

The woman sprang back from him with an irrepressible exclamation, and in that moment her eye fell upon the police. Unluckily, her foot slipped upon the treacherous ice — or it may have tripped on the stout cane when the clergyman suddenly shifted its position. And in the next breath the front of the express train roared past.

By one of those curious circumstances that sometimes refute all experience, the body of the woman was not mangled or mutilated in the least. There was a deep blue bruise on the left temple, and apparently that was all; even the ancient hat remained on her head, skewered fast by the long pin. It was the clergyman who found the body, huddled anyhow at the side of the track where the train had flung it — he who covered the still face and superintended the removal to the platform. Two eye-witnesses of the tragedy pointed out the ice on which the unfortunate woman had slipped, and described their horror as they saw her companion spring forward just too late to save her.

Not wishing to bring on a delirium of excitement among the half dozen chance bystanders, two policemen drew the clergyman quietly aside and showed him the three mysterious messages. Much affected by the shocking end of his sleuthery as he was, he readily admitted having written them. He briefly recounted how the woman's strange movements on 126th Street had arrested his attention, and how, watching her closely on the car, he had finally detected that she wore a wig. Unfortunately, however, her suspicions appeared to have been aroused by his interest in her, and thereafter a long battle of wits had ensued between them — he trying to call the police without her knowledge, she dogging him close to prevent that, and at the same time watching her chance to give him the slip. He rehearsed how, in the restaurant, when he had invented an excuse to leave her for an instant, she had made a bolt and narrowly missed getting away; and finally how, having brought her back to the subway and seeing the police at last near, he had exposed her make-up and called her name, with unexpectedly shocking results.

"And now," he concluded in a shaken voice, "I am naturally most anxious to know whether I am right — or have made some terrible mistake. Will you look at her, officer, and tell me if it is — she?"

But the fat policeman shook his head over the well-known ability of Miss Hinch to look like everybody else in the world but herself.

"It'll take God Almighty to tell ye that, sir — saving your presence. I'll leave it f'r headquarters," he continued, as if that were the same thing. "But, if it is her, she's gone to her reward, sir."

"God pity her!" said the clergyman.

"Amen! Give me your name, sir. They may want ye in the morning."

The clergyman gave it: Rev. Theodore Shaler, of Denver; city address, 245 East 126th Street. Having thus discharged his duty in the affair, he started sadly to go away; but, passing by the silent figure stretched on a bench under the ticket-seller's overcoat, he bared his head and stopped for one last look at it.

The parson's gentleness and efficiency had already won favorable comments from the bystanders, and of the first quality he now gave a final proof. The dead woman's balled-up handkerchief, which somebody had recovered from the track and laid upon her breast, had slipped to the floor; and the clergyman, observing it, stooped silently to restore it again. This last small service chanced to bring his head close to the head of the dead woman; and, as he straightened up again, her projecting hat-pin struck his cheek and ripped a straight line down it. This in itself would have been a trifle, since scratches soon heal. But it happened that the point of the hat-pin caught under the lining of the clergyman's perfect beard and ripped it clean from him; so that, as he rose with a sudden shrill cry, he turned upon the astonished onlookers the bare, smooth chin of a woman, curiously long and pointed.

There was only one such chin in the world, and the very urchins in the street would have known it at a glance. Amid a sudden uproar which ill became the presence of the dead, the police closed in on Miss Hinch and handcuffed her with violence, fearing suicide, if not some new witchery; and at the station-house an unemotional matron divested the famous impersonator of the last and best of all her many disguises. This much the police did. But it was quite distinctly understood that it was Jessie Dark who had really made the capture, and the papers next morning printed pictures of the unconquerable little woman and of the hat-pin with which she had reached back from another world to bring her greatest adversary to justice.

"DINK STOVER AT YALE"

OWEN JOHNSON'S NEW SERIAL

WITH the October issue of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE we begin Owen Johnson's new serial, entitled "Dink Stover at Yale," in which the tendencies of college life in the United States to-day are treated with great frankness. Although the story takes place at Yale, it handles conditions which more or less prevail in all American universities.

Mr. Johnson believes that the American people have a right to expect a great deal more than they get from the American college. He points out the impenetrable isolation of the college in the midst of an aroused and serious nation; the development of the old-fashioned college into the modern gymnasium thronged with boyish barbarians.

While the novel is in no sense controversial, it deals boldly with the social forces at work in our colleges to-day, and with the social system that is more and more tending to turn our Eastern universities into social clearing-houses. The novel will arouse criticism from many loyal college men, but it can not fail to provoke discussion among the great numbers who look back on their college experiences with perplexity — or even with a sense of loss.

Mr. Johnson believes that there will be in the American college a renewal of interest in political affairs, and a return to a pride in mental distinction, to a hunger for information about the heritage of the past and about the forces that are moving the world to-day. He believes that the United States has a right to expect from its colleges that social, intellectual, and political inspiration which the universities of Germany, France, England, and Russia constantly renew in those countries.

The Case of Richard Meynell

by Mrs. Humphry Ward

XIX

IT was in the week before Christmas that Professor Veitch — the same Professor who had been one of the Bishop's commission of enquiry in Richard Meynell's case — knocked one afternoon at Canon France's door to ask for a cup of tea. He had come down to give a lecture to the Church Club, which had been recently started in Markborough in opposition to the Reformers' Club; but his acceptance of the invitation had been a good deal determined by his very keen desire to probe the later extraordinary developments of the Meynell affair on the spot.

France was in his low-ceiled study, occupied, as usual, with drawers full of documents of many kinds — most of them mediaeval deeds and charters which he was calendaring for the Cathedral Library. His table and the floor were littered by them; a stack of the Rolls publications was on his right hand; a Dudgale's "Monasticon" lay open at a little distance; and curled upon a newspaper beside it lay a grey kitten. The kitten had that morning upset an inkstand over three sheets of the Canon's laborious handwriting. At the time he had, indeed, dropped her angrily by the scruff of the neck into a waste-paper basket to repent of her sins; but here she was again, and the Canon had patiently rewritten the sheets.

There were not many softnesses in the Canon's life. The kitten was one; of the other perhaps only his sister, nearly as old as himself, who lived with him, was aware. Twenty years before — just after his appointment to the Canonry — he had married a young and, in the opinion of his family, flighty wife, who had lived a year and then died. She had passed like a spring flower; and after a year or two all that was remembered about her was that she had chosen the drawing-room paper, which was rather garishly pink like her own cheeks. In the course of time the paper had become so discoloured and patchy that Miss France was ashamed of it. For years her brother turned a deaf ear to her remarks on the subject. At last he allowed her to repaper the room. But she presently discovered that, close to the seat he generally occupied in the drawing-room of an evening, there was a large hole in the new paper, made by the rubbing and scraping of the Canon's fingers as he sat at tea. Through it the original pink reappeared. More than once Miss France caught her brother looking contentedly at his work of mischief. But she dared not speak of it to him, nor do anything to repair the damage.

As France perceived the identity of the visitor whom his old man-servant was showing into the study, a slight shade of annoyance passed over his face. But he received the Professor civilly, cleared a chair of books in order that he might sit down, and gave a vigorous poke to the fire.

The Professor did not wish to appear too inquisitive on the subject of Meynell, and he therefore dallied a little with matters of biblical criticism. France, however, took no interest in them; and even an adroit description of a paper recently read by the speaker at an Oxford meeting failed to kindle a spark. Veitch found himself driven upon the real object of his visit.

He desired to know — understanding that the Canon was an old friend of Henry Barron — where the Meynell affair exactly was.

"Am I an old friend of Henry Barron?" said France slowly.

"He says you are," laughed the Professor. "I happened to go up to town in the same carriage with him a fortnight ago."

"He comes here a good deal — but he never takes my advice," said France.

The Professor enquired what the advice had been.

"To let it alone!" France looked round suddenly at his companion. "I have come to the conclusion," he added drily, "that Barron is not a person of delicacy."

The Professor, rather taken aback, argued on Barron's behalf. Would it have been seemly or right for a man — a Churchman of Barron's prominence — to keep such a thing to himself at such a critical moment? Surely it had an important bearing on the controversy.

"I see none," said France, a spark of impatience in the small black eyes that shone so vividly above his large hanging cheeks. "Meynell says the story is untrue."

"Ah, but let him prove it!" cried the Professor, his grey old face flushing. "He has made a wanton attack upon the Church — he can not possibly expect any quarter from us. We are not in the least bound to hold him immaculate — quite the contrary. Men of that impulsive, undisciplined type are, as we all know, very susceptible to woman."

France faced round upon his companion in a slow, contemptuous wonder.

"I see you take your views from the anonymous letters?"

The Professor laughed awkwardly.

"Not necessarily. I understand Barron has direct evidence. Anyway, let Meynell take the usual steps. If he takes them successfully, we shall all rejoice. But his character has been made, so to speak, one of the pieces in the game. We are really not bound to accept it at his own valuation."

"I think you will have to accept it," said France.

There was a pause. The Professor wondered secretly whether France, too, was beginning to be tarred with the Modernist brush. No! — impossible. For that the Canon was either too indolent or too busy.

At last he said: "Seriously — I should like to know what you really think."

"It is of no importance what I think. But what suggests itself, of course, is that there is some truth in the story, but that Meynell is not the hero. And he doesn't see his way to clear himself by dishing other people."

"I see." The obstinacy in the smooth voice rasped France. "She was most unlucky for him! But then, let him resign his living and go quietly into obscurity. He owes it to his own side. For them the whole thing is disaster. He *must* either clear himself or go."

"Oh, give him a little time," said France sharply — "give him a little time." Then, with a change of tone: "The anonymous letters, of course, are the really interesting things in the case. Perhaps you have a theory about them?"

The Professor shrugged his shoulders.

"None whatever. I have seen three, including that published in the *Post*. I understand about twenty have now been traced — and that they grow increasingly dramatic and detailed. Evidently some clever fellow — who knows a great deal — with a grudge against Meynell?"

"Ye-es," said France, with hesitation.

"You suspect somebody?"

"Not at all. It is a black business."

Then, with one large and powerful hand, France restrained the kitten, who was for deserting his knee, and with the other he drew towards him the folio volume on which he had been engaged when the Professor came in.

Veitch took the hint, said a rather frosty good-bye, and departed.

"A popinjay!" said France to himself, when he was left alone, thinking with annoyance of the Professor's curly hair, of his elegant serge suit, and the gem from Knossos that he wore on the little finger of his left hand. Then he took up a large pipe which lay beside his books, filled it, and hung meditatively over the fire. He was angry with Veitch and disgusted with himself.

"Why haven't I given Meynell a helping hand? Why did I let Barron come here and talk to me for an hour without telling him what I really thought of him?"

He fell for some minutes into an abyss of thought — thought that seemed to range not so much over the circumstances connected with Meynell as over the whole of his own past.

But he emerged from it with a long shake of the head.

"My habits are my habits," he said to himself, with a kind of bitter decision, and, laying down his pipe, he went back to his papers.

Almost at the same moment the Bishop was interviewing Henry Barron in the little book-lined room beyond the main library, which he kept for the business he most disliked. He never put the distinction into words; but when any member of his clergy was invited to step into the farther room, the person so invited felt depressed.

Barron's substantial presence seemed to fill the little study as, very much on his defence, he sat tête-à-tête with the Bishop. He had recognised from the beginning that nothing of what he

had done was really welcome or acceptable to Bishop Craye. While he felt himself a benefactor to the Church in general, and to the Bishop of Markborough in particular, instinctively he knew that the Bishop's taste ungratefully disapproved of him; and the knowledge contributed an extra shade of pomposity to his manner.

He had just given a sketch of the Church meeting at Upcote, and of the situation in the village up to date. The Bishop sat absently patting his thin knees and evidently very much concerned.

"A most unpleasant — a most painful scene. I confess, Mr. Barron, I think it would have been far better if you had avoided it."

Barron held himself rigidly erect.

"My lord, my one object, from the beginning, has been to force Meynell into the open. For his own sake — for the parish's — the situation must be brought to an end, in some way. The indecency of it at present is intolerable."

"You forget — the trial is next month; Meynell will certainly be deprived."

"No doubt. But then, there is the Privy Council Appeal. And, even when he is deprived, Meynell does not mean to leave the village. He has made all his arrangements to stay and defy the judgment. We must prove to him, even if we have to do it with what looks like harshness, that until he clears himself of this business this diocese, at least, will have none of him."

"Why, the great majority of the people adore him!" cried the Bishop. "And, meanwhile, I understand the other poor things are already driven away. They tell me the Fox-Wilsons' house is to let and Miss Puttenham gone to Paris indefinitely."

Barron slightly shrugged his shoulders. "We are all very sorry for them, my lord. It is indeed a sad business. But we must remember, at the same time, that all these persons have been in a conspiracy together to impose a falsehood on their neighbours; and that for many years we have been admitting Miss Puttenham to our house and our friendship — to the companionship of our daughters — in complete ignorance of her character."

"Oh, poor thing! poor thing!" said the Bishop hastily. "The thought of her haunts me. She must know what is going on — or a great deal of it — though, indeed, I hope she doesn't — I hope with all my heart she doesn't. Well, now, Mr. Barron, you have written me long letters, and I trust that you will allow me a little close enquiry into some of these matters——"

"The closer the better, my lord."

"You have not as yet come to any opinion whatever as to the authorship of these letters?"

Barron looked troubled.

"I am entirely at a loss," he said emphatically. "Once or twice I have thought myself on the track. There is that man, Last, whose license Meynell opposed——"

"One of the 'aggrieved parishioners,'" said the Bishop, raising his hands and eyebrows.

"You regret, my lord, that we should be mixed up with such a person? So do I. But, with a whole parish in a conspiracy to support the law-breaking that was going on, what could we do? However, that is not now the point. I have suspected Last. I have questioned him. He showed extraordinary levity, and was — to myself personally — what I can only call insolent. But he swore to me that he had not written the letters; and, indeed, I am convinced that he could not have written them. He is almost an illiterate — can barely read and write. I still suspect him. But, if he is in it, it is only as a tool of some one else."

"And the son — Judith Sabin's son?"

"Naturally, I have turned my mind in that direction also. But John Broad is a very simple fellow — has no enmity against Meynell; quite the contrary. He vows that he never knew why his mother went abroad with Lady Fox-Wilson, or why she went to America, and, though she talked a lot of what he calls 'queer stuff' in the few hours he had with her before my visit, and before her death, he couldn't make head or tail of a good deal of it, and didn't trouble his head about it. And, after my visit, he found her incoherent and delirious. Moreover, he declared to me solemnly that he knew nothing about the letter; and I certainly have no means of bringing it home to him."

The Bishop's blue eyes were sharply fixed upon the speaker. But, on the whole, Barron's manner in these remarks had favourably impressed his companion.

"We come, then," he said gravely, "to the further question which you will, of course, see will be asked — must be asked. Can you be certain that your own conversation — of course, quite unconsciously on your part — has not given hints to some person — some unscrupulous third person — an enemy of Meynell's — who has been making use of information he may have got from you to write these letters? Forgive the enquiry — but you will realise how very important it is — for Church interests — that the suit against Meynell in the Church courts should not be in any way mixed up with this wretched and discreditable business of the anonymous letters!"

Barron flushed a little.

"I have, of course, spoken of the matter in my own family," he said proudly. "I have already told you, my lord, that I confided the whole thing to my son Stephen very early in the day."

The Bishop smiled.

"We may dismiss Stephen, I think — the soul of honour and devoted to Meynell. Can you remember no one else?"

Barron endeavoured to show no resentment at these enquiries; but it was clear that they galled.

"The only other members of my household are my daughter Theresa, and occasionally, for a week or two, my son Maurice. I answer for them both."

"Your son Maurice is at work in London."

"He is in one of the large insurance offices," said Barron stiffly.

The Bishop's face was shrewdly thoughtful. After a pause he said:

"You have, of course, examined the handwriting? But I understand that recently all the letters have been typewritten."

"All but two, the letter to Dawes and a letter which, I believe, was received by Mrs. Elsmere. I gave the Dawes letter to Meynell, at his request."

"Having failed to identify the handwriting?"

"Certainly."

Yet, even as he spoke, a sudden misgiving, like the pinch of an insect, brushed Barron's consciousness — for the first time. He had not, as a matter of fact, examined the Dawes letter very carefully, having been, as he now clearly remembered, in a state of considerable mental excitement during the whole time it was in his possession, and thinking much more of the effect of the first crop of letters on the situation than of the details of the Dawes letter itself. But he did remember, now that the Bishop pressed him, that when he first looked at the letter he had been conscious of a momentary scare of likeness to a handwriting he knew — to Maurice's handwriting, in fact. But he had repelled the suggestion as absurd in the first instance, and after a momentary start he angrily repelled it now.

The Bishop emerged from a brown study.

"It is a most mysterious thing! Have you been able to verify the postmarks?"

"So far as I know, all the letters were posted at Markborough."

"No doubt by some accomplice," said the Bishop. He paused and sighed. Then he looked searchingly, though still hesitatingly, at his companion.

"Mr. Barron, I trust you will allow me — as your Bishop — one little reminder. As Christians, we must be slow to believe evil."

Barron flushed again.

"I have been slow to believe it, my lord. But in all things I have put the Church's interest first."

Something in the Bishop suddenly and sharply drew away from the man beside him. He held himself with a cold dignity.

"For myself, personally — I tell you frankly — I can not bring myself to believe a word of this story, so far as it concerns Meynell. I believe there is a terrible mistake at the bottom of it, and I prefer to trust twenty years of noble living rather than the tale of a poor, distraught creature like Judith Sabin. At the same time, of course, I recognise that you have a right to your opinions, as I have to mine. But, my dear sir,"— and here the Bishop rose abruptly,—"let me urge upon you one thing. Keep an open mind — not only for all that tells against Meynell, but all that tells for him! Don't — you will allow me this friendly word — don't land yourself in a great, perhaps a lifelong, self-reproach!"

There was a note of sternness in the speaker's voice; but the small parchment face and the eyes of china-blue shone as though kindled from within by the pure and generous spirit of the man.

"My lord, I have said my say." Barron had also risen, and stood towering over the Bishop. "I leave it now in the hands of God."

The Bishop winced again, and was holding out a limp hand for good-bye when Barron said suddenly:

"Perhaps you will allow me one question, my lord. Has Meynell been to see you? Has he written to you, even? I may say that I urged him to do so."

The Bishop was taken aback and saw no way out.

"I have had no direct communication with him — no doubt," he said reluctantly, "because of our already strained relations."

On Barron's lips there dawned something that could hardly be called a smile — or triumphant; but the Bishop caught it. In another minute the door had closed upon his visitor.

Barron walked away through the close, his mind seething with anger and resentment. He felt that he had been treated as an embarrassment rather than an ally — that the Bishop's whole attitude had been grudging and unfriendly.

As he passed on to the broad stone pavement that bordered the south transept, he became aware of a man coming towards him. Raising his eyes, he saw that it was Meynell.

There was no way of avoiding the encounter. As the two men passed, Barron made a mechanical sign of recognition. Meynell lifted his head and looked at him full. It was a strange look, intent and piercing, charged with the personality of the man behind it.

Barron passed on, quivering. He felt that he hated Meynell, with the disguise of a public motive dropped away — and he knew that he hated him personally.

At the same time, the sudden slight misgiving he had been conscious of in the Bishop's

presence ran through him again. He feared he knew not what; and, as he walked to the station, the remembrance of Meynell's expression mingled with the vague uneasiness he tried in vain to put from him.

Meynell walked home by Forkèd Pond to Maudeley. He lingered a little in the leafless woods round the cottage, now shut up, and he chose the longer path, that he might actually pass the very window near which Mary had stood when she spoke those softly broken words — words from a woman's soul — which his memory had by heart. And his pulse leapt at the scarcely admitted thought that perhaps — now — in a few weeks he might be walking the dale paths with Mary. But there were stern things to be done first.

At Maudeley he found Flaxman awaiting him, and the two passed into the library, while Rose, bubbling with conjecture and remarks, self-denyingly refrained from joining them. The consultation of the two men lasted about an hour, and when Flaxman rejoined his wife he came alone.

"Gone?" said Rose, with a disappointed look. "Oh, I did want to shake his hand!"

Flaxman's gesture was unsympathetic.

"It is not the time for that yet. This business has gone deep with him. I don't exactly know what he will do — but he has made me promise various things."

"When does he see — Torquemada?" said Rose, after a pause.

"I think — to-morrow morning."

"H'm. Good luck to him! Please let me know also precisely when I may crush Lady St. Monie."

Lady St. Monie was the wife of the Lord Lieutenant, and had at a recent dinner-party, in Rose's presence, hotly asserted her belief in the charges brought against the Rector of Upcote. She possessed a private chapel adorned with pre-Raphaelite frescoes, and was the sister of one of the chief leaders of the High Orthodox party in Convocation.

"She doesn't often speak to the likes of me," said Rose, "which, of course, is a great advantage for the likes of me. But, the next time, I shall speak to her — which will be so good for her. My dear Hugh, don't let Meynell be too magnanimous — I can't stand it."

Flaxman laughed, but rather absently. It was evident that he was still under the strong impression of the conversation he had just passed through.

Rose stole up to him and put her lips to his ear.

"Who — was — Hester's father?"

Flaxman looked up.

"I haven't the least idea."

"But, of course, we must all know sometime," said Rose discontentedly. "Catherine knows already."

Meynell passed that evening in his study, after some hours spent in the Christmas business of a large parish. His mind was full of agitation, and when midnight struck, ushering in Christmas eve, he was still undecided as to his precise course.

Among the letters of the day lying scattered beside him on the floor, there was yet further evidence of the power of Barron's campaign. There were warm expressions, indeed, of sympathy and indignation to be found among them, but, on the whole, Meynell realised that his own side's belief in him was showing signs of wavering and distress, while the attack upon him was increasing in violence. His silence even to his most intimate friends, even to his Bishop, the disappearance from England of the other persons named in the scandal, the constant elaborations and embellishments of the story as it passed from mouth to mouh — these things were telling against him steadily and disastrously.

As he hung over the fire, he anxiously reconsidered his conduct towards the Bishop, while Catherine's phrase, "He, too, has his rights!" lingered in his memory. He more than suspected that his silence had given pain; and his affection for the Bishop made the thought a sore one.

But, after all, what good would have been done, had he even put the Bishop in possession of the whole story? The Bishop's bare denial would have been added to his — nothing more. There could have been no explanation, public or private, nothing to persuade those who did not wish to be persuaded.

His thought wandered hither and thither. From the dimness of submerged thought there emerged a letter. . . .

My dear old Meynell:

The thing is to be covered up. Ralph will acknowledge the child, and all precautions are to be taken. I think what he does he will do thoroughly. Alice wishes it — and what can I do, either for her or for the child? Nothing. And, for me, I see but one way out — which will be the best for her too in the end, poor darling. My wife's letter a week ago destroyed my last hope. I am going out to-night — and I shall not come back. Stand by her, Richard. I think this kind of lie on which we are all embarked is wrong (not that you had anything to do with it); but it is society which is wrong and imposes it on us. Anyway, the choice is made, and now you must support and protect her — and the child — for my sake. For I know you love me, dear boy — little as I deserve it. It is part of your general gift of loving, which has always seemed to me so strange. However, whatever I was made for, you were made to help the unhappy. So I have the less scruple in sending you this last word. She will want your help. The child's lot in that household will not be a happy one; and Alice will have to look on. But help her! The thing, once done, must be irrevocable:

only so can my poor Alice recover her youth — think, she is only twenty now! — and the child's future be saved. Alice, I hope, will marry. And, when the child marries, you may — nay, I think you must — tell the husband. I have written this to Ralph. But for all the rest of the world the truth is now wiped out. The child is no longer mine — Alice was never my love — and I am going to the last sleep. Good-bye. In your company alone have I ever seemed to touch the life that might have been mine. But it is too late. The will in me — the mainspring — is diseased. This is a poor return — but. forgive me, my very dear Richard! Here comes the boat — and there is a splendid sea rising.

There, in a locked drawer not far from him, lay this letter. Meynell's thought plunged back into the past — into its passionate feeling, its burning pity, its powerless affection. He recalled his young hero-worship for his brilliant kinsman — the hour when he had identified the battered form on the shore of the Donegal Lough — the sight of Alice's young anguish — and all the subsequent effort on his part — for Christ's sake, for Neville's sake — to help and shield a woman and child — effort from which his own soul had learnt so much.

Pure and sacred recollections! — mingled often with the moral or intellectual perplexities that enter into all things human.

Then, at a bound, his thought rushed on to the man who without pity, without shame, had dragged all these sad things, these helpless, irreparable griefs, into the cruel light of a malicious publicity — in the name of Christ, in the name of the Church!

To-morrow! He rose, with a face set like iron, and went back to his table to finish a half-written review.

"Theresa, after eleven I shall be engaged. See that I am not disturbed."

Theresa murmured assent; but, when her father closed the door of her sitting-room, she did not go back immediately to her household accounts. Her good, plain face showed a disturbed mind.

Her father's growing excitability and irritation — and the bad accounts of Maurice — troubled her sorely. Only that morning Mr. Barron had become aware that Maurice had lost the post in the insurance office which had been so laboriously obtained for him. Theresa had known it for a week or two, but had not been allowed to tell. And she tried not to remember how often, of late, her brother had applied to her for money.

Going back to her accounts with a sigh, she missed a necessary receipt, and went into the dining-room to look for it. While she was there, the front door bell rang and was answered, unheard by her. Thus it fell out, as she came back into the hall, she found herself face to face with Richard Meynell.

She stood paralysed with astonishment. He bowed to her gravely and passed on. Something in his look seemed to her to spell calamity. She went back to her room, and sat there dumb and trembling — dreading what she might see or hear.

Meanwhile Meynell had been ushered into Barron's study by the old butler, who was no less astonished than his mistress.

Barron rose stiffly to meet his visitor. The two men stood opposite each other as the door closed.

Barron spoke first:

"You will, I trust, let me know, Mr. Meynell, without delay, to what I owe this unexpected visit. I was, of course, quite ready to meet your desire for an interview, but your letter gave me no clue ——"

"I thought it better not," said Meynell quietly. "May we sit down?"

Barron mechanically waved the speaker to a chair, and sat down himself. Meynell seemed to pause a moment, his eyes on the ground. Then suddenly he raised them.

"Mr. Barron, what I have come to say will be a shock to you. I have discovered the author of the anonymous letters which have now for nearly three months been defiling this parish and diocese."

Barron's sudden movement showed the effect of the words; but he held himself well in hand.

"I congratulate you," he said coldly. "It is what we have all been trying to discover."

"But the discovery will be painful to you; for the author of these letters, Mr. Barron — is — your son Maurice."

At these words, spoken with an indescribable intensity and firmness, Barron sprang from his seat.

"It was not necessary, I think, sir, to come to my house in order to insult my family and myself. It would have been better to write. And you may be very sure that, if you can not punish your slanderers, we can — and will!"

His attitude expressed a quivering fury. Meynell took a packet from his breast pocket and quietly laid it on the table beside him.

"In this envelope you will find a document — a confession of a piece of wrong-doing on Maurice's part of which, I believe, you have never been informed. His poor sister concealed it — and paid for it. You remember three years ago the letting loose of some valuable young horses from Farmer Grange's stables — the hue and cry after them — and the difficulty there was in recapturing them on the Chase?"

Barron stared at the speaker, speechless.

"You remember that a certain young fellow was accused — James Aston, one of my Sunday-school teachers — who had proposed to Grange's daughter and had been sent about his business by the father? Aston was, in fact, just about to be run in by the police, when a clue came to my hands. I followed it up. Then I found out that the ringleader in the whole affair had been your son Maurice. If you remember, he was then at home, hanging about the village, and he had had a quarrel with Grange — I forget about what. He wrote an anonymous postcard accusing Aston. However, I got on the track, and finally I made him give me a written confession — to protect Aston. Heavy compensation was paid to Grange — by your daughter — and the thing was hushed up. I was always doubtful whether I ought not to have come to you. But it was not long after the death of your wife. I was very sorry for you all — and Maurice pleaded hard. I told Stephen, however, and I kept the confession. I came upon it a night or two ago in the drawer where I had also placed the letter to Dawes which I got from you. Suddenly the likeness in the handwritings struck me, and I made a careful comparison."

He opened the packet and took out the two papers, which he offered to Barron.

"I think if you will compare the marked passages you will see at least a striking resemblance."

With a shaking hand Barron refused the papers.

"I have no doubt, sir, you can manufacture any evidence you please! — but I do not intend to follow you through it. Handwriting, as we all know, can be made to prove anything. Reserve your documents for your solicitor. I shall at once instruct mine."

"But I am only at the beginning of my case," said Meynell, with the same composure. "I think you had better listen. . . . A passage in one of the recent letters gave me a hint — an idea. I went straight to Last, the publican, and taxed him with being the accomplice of the writer. I blustered a little — he thought I had more evidence than I had — and at last I got the whole thing out of him. The first letter was written" — the speaker raised his finger, articulating each word with slow precision — "by your son Maurice, and posted by Last, the day after the cage accident at the Victoria pit; and they have pursued the same division of labour ever since. Last confesses he was induced to do it by the wish to revenge himself on me for the loss of his license; and Maurice occasionally gave him a little money. I have all the dates of the letters, and a statement of where they were posted. If necessary, Last will give evidence."

A silence. Barron had resumed his seat, and was automatically lifting a small book that lay on a table near him, and letting it fall, while Meynell was speaking. When Meynell paused, he said thickly:

"A plausible tale, no doubt — and a very convenient one for you. But, allow me to point out, it rests entirely on Last's word. Very likely he wrote the letters himself, and is attempting to make Maurice the scapegoat."

"Where do you suppose he could have got his information?" said Meynell, looking up. "There is no suggestion that *he* saw Judith Sabin before her death."

Barron's face worked, while Meynell watched him implacably. At last he said:

"How should I know? The same question applies to Maurice."

"Not at all. There the case is absolutely clear. Maurice got his information from you."

"A gratuitous statement, sir — which you can not prove."

"From you" — repeated Meynell — "and from certain spying operations that he and Last undertook together. Do you deny that you told Maurice all that Judith Sabin told you — together with her identification of myself?"

The room seemed to wait for Barron's reply. He made none. He burst out, instead:

"What possible motive could Maurice have had for such an action? The thing isn't even plausible."

"Oh, Maurice had various old scores to settle with me," said Meynell. "I have come across him more than once in this parish — no need to say how. I tried to prevent him from publicly disgracing himself and you; and I did prevent him. He saw in this business an easy revenge on a sanctimonious parson who had interfered with his pleasures."

Barron had risen and was pacing the room with unsteady steps. Meynell still watched him, with the same glitter in the eye. Meynell's whole nature, indeed, at the moment seemed to have gathered itself into one avenging force; he was at once sword and smiter. The man before him seemed to him embodied cruelty and hypocrisy; he felt neither pity nor compunction. And presently he said abruptly:

"But I am afraid I have a much more serious matter to lay before you than this business of the letters."

"What do you mean?"

Taking another letter from his pocket, Meynell glanced at it a moment, and then handed it to Barron. Barron was for an instant inclined to refuse it, as he had refused the others. But Meynell insisted.

"Believe me, you had better read it. It is a

letter from Mr. Flaxman to myself, and it concerns a grave charge against your son. I bring you a chance of saving him from prosecution; but there is no time to be lost."

Barron took the letter, carried it to the window, and stood reading it. Meynell sat on the other side of the room watching him, still in the same impassive "possessed" state.

Suddenly Barron put his hand over his face and a groan he could not repress broke from him. He turned his back and stood bending over the letter.

At the same moment a shiver ran through Meynell, like the return to life of some arrested energy, some paralysed power. The shock of that sound of suffering had found him iron; it left him flesh. The spiritual habit of a lifetime revived; for "what we do we are."

He rose slowly and went over to the window.

"You can still save him — from the immediate consequences of this, at least — if you will. I have arranged that with Flaxman. It was my seeing him enter the room alone where the coins were, the night of the party, that first led to the idea that he might have taken them. Then, as you see, certain dealers' shops were watched by a private detective. Maurice appeared, sold the Hermes coin, was traced to his lodgings and identified. So far, the thing has not gone beyond private enquiry — for the dealer will do what Flaxman wants him to do. But Maurice still has the more famous of the two coins; and if he attempts to sell that, after the notices to the police, there may be an exposure any day. You must go up to London as soon as you can——"

"I will go to-night," said Barron, in a tone scarcely to be heard. He stood with his hands on his sides, staring out upon the wintry garden, just as a gardener's boy, laden with holly and ivy for the customary Christmas decorations of the house, was passing across the lawn.

There was silence a little. Meynell walked slowly up and down the room. At last Barron turned towards him. The very incapacity of the plump and ruddy face for any tragic expression made it the more tragic.

"I propose to write to the Bishop at once. Do you desire a public statement?"

"There must be a public statement," said Meynell gravely. "The thing has gone too far. Flaxman and I have drawn one up. Will you look at it?"

Barron took it and went to his writing-table.

"Wait a moment!" said Meynell, following him and laying his hand on the open page. "I don't want you to sign that by *force majeure*. Dismiss — if you can — any thought of any hold I may have upon you because of Maurice's misdoing. You and I, Barron, have known each other some years. We were once friends. I ask you — not under any threat, not under any compulsion — to accept my word as an honest man that I am absolutely innocent of the charge you have brought against me."

Barron, who was sitting before his writing-table, buried his face in his hands a moment, then raised it.

"I accept it," he said, almost inaudibly.

"You believe me?"

"I believe you."

Meynell drew a long breath. Then he added, with a fresh sign of emotion: "And may I also count upon your doing henceforth what you can to protect that poor lady, Miss Puttenham, and her kinsfolk, from the consequences of this long persecution?"

Barron made a sign of assent. Then Meynell left him to read and sign the public apology and retraction which Flaxman mainly had drawn up. The Rector himself took a Bradshaw lying on the table, and walked to the window to consult it.

"You will catch the one-forty," he said, as Barron rose from the writing-table. "Let me advise you to get him out of the country for a time."

Barron said nothing. He came heavily towards the window, and the two men stood looking at each other, overtaken, both of them, by a mounting wave of consciousness. The events, passions, emotions of the preceding months pressed into memory and beat against the silence. But it was Meynell who turned pale.

"It was a pity to spoil the fight," he said in a low voice. "It would have been splendid to fight it — without a quarrel."

"I shall, of course, withdraw from the suit," said Barron, leaning over a chair, his eyes on the ground.

Meynell did not reply. He took up his hat, only saying as he went towards the door: "Remember, Flaxman holds his hand entirely — the situation is with you." Then, after a moment's hesitation, he added simply, almost shyly: "God help you! Won't you consult your daughter?"

Barron made no reply. The door opened and shut.

XX

A MILD January day on the terrace of St. Germains. After a morning of hoar-frost, the sun was shining brightly on the terrace, and on the panorama it commands. A pleasant light lay on the charming houses that front the skirts of the forest, on the blue-grey windings of the Seine, on the groves of leafless poplars interwoven with its course, on the plain with its thickly sown villages, on the height of Mont Valérien, behind which lay Paris. In spite of the sunshine, however, it was winter, and there

was no movement in St. Germains. The terrace and the road leading from it to the town were deserted; and it was easy to see from the aspect of the famous hotel at the corner of the terrace that, although not closed, it despaired of visitors. Only a trio of French officers in the far distance of the terrace, and a white-capped *bonne*, with a basket on her arm, struggling against the light wind, offered any sign of life to the observant eyes of a young man who was briskly pacing up and down that section of the terrace which abuts on the hotel.

The young man was Philip Meryon. His dark tweed suit and fur waistcoat disclosed a figure once singularly agile and slender, on which self-indulgence was now beginning to tell. Nevertheless, as the *bonne* passed him, she duly noted and admired his pictorial good looks, opining at the same time that he was not French. Why was he there? She decided in her own mind that he was there for an assignation — by which she meant, of course, a meeting with a married woman; and she smiled the incorrigible French smile.

Assignation or no, she would have seen, had she looked closer, that the young man in question was in no merely beatific or expectant frame of mind. Meryon's look was a look both of excitement, as of one under the influence of some news of a startling kind, and of anxiety.

Would she come? And, if she came, would he be able to bring and hold her to any decision without — without doing what even he shrank from doing?

For that ill chance in a thousand which Meynell had foreseen, and hoped, as mortals do, to baffle, had come to pass. That morning, a careless letter enclosing the payment of a debt, written by a young actor who had formed part of one of the Bohemian parties at the Abbey during the summer, and had now been playing for a week in the Markborough theatre, had given Meryon the clue to the many vague conjectures or perplexities which had already crossed his mind with regard to Hester's origin and history.

> Your sanctified cousin, Richard Meynell [wrote the young man], seems, after all, to be made of the common clay. There are strange stories going the round about him here; especially in a crop of anonymous letters of which the author can't be found. I send you a local newspaper which has dared to print one of them with dashes for the names. The landlord of the inn told me how to fill them up, and you will see I have done it. The beauteous maiden herself has vanished from the scene — as, no doubt, you know. Indeed, you probably know all about it. However, as you are abroad and not likely to see these local rags, and as no London paper will print these things, you may perhaps be interested in what I enclose. Alack, my dear Philip, for the saints! They seem not so very different from you and me.

The eagerness with which Philip had read the newspaper cutting enclosed in the letter was equalled only by the eagerness with which afterwards he fell to meditating upon it, pursuing and ferretting out the truth through a maze of personal recollection and inference.

Richard! Nonsense! He laughed from a full throat. Not for one moment was Philip misled by Judith Sabin's mistake. He was a man of great natural shrewdness, blunted, no doubt, by riotous living; but there was enough of it left, aided by his recent forced contacts with his cousin Richard, all turning on the subject of Hester, to keep him straight. So that, without any demur at all, he rejected the story as it stood.

But then, what was the fact behind it? Impossible that Judith Sabin's story should be all delusion! For whom had she mistaken Richard?

Suddenly, as he sat brooding and smoking, a vision of Hester flashed upon him, as she had stood laughing and pouting beneath the full-length picture of Neville Flood which hung in the big hall of the Abbey. He had pointed it out to her on their way through the house — where she had refused to linger — to the old garden behind.

He could hear his own question: "There!—aren't you exactly like him? Turn and look at yourself in the glass opposite. Oh, you needn't be offended! He was the handsome man of his day."

Of course! The truth jumped to the eyes — now that one was put in the way of seeing it. And on this decisive recollection there had followed a rush of others no less pertinent — things said by his dead mother about the brother whom she had loved and bitterly regretted. So the wronged lady whom he would have married but for his wife's obstinacy was "Aunt Alice"! Philip remembered to have once seen her from a distance in the Upcote woods. Hester had pointed her out, finger on lip, as they stood hiding in a thicket of fern. A pretty woman still. His mother had never mentioned a name; probably she had never known it; but to the love affair she had always attributed some share in her brother's death.

From point to point he tracked it — the poor secret — till he had run it down. By degrees everything fitted in; he was confident that he had guessed the truth.

Then, abruptly, he turned to look at its bearing on his own designs and fortunes.

He supposed himself to be in love with Hester. At any rate, he was violently conscious of that hawklike instinct of pursuit which he was accustomed to call love. Hester's mad and childish imprudences, which the cooler self in Meryon was quite ready to recognise as such, had made the hawking a singularly easy task, so far.

Meynell, of course, had put up difficulties. With regard to this Scotch business it had been necessary to lie pretty hard, and to bribe some humble folk in order to get round him. But Hester, by the double fact that she was at once so far removed from the mere *ingénue* and so incredibly ready to risk herself, out of sheer ignorance of life, both challenged and tempted the man whom a disastrous fate had brought across her path, to such a point that he had long since lost control of himself and parted with any scruples of conscience he might have possessed.

At the same time, he was by no means sure of her. He realised his increasing power over her; he also realised the wild, independent streak in her. Some day — any day — the capricious, wilful nature might tire, might change. The prey might escape, and the hawk go empty home. No dallying too long! Let him decide what to risk — and risk it.

Meantime that confounded cousin of his was hard at work, through some very capable lawyers, and unless the instructions he — Philip — had conveyed to the woman in Scotland, who, thank goodness, was no less anxious to be rid of him than he to be rid of her, were very shrewdly and exactly carried out, facts might in the end reach Hester which would give even her recklessness pause. He knew that, so far, Meynell had been baffled; he knew that he carried about with him evidence that, for the present, could be brought to bear on Hester with effect; but things were by no means safe.

For his own affairs, they were desperate. As he stood there, he was nothing more, in fact, than the common needy adventurer — possessed, however, of greater daring, imagination, and brain than most such persons. His financial resources were practically at an end, and he had come to look upon a clandestine marriage with Hester as the best means of replenishing them. The Fox-Wilson family passed for rich; and the notion that they must and would be ready to come forward with money, when once the thing was irrevocable, counted for much in the muddy plans of which his mind was full. His own idea was to go to South America — to Buenos Ayres, where money was to be made, and where he had some acquaintance. In that way he would shake off his creditors and the Scotchwoman together; and Meynell would know better than to interfere.

Suddenly a light figure came fluttering round the corner of the road leading to the château and the town. Philip turned and went to meet her. And, as he approached her, he was shaken by the excitement of her presence, in addition to that which already possessed him. Her wild, provocative beauty seemed to light up the whole wintry scene; and the few passers-by each and all stopped to stare at her. Hester laughed aloud when she saw Meryon, and, with her usual recklessness, held up her umbrella for signal. It pleased her that two *rapins* in large black ties and steeple hats paid her an insolent attention as they passed her; and she stopped to pinch the cheek of a chubby child that had planted itself straight in her path.

"Am I late?" she said, as they met. "I only just caught the train. Oh, I am so hungry! Don't let's talk — let's *déjeuner*."

Philip laughed. "Will you dare the hotel?" And he pointed to the Pavillon Henri Quatre.

"Why not? Probably there won't be a soul."

"There are always Americans."

"Why not, again? *Tant mieux!* Oh, my hair!"

And she put up her two ungloved hands to try and reduce it to something like order. The loveliness of the young curving form, of the pretty hands, of the golden-brown hair, struck full on Meryon's turbid sense.

They turned towards the hotel, and were presently seated in a corner of its glazed gallery, with all the wide prospect of plain and river spread beneath them. Hester was in the highest spirits, and as she sat waiting for the first *plat*, chattering and nibbling at her roll, her black felt hat with its plume of cock feathers falling back from the brilliance of her face, she once more attracted all the attention available — from the two savants who, after a morning in the château, were lunching at a farther table; from an American family of all ages reduced to silence by sheer wonder and contemplation; from the waiters; and, not least, from the hotel dog, wagging his tail mutely at her knee.

Philip felt himself an envied person. He was, indeed, vain of his companion; but certain masterful instincts asserted themselves once or twice. When (or if) she became his possession, he would try to moderate some of this chatter and noise. For the present, he occupied himself with playing to her lead — glancing every now and then mentally, with a secret start, at the information he had possessed about her since the morning.

She described to him, with a number of new tricks of gesture caught from her French classmates, how she had that morning outwitted all her guardians, who supposed that she had gone to Versailles with one of the senior members of the class she was attending at the Conservatoire, a young teacher, *très sage*, with whom she had been allowed once or twice to go to museums and galleries. To accomplish it had required an elaborate series of deceptions, which Hester had carried through, apparently, without a qualm — except that at the end of her story there was

a passing reference to Aunt Alice — "poor darling!" — "who would have a fit if she knew."

Philip, coffee-cup in hand, half smiling, looked at her meantime through his partially closed lids. Richard, indeed! She was Neville all through, the Neville of the picture, except for the colour of the hair and the soft femininity. And here she sat, prattling — foolish dear! — about "Mamma," and "Aunt Alice," and "my tiresome sisters"!

"Certainly you shall not pay for me! — not a *sou*," said Hester, flushing. "I have plenty of money. Take it, please, at once." And she pushed her share towards Philip on the table, with a peremptory gesture.

Meryon took it with a smile and a shrug, and she, throwing away the cigarette she had been defiantly smoking, rose from the table.

"Now, then, what shall we do? Oh, no museums! I am being educated to death! Let us go for a walk in the forest; and then I must catch my train or the world will go mad."

So they walked briskly into the forest, and were soon sufficiently deep among its leaf-strewn paths to be secure from all observation. Two hours remained of wintry sunlight before they must turn back towards the station.

Philip felt a rush of excitement in his veins.

Hester walked along, swinging a small silk bag in which she carried her handkerchief and purse. Suddenly, in a narrow path girt by some tall hollies and withered oaks, she let it fall. Both stooped for it — their hands touched — and as Hester rose she found herself in Meryon's arms.

She made a violent effort to free herself, and, when it failed, she stood still and submitted to be kissed, like one who accepts an experience, with a kind of proud patience.

"You think you love me," she said at last, pushing him away. "I wonder whether you do!"

And, flushed and panting, she leant against a tree, looking at him with a strange expression in which melancholy mingled with resentment, passing slowly into something else — that soft and shaken look, that yearning of one longing and yet fearing to be loved, which had struck dismay into Meynell on the afternoon when he had pursued her to the Abbey.

Philip came close to her.

"You think I have no Roddy!" she said with bitterness. "Don't kiss me again!"

He refrained. But, catching her hand and leaning against the trunk beside her, he poured into her ear protestations and flattery, the ordinary language of such a man at such a moment. Hester listened to it with a kind of eagerness, sometimes with a slight frown, as if ear and mind waited intently for something that did not come.

"I wonder how many people you have said the same things to before!" she said suddenly, looking searchingly into his face. "What have you got to tell me about that Scotch girl?"

"Richard's Scotch girl?" he laughed, throwing his handsome head back against the tree, "whom Richard supposes me to have married? Well, I had a great flirtation with her, I admit, two years ago, and it is sometimes rather difficult in Scotland to know whether you are married or no. You know, of course, that all that's necessary is to declare yourselves man and wife before witnesses? However, perhaps you would like to see a letter from the lady herself on the subject?"

"You had it ready?" she said doubtfully.

"Well, considering that Richard has been threatening me for months, not only with the loss of you, but with all sorts of pains and penalties besides, I have had to do something! Of course I have done a great deal. This is one of the documents in the case. It is an affidavit, really, drawn up for my solicitor by the lady whom Richard supposes to be my injured wife!" He placed an envelope in her hands.

Hester opened it with a touch of scornful reluctance. It contained a categorical denial and repudiation of the supposed marriage.

"Has Uncle Richard seen it?" she asked coldly, as she gave it back to him.

"Certainly he has, by now." He took another envelope from his pocket. "I won't bother you with anything more — the thing is really too absurd! But here, if you want it, is a letter from the girl's brother. Brothers are generally supposed to keep a sharp lookout on their sisters, aren't they? Well, this brother declares that Meynell's enquiries have come to nothing, absolutely nothing, in the neighbourhood — except that they have made people very angry. He has got no evidence — simply because there is none to get! I imagine, indeed, that by now he has dropped the whole business. And certainly it is high time he did, or I shall have to be taking action on my own account before long!"

He looked down upon her as she stood beside him, trying to make out her expression.

"Hester!" he broke out, "don't let's talk about this any more — it's damned nonsense. Let's talk about ourselves. Hester! — darling! — I want to make you happy! I want to carry you away. Hester, will you marry me at once? As far as the French law is concerned, I have arranged it all. You could come with me tomorrow to a certain *mairie* I know, and we could marry without anybody having a word to say to it; and then, Hester, I'd carry you to Italy! I know a villa on the Riviera — the Italian Riviera — in a little bay all orange and lemon and blue sea. We'd honeymoon there; and when we were tired of honeymooning — though

how could any one tire of honeymooning with you, you darling! — we'd go to South America. I have an opening at Buenos Ayres which promises to make me a rich man. Come with me! It is the most wonderful country in the world. You would be adored there — you would have every luxury — we would travel and ride and explore — we'd have a glorious life!"

He had caught her hands again, and stood towering over her, intoxicated with his own tinsel phrases — almost sincere; a splendid physical presence, save for the slight thickening of face and form, the looseness of the lips, the absence of all freshness in the eyes.

But Hester, after a first moment of dreamy excitement, drew herself decidedly away.

"No, no! I can't be such a wretch — I can't! Mamma and Aunt Alice would break their hearts. I'm a selfish beast, but not quite so bad as that! No, Philip; we can meet and amuse ourselves, can't we — and get to know each other — and then, if we want to, we can marry afterwards."

"That means you don't love me!" he said fiercely.

"Yes, yes, I do! — or, at least, I — I like you. And perhaps in time, if you let me alone, if you don't tease me, I — I'll marry you. But let's do it openly. It's amusing to get one's own way, even by lies, up to a certain point. They wouldn't let me see you or get to know you — and I was determined to know you, so I had to behave like a little cad, or give in. But marrying's different."

He argued with her hotly, pointing out the certainty of Meynell's opposition, exaggerating the legal powers of guardians, declaring vehemently that it was now or never. Hester grew very white, as they wandered on through the forest, but she did not yield. Some last scruple of conscience, perhaps, some secret dread or misgiving, possessed her.

So that in the end Philip was pushed to the villainy that even he would have avoided.

Suddenly he turned upon her.

"Hester, you drive me to it. I don't want to, but I must. Hester, you poor darling! — you don't know what has happened — you don't know what a position you're in. I want to save you from it. I would have done it without telling you the truth, if I could; but you drive me to it!"

"What on earth do you mean?"

She stopped beside him in a clearing of the forest. The pale afternoon sun, now dropping fast to westward, slipped through the slender oaks, on which the red leaves still danced, touched the girl's hair and shone into her beautiful eyes. She stood there so young, so unconscious, a victim on the threshold of doom. Philip, who was no more a monster than other men who do monstrous things, felt a sharp stab of compunction, and then rushed headlong at the crime he had virtually resolved on before they met.

He told her, in a few agitated words, the whole — and the true — story of her birth. He described the return of Judith Sabin to Upcote Minor, and the narrative she had given to Henry Barron — without, however, a word of Meynell in the case, so far at least as the original events were concerned. For he was convinced that he knew better, and that there was no object in prolonging an absurd misunderstanding. His version of the affair was that Judith, in a fit of excitement, had revealed Hester's parentage to Henry Barron; that Barron, out of enmity towards Meynell, Hester's guardian, and by way of getting a hold upon him, had not kept the matter to himself, but had either written or instigated anonymous letters which had spread such excitement in the neighbourhood that Lady Fox-Wilson had now let her house and practically left Upcote for good. The story had become the common talk of the Markborough district, and all that Meynell, and "your poor mother," and the Fox-Wilson family could do was to attempt, on the one hand, to meet the rush of scandal by absence and silence, and on the other to keep the facts from Hester herself as long as possible.

The girl listened to him with wide, startled eyes. Occasionally a sound broke from her — a gasp, an exclamation; and when he paused, pursued by almost a murderer's sense of guilt, he saw her totter. In an instant he had his arm round her, and for once there was both real passion and real pity in the excited words he poured into her ears:

"Hester, darling! — don't grieve, don't be troubled, my own beautiful Hester! I am a fiend to have told you, but it is because I am not only your lover but your kinsman. Come to me! give me the right to shield you, to take care of you. We'll go away! We'll show these wretched scandalmongers that what they say is nothing to us — that we are the masters of our own lives, not they!"

And so on, and so on. The emotion was as near sincerity as he could push it; but it did not fail to occur at least once, to a mind steeped in third-rate drama, what a "strong" dramatic scene might be drawn from the whole situation.

Hester heard him for a few minutes in evident stupefaction; then, with a recovery of physical equilibrium, she again vehemently repulsed him.

"You are mad — you are *mad!* It is abominable to talk to me like this. What do you mean? My 'poor mother' — who is my mother?"

She faced him tragically, the certainty that was already dawning in her mind — prepared indeed, through years, by all the perplexities

and rebellions of her girlhood — betraying itself in her quivering face and lips. Suddenly she dropped upon a fallen log beside the path, hiding her face in her hands, struggling again with the sheer faintness of the shock. And Philip, kneeling in the dry leaves beside her, completed his work, with the cruel mercy of the man who kills what he has wounded.

He asked her to look back into her childhood. He reminded her of the many complaints she had made to him of her sense of isolation within her supposed family; of the strange provisions of Sir Ralph's will; of the arrangement that had made her Meynell's ward in a special sense.

"Why, of course, that was so natural. You remember, I suggested to you once that Richard probably judged Neville from the same puritanical standpoint that he judged me? Well, I was a fool to talk like that. I remember now perfectly what my mother used to say. They were of different generations, but they were tremendous friends; and there were only a few years between them. I am certain it was by Neville's wish that Richard became your guardian." He laughed, in some embarrassment. "He couldn't exactly foresee that another member of the family would want to oust Richard from the office! Hester, my queen, my darling, look at me! Take me for your guardian, not Richard. I'll give you everything he couldn't give you. I'll show you what life means — what love means!"

And, doubly tempted by her abasement, her bewildered pain, he tried again to take her in his arms.

But she held him at arm's length.

"If," she said, with pale lips, — "if Sir Neville was my father — and Aunt Alsie —" Her voice failed her. "Were they — were they never married?"

He slowly and reluctantly shook his head.

"Then I'm — I'm — Oh! but that's monstrous — that's absurd! I don't believe it!"

She sprang to her feet. Then, as she stood confronting his silence, the whole episode of that bygone September afternoon — the miniature, Aunt Alice's silence and tears — rushed back on memory. She trembled, and the iron entered into her soul.

"Let's go back to the station," she said resolutely. "It's time."

They walked back through the forest paths for some time without speaking, she refusing his aid. And all the time swiftly, inexorably, memory and inference were at work, dragging to light the deposit — obscure, or troubling, or contradictory — left in her by the facts and feelings of her childhood and youth.

She had told him with emphasis, at luncheon, that he was not to be allowed to accompany her home; that she would go back to Paris by herself. But when, at the St. Germains station, Meryon jumped into the empty railway carriage beside her, she said nothing to prevent him. She sat in the darkest corner of the carriage, her arms hanging beside her, her eyes fixed on objects of which she saw nothing. Her pride in herself, her ideal of herself, which is to every young creature like the protective sheath to the flower, was stricken to the core. She thought of Sarah and Lulu, whom she had all her life despised and ridiculed. But they had a right to their name and place in the world! — and she was their nameless inferior, the child taken in out of pity, accepted on sufferance. She thought of the gossip now rushing like a mud-laden stream through every Upcote or Markborough drawing-room. All the persons whom she had snubbed or flouted were concerning themselves maliciously with her and her affairs — were pitying "poor Hester Fox-Wilson."

Her heart seemed to dry and harden within her. The strange thought of her real mother — her suffering, patient, devoted mother — did not move her. It was bound up with all that trampled on and humiliated her.

And, moreover, strange and piteous fact, realised by them both! this sudden sense of fall and degradation had in some mysterious way altered her whole relation to the man who had brought it upon her. His evil power over her had increased. He felt instinctively that he need not in future be so much on his guard. His manner towards her became freer. She had never yet returned him the kisses which, as on this day, she had sometimes allowed him to snatch. But, before they reached Paris, she had kissed him; she had sought his hands with hers; and she had promised to meet him again.

While these lamentable influences and events were thus sweeping Hester's life towards the abyss, mocking all the sacrifices and the efforts that had been made to save her, the publication of Barron's apology had opened yet another stage in the "Meynell case."

As drafted by Flaxman it was certainly comprehensive enough. For himself, Meynell would have been content with much less; but, in dealing with Barron, he was the avenger of wrongs not his own, both public and private; and when his own first passion of requital had passed away, killed in him by the anguish of his enemy, he still let Flaxman decide for him. And Flaxman, the mildest and most placable of men, showed himself here inexorable and would allow no softening of terms. So that Barron "unreservedly withdrew" and "publicly apologised for those false and calumnious charges which, to my great regret, and on erroneous information, I

have been led to bring against the character and conduct of the Rev. Richard Meynell, at various dates and in various ways, during the six months preceding the date of this apology."

With regard to the anonymous letters — "although they were not written, nor in any way authorised, by me, I now discover, to my sorrow, that they were written by a member of my family, on information derived from me. I apologise for and repudiate the false and slanderous statements these letters contain, and those also included in letters I myself have written to various persons. I agree that a copy of this statement shall be sent to the Bishop of Markborough and to each parish clergyman in the diocese of Markborough; as, also, that it shall be published in such newspapers as the solicitors of the Rev. Richard Meynell may determine."

The document appeared first on a Saturday in all the local papers, and was greedily read and discussed by the crowds that throng into Markborough on market-day, who again carried back the news to the villages of the diocese. It was also published on the same day in the *Modernist* and in the leading religious papers. Its effect on opinion was rapid and profound. The Bishop telegraphed: "Thank God. Come and see me.". France fidgetted a whole morning among his papers, began two or three letters to Meynell, and finally decided that he could write nothing adequate that would not also be hypocritical.

Dornal wrote a little note that Meynell put away among those *litera scripta* that are the mile-stones of life. From all the leading Modernists came a rush of correspondence and congratulations, in all possible notes and tones of indignant triumph; and many leaders on the other side wrote with generous emotion and relief. In the extreme camp of the extreme Right there was, of course, silence and chagrin. Compared to the eternal interests of the Church, what does one man's character matter?

The old Bishop of Dunchester, a kind of English Döllinger, the learned leader of a learned party, and ready in the last years of life to risk what would have tasked the nerves and courage of a man in the prime of physical and mental power, wrote:

My dear Richard Meynell:

Against my better judgment, I was persuaded that you might have been imprudent. I now know that you have only been heroic. Forgive me — forgive us all. Nothing will induce me to preach the sermon of our opening day. And if you will not, who will, or can?

Rose, meanwhile, descended upon the Rectory and with Flaxman's help, though in the teeth of Ann's rather jealous opposition, she carried off Meynell to Maudeley, that she might "write his letters for him" and for a few days watch over a man wearied and overstrained. It was by her means, also, that the reaction in public opinion spread far beyond Meynell himself. It is true that even men and women of good will looked at each other in bewilderment, after the publication of the apology, and asked each other under their breaths: "Then is there no story? — and was Judith Sabin's whole narrative a delusion?" But with whatever might be true in that narrative no public interest was now bound up, and discussion first grew shamefaced and then dropped. The tendency strengthened, indeed, to regard the whole matter as the invention of a half-crazy and dying woman possessed of some grudge against the Fox-Wilson family. Many surmised that some tragic fact lay at the root of the tale, since those concerned had not chosen to bring the slanderer to account. But what had once been mere matter for malicious or idle curiosity was now handled with compunction and good feeling. People began to be very sorry for the Fox-Wilsons, very sorry for "poor Miss Puttenham." Cards were left and friendly enquiries were made; and, amid the general wave of scepticism and regret, the local society showed itself as sentimental and as futile as usual.

Meanwhile poor Theresa, with reddened eyes, had been seen driving to the station; and her father, it was ascertained, had been absent from home since the day before the publication of the apology. It was very commonly guessed that the "member of my family" responsible for the letters was the unsatisfactory younger son; and many persons, especially in Church circles, were secretly sorry for Barron, while everybody possessed of any heart at all was sorry for his elder son Stephen.

Stephen, indeed, was one of Meynell's chief anxieties during these intermediate hours when a strong man took a few days' breathing space between the effort that had been and the effort that was to be. The young man would come over, day by day, with the same crushed, patient look, now bringing news to Meynell which they talked over in undertones where none might overhear, and now craving news from Paris in return. As to his own report, Barron, it seemed, had made all arrangements to send Maurice to a firm of English merchants trading at Riga. The head of the firm was under an old financial obligation to Henry Barron, and Stephen had no doubt that his father had made it heavily worth their while to give his brother this fresh chance of an honest life. There had been, Stephen believed, some terrible scenes between the father and son, and Stephen neither felt nor professed to feel any hope for the future. Barron himself intended to accompany Maurice

to Riga and settle him there. Afterwards he talked of a journey to the Cape. Meanwhile the White House was shut up, and poor Theresa had come to join Stephen in the little vicarage whence the course of events in the coming year would certainly drive him out.

So much for the news he gave. As to the news he hungered for, Meynell had but crumbs to give him. To neither Stephen nor any one else could Alice Puttenham's letters be disclosed. Meynell's lips were sealed upon her story now, as they had ever been; and, however shrewdly he might guess at Stephen's guesses, he said nothing and Stephen asked nothing on the subject.

As to Hester, he was told that she was well, though often moody and excitable; that she seemed already to have tired of the lessons and occupations she had taken up with such prodigious energy at the beginning of her stay; and that she had made violent friends with a young teacher from the École Normale, a refined, intelligent woman in every way fit to be her companion, with whom on holidays she would make long excursions out of Paris.

But to Meynell poor Alice Puttenham poured out all the bitterness of her heart:

It seems to me that the little hold I had over her, and the small affection she had for me when we arrived here, are both less than they were. During the last week especially [the letter was dated the fourteenth of January] I have been at my wits' end how to amuse or please her. She resents being watched and managed more than ever. One feels there is a tumult in her soul to which we have no access. Her teachers complain of her temper and her caprice. And yet she dazzles and fascinates as much as ever. I suspect she doesn't sleep,— she has a worn look quite unnatural at her age,— but it makes her furious to be asked. Sometimes, indeed, she seems to melt towards me; the sombre look passes away; and she is melancholy and soft, with tears sometimes in her eyes, which I dare not notice.

Oh, my dear friend, I am grateful for all you tell me of the changed situation at Markborough. But, after all, the thing is done — there can be no undoing it. The lies mingled with the truth have been put down. Perhaps people are ready now to let the truth itself slip back with the lies into the darkness. But how can we — Edith and I and Hester — ever live the old life again? The old shelter, the old peace, are gone. We are wanderers and pilgrims henceforward!

As far as I know, Hester is still in complete ignorance of all that has happened. I have told her that Edith finds Tours so economical that she prefers to stay abroad for a couple of years and to let the Upcote house. And I have said, also, that when she herself is tired of Paris I am ready to take her to Germany, and then to Italy. She laughed as if I had said something ridiculous! One never knows her real mind. But, at least, I see no sign of any suspicion in her, and I am sure that she has seen no English newspaper that could have given her a clue. As to Philip Meryon, as I have told you before, I often feel a vague uneasiness; but, watch as I will, I can find nothing to justify it. Oh, Richard, my heart is broken for her. A little love from her, and the whole world would change for me. But even what I once possessed these last few months seems to have been taken from me!

"The thing is done! — there can be no undoing it." That was the sore burden of all Meynell's thoughts, awakening in him at times the "bitter craving to strike heavy blows" at he knew not what. What, indeed, could ever undo the indecency, the cruelty, the ugly revelations of these three months? The grossness of the common public, the weakness of friends, the solemn follies to which men are driven by hate or bigotry: these things might well have roused the angry laughter that lives in all quick and honest souls. But the satiric mood, when it appeared, soon vanished. He remembered the saying of Meredith as to the spectacle of Bossuet over the dead body of Molière — "at which the dark angels may, but men do not, laugh."

This bitterness might have festered within him but for the blessedness of Mary Elsmere's letters. She had seen the apology; she knew nothing of its causes. But she betrayed a joy that was almost too proud to know itself as joy — since what doubt could there ever have been but that right and nobleness would prevail? Catherine wrote the warmest and kindest of letters. But Mary's every word was balm, just because she knew nothing and wrote out of the fulness of her mere faith in him, ready to let her trust take any shape it would. And, though she knew nothing, she seemed by some divine instinct to understand also the pain that overshadowed the triumph, to be ready to sit silent with him before the irreparable. Day by day, as he read these letters, his heart burned within him; and Rose noted the growing restlessness. But he had heavy arrears of parish business upon him, of correspondence, of literary work. He struggled on, the powers of mind and body flagging, till one evening, when he had been nearly a week at Maudeley, Rose came to him and said, with a smile that had in it just a touch of sweet mockery:

"My dear friend, you are doing no good here at all! Go and see Mary!"

He turned upon her, amazed.

"She has not sent for me."

Rose laughed out.

"Did you expect her to be as modern as that?"

He murmured:

"I have been waiting for a word."

"What right had you to wait? Go and get it out of her! Where will you stay?"

He gasped.

"There is the farm at the head of the valley."

"Telegraph to-night."

He thought a little — the colour flooding into his face. And then he quietly went to Rose's writing-table and wrote his telegram.

TO BE CONTINUED

BARLEY

BY

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

UP in the barley a wind began:
Over their levels of gold it ran,
Plunged into them,
And furrowed through them
Foamy channels the height of a man.

Deep in their dark it dipped and shined,
And spake like a vision to all the blind;
Eye not knowing
The law of the flowing,
Real as water flowed the wind.

I was a child, and it seemed to me
A hilltop river set rolling free:
As it was ever
The way of a river,
Somewhere a well-head — somewhere a sea!

Through flexile banks the unbodied stream
Poured its life and mine in a dream.
Currents nameless,
Measureless, tameless,
Clave me, too, with rustle and gleam.

If I come back to the fields to-day
With storm in a time-worn heart, I pray
The sun to sift it,
The wind to lift it,
The barley floods to wash it away;

For here would I lie on the long-loved ground,
Seeing one sight and hearing one sound,
No strife to wake me,
Nor doom o'ertake me,
In that sweet harvest happily drowned.